

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

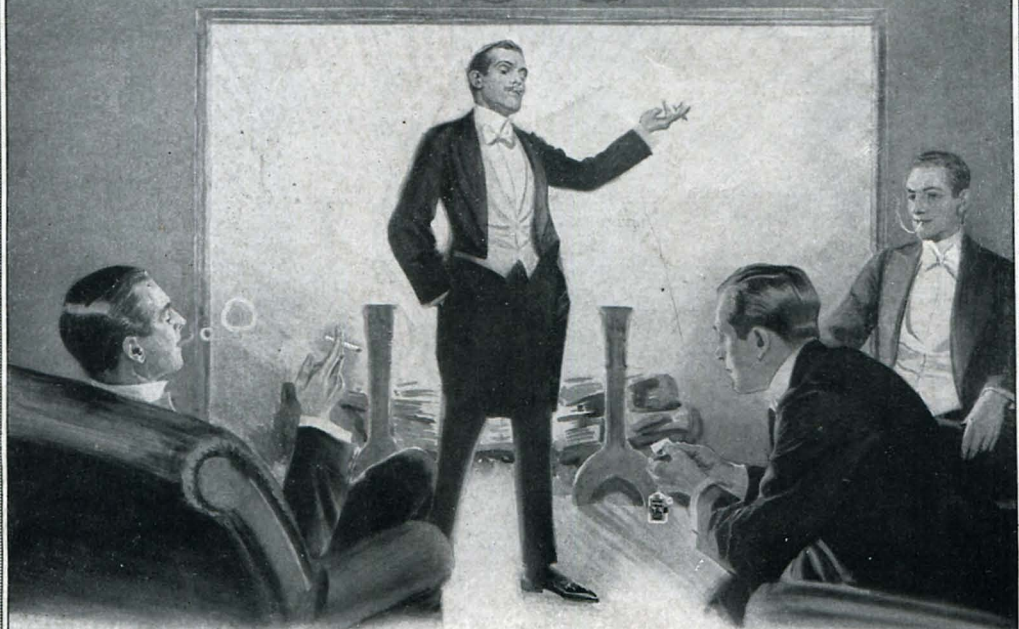
15
Cents

March



Read
Channing Pollock's
"Censorship"

Marguerite Clark



The Brisk Smoke—"Bull" Durham

When you see an alert-looking young man in a lively argument roll a "Bull" Durham cigarette—it's the natural thing. He likes to punctuate a crisp sentence with a puff of "Bull" Durham. His mind responds to the freshness that's in the taste of it, and his senses are quickened by its unique aroma. A cigarette of "Bull" Durham just fits in with keen thinking and forceful action.

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You get more wholesome, lasting satisfaction out of "Bull" Durham than from any other tobacco ever rolled up into a cigarette. Made of "bright" Virginia-

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"Roll your own" with "Bull" Durham—so good a cigarette cannot be obtained in any other way.



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



Have you, too, said "Why can't I have charm of pink cheeks—the kind where color comes and goes?"

Read the "color secret" below if you would gain the charm you have longed for.

The girl who wanted more color

The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for.

The girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand.

The rest of us *must have* at least a touch of color—and if we are to possess *all* the charm of that radiant, velvety skin—one you love to touch—we must have the kind of color that "comes and goes."

It is a dull, sluggish skin that is keeping so many from having this charm. And just as long as you allow your skin to remain lifeless and inactive, this charm will be denied you.

To change this condition, your skin must be freed every day of the tiny old, dead particles so that the new skin will form as it should. Then, the pores must be cleansed, the blood brought to the surface and the small, muscular fibres stimulated. You can do this by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment. It will keep the new skin which is forming every day, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

Begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then, finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference at once!

Use the treatment persistently and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this skin treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

Send today for "week's-size" cake

For 4c we will send you a "week's-size" cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1824 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1824 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. IX

No. 4

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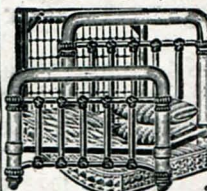
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Nowadays, as in truth always, if a man desires to be healthy, wealthy and wise he must evolutionize.

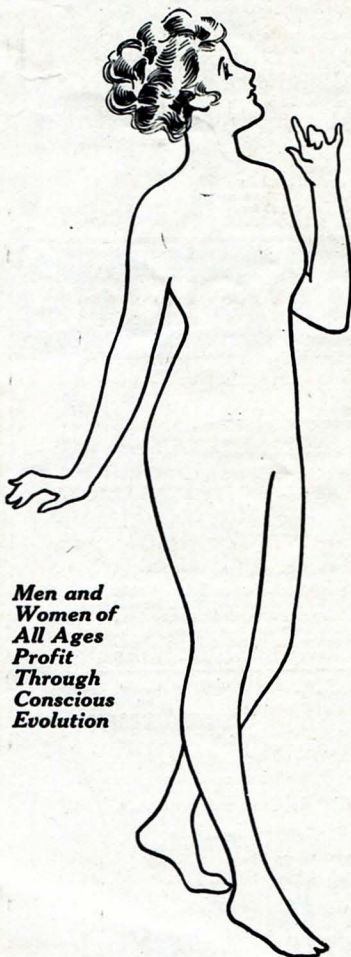
WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

"Conscious Evolution has done all for me that you promised and I am simply radiating good health. I can hardly believe it myself, it has made such a great change in me. I am in better condition than I have been for twenty years and am chuck full of energy and ambition. Tasks that were a burden to me in the past are now easy and a pleasure. I have no money to burn or throw to the birds, but if you were to offer me one thousand dollars in good hard cash and put me back where I was before beginning your system, I would say, 'Nothing doing.' I enjoy the work you have mapped out for me and am impatient to get at it.

"I shall be sixty-six years old next August, and if you were to see me right now you would say 'forty' and, as a fact, I am better, stronger, and have more energy than the average man at forty. I have only you and your system to thank for these things, and I want to thank you from the very bottom of a grateful heart for what you have done for me. I am a man now in every sense of the word, whereas I was only a fraction of a man and a rather small fraction before profiting thru Conscious Evolution.

"The strangest part of it all is that my hearing is greatly improved. The muscles of my shoulders, back and abdomen are immense, and I have forgotten that I have a liver, kidneys, heart, or any other organs, except my stomach, which makes a loud call three times a day. I have lost all desire for stimulants."

"I am seventy-one years of age, and in three weeks your system has apparently made a new man of me. I am so enthusiastic over Conscious Evolution that it is difficult for me to control myself, and not do more than you say. I want to thank you for the interest you are taking in my case. When I wrote you for your instructions I was in a very desperate condition. I have never been sorry for one minute that I have written you. On the contrary, I want to thank you for what you are doing for me. I am getting along fine; I am a wonder to myself. It does not seem possible that there could be such a change in any one in such a short time."



Men and Women of All Ages Profit Through Conscious Evolution

Why Become Prematurely Old in Whole or in Part?

Age in Years and Age in Body are not Identical

Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth died with him. Your fountain of youth will die with you. Each man's fountain of youth is within himself. Through Conscious Evolution only can you drink to the full of the fountain of youth.

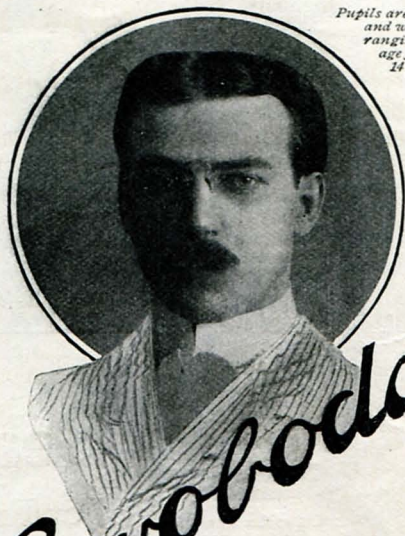
WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

"When I tell some of my friends how quickly I was benefited by Conscious Evolution, they do not believe me. They think I exaggerate."

"I feel that I must express once more my sincerest and warmest appreciation of the benefit you have given me. Had anyone told me that I could possess such fine quality of body and such development as I do at present, after nine weeks of Conscious Evolution, I would have said that they were raving mad. You have proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that you can do everything you say; in fact, I believe you really do more than you promise. Results have been so startling in my case that I feel that I have been born again. At the time of writing I feel full of life, energy and ambition. My body has assumed a most graceful shape of which I am more than proud and thank the day that I ever heard of you. I could write you a whole lot about your Conscious Evolution, I feel so thankful. There is no better value on God's earth than what you offer, and anyone who doubts your statements must be indeed more than skeptical. I would consider it an honor to have you use my letters in every way you think fit."

"One year ago I was an old man of forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."



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Pompeian MASSAGE Cream. Other women write us this suits them best. You see, it all depends on a person's skin. A sallow, cloudy or "lifeless" skin needs this pink Pompeian MASSAGE Cream to wake it up. It rolls in and out of the skin in its own peculiar way, beautifying and refreshing tired, drawn faces. Pompeian MASSAGE Cream also cleanses the pores wonderfully.

Use Creams Together

Also, many women write us that they use both creams, and in this way: First, take a two-minute massage with Pompeian Massage Cream. This youthifies and cleans the skin.

Now the pores are purified and ready to fairly drink in the soothing unguents of Pompeian Night Cream. If used when you are about to retire, leave on considerable of the Pompeian Night Cream. However, if you are going outdoors, remove excess Night Cream, leaving enough on the face and the hands to protect the skin against the

weather. Moreover, Pompeian Night Cream is not only an excellent powder base, but also protects the skin from the powder's drying effect. Try these two entirely different creams. Cut out and save this hint.

Pompeian HAIR Massage

makes the hair healthy, strong and lustrous. It removes Dandruff, one of the biggest causes of itching scalp and falling hair. Pompeian HAIR Massage is no experiment. For many years it was known as Hyki Tonic. We bought the business because Hyki had been so successfully used by more than a million people.

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POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



MARY MILES MINTER

is a veteran star of fifteen years, having had eight years of theatrical experience. She was in the original "Littlest Rebel" company with William and Dustin Farnum and has played in a number of Metro features, including "Emmy of Stork's Nest," and "Barbara Frietchie." In private life she is Juliet Shelby. She was born in Shreveport, La., and has blue eyes and golden hair.



CHARLES KENT,

of the Vitagraph company, is one of photoplay's oldest, best-established and most dignified fathers. Mr. Kent has been with the Vitagraph forces for eight uneventful but artistically resultful years, and there is not a pretty girl in all Blacktonia who has not had him as her male parent. His motion picture experience, all with this organization, was preceded by a long stage career.



BILLIE BURKE,

one of the notable recent converts to the tenets of the screen, was born in Washington in 1886 and has gained an international reputation upon the stage. She was first seen in films in the Ince-Triangle production of "Peggy," a Scotch play. She has just signed a contract to star in a new serial, and the reports place her salary above the hundred thousand mark.



Moffett Photo

E. H. CALVERT,

Essanay player-director, was born in Virginia, graduated from West Point and served twelve years in the regular army, after which he pursued civil engineering in the west. From a successful stage career, which began with "Arizona," he went to Essanay—four years ago—where he is well known in military roles. He directed "The Man Trail," "Crimson Wing," and "The Outer Edge."



LOTTIE PICKFORD

was born in Toronto, Canada, June 9th, 1895. She played for a number of years on the stage and in films, but came prominently before the photoplay public as Esther Stanley in "The Diamond from the Sky." She is five feet three inches tall, has brown eyes and brown hair, and is a sister of Jack and Mary Pickford. She is married to a non-professional.



HERBERT STANDING

was born in England, went on the stage as a boy, and for twenty-three years was leading man of the Criterion theatre in London. Recent Morosco films in which he has appeared are "The Gentleman From Indiana," "The Yankee Girl," and "Jane." Of his seven actor-sons two are with the British army in Flanders, while one is an officer in the British navy.



BESSIE EYTON.

The fact that Miss Eyton possesses flame hair and its accompanying milky skin is not manifest on the screen, but her beauty of line and movement atones, somewhat, for the loss of her marvellous coloring. She has been with Selig five years, is a Californian, and one of her finest pieces of work was Helen Chester, in "The Spoilers," with Farnum and Santschi.



Photo © Hartsook

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

is one of the foremost screen acquisitions of the season and has been seen recently in "Double Trouble," and "The Lamb," both Griffith hits. He is one of the most energetic leading men, and has played in several stage successes, starring in "The Gentleman from Mississippi" and "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." He was born in Denver, is married and has one son.



VIRGINIA PEARSON

is known for her work in "A Fool There Was," "Under Southern Skies," and other popular stage vehicles. Of late she has alternated between the speaking and silent arts and is now a Vitagraph head-liner. Miss Pearson once exercised her talents in the seclusion of an assistant librarianship in Louisville, where she was born in 1886. She is the wife of Sheldon Lewis, an actor.



CREIGHTON HALE

is the young Irishman who jumped into popular favor opposite Pearl White, in the "Exploits of Elaine." He was born in Cork in 1892, and after receiving his education at various English colleges, played on the stage in London for several years. He is five feet ten inches in height, has light hair and blue eyes and is unmarried.



GERDA HOLMES

came from Denmark, began the study of music in New York, and soon gravitated to the stage, where she first tasted success in Klaw and Erlanger's "The Round Up." She then ascended to the screen in Thanhouser's "Robin Hood," later appearing in several Essanay productions. She is the wife of Rapley Holmes, and is now an Equitable feature-personage. She is dark and slight.



PEDRO DE CORDOBA

became known to the public as Escamillo, the toreador, in the Lasky "Carmen," with Farrar. He was born in New York City, Sept. 23, 1881, and made his debut with E. H. Sothorn in 1902 in "If I Were King." He has played on Broadway nearly all of his career, much of the time in Shakespearean plays. He was recently seen in "Temptation," another Farrar play, by Lasky.



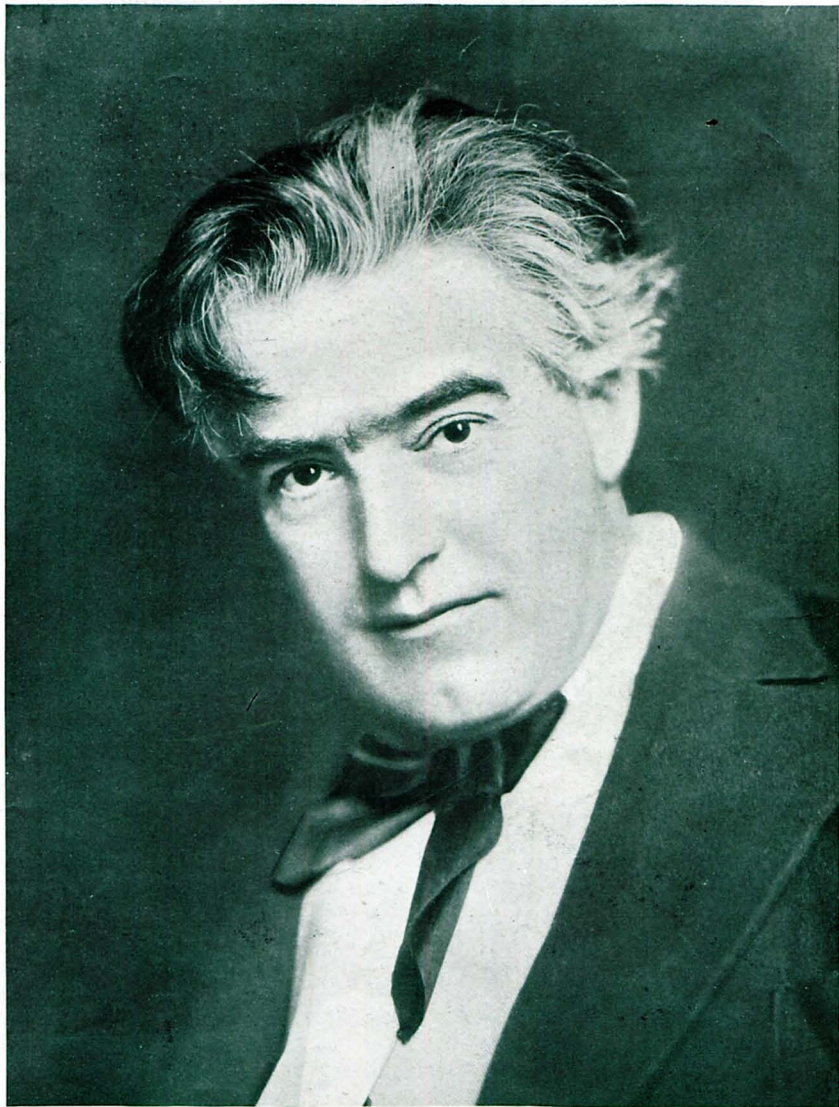
BLANCHE SWEET,

born in Chicago, first appeared in a stage play "Blue Jeans," and on the screen with the old Biograph company under D. W. Griffith's direction. From Biograph she went to Reliance and then with Lasky. "Judith of Bethulia," "The Escape," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Captive," "Stolen Goods," "The Secret Orchard," and "The Case of Becky" are a few of her plays.



JAMES KIRKWOOD

became well known to playgoers when he took the lead opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eagle's Mate," and "Behind the Scenes." Since that time he has been directing and playing for Famous Players and shares chief roles with Hazel Dawn in "Heart of Jennifer," and "Clarissa."



TYRONE POWER,

one of the towering personalities of the screen, first appeared in films in "Aristocracy," for Famous Players, was long with Selig, and is now with Universal. He took the lead in "The Texas Steer," and very recently in "Sweet Alyssum," opposite Kathlyn Williams. He says in all his stage career he was never so "fussed" as when camera-acting on the sidewalk before a crowd.



Mae Murray, dancer whose rythms are to be recorded by a Lasky camera. Miss Murray is still in the April of her years, and as this drawing by the entirely uncomplimentary pencil of light testifies, is beautiful. She is a celebrated prima donna of those progressions known as ball-room dancing, and was an exquisite participant in Mr. Ziegfeld's most recent "Follies." Her hair is as light as her feet.

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

What They Really Get—NOW!

A STORY OF PHOTOPLAY SALARIES AND
THE CONDITIONS GOVERNING THEM

By Alfred A. Cohn

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Several months ago PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE published an article on movie salaries, written, after careful research, by Karl K. Kitchen of the New York World. This dissertation was captioned: "What They Really Get." But as the earth seems to move fastest in the picture camps at its various edges, salaries move right along as well, and Mr. Kitchen's story, fact at the time, is now put well out of date by later cash performances. Mr. Cohn describes conditions as they are to be found at present. He tells what they really get—now.]

"GREAT Heavens! Don't write anything more about high salaries; you're just aiding and abetting in highway robbery. Tell the public something about the low salaries that are being paid many screen stars.

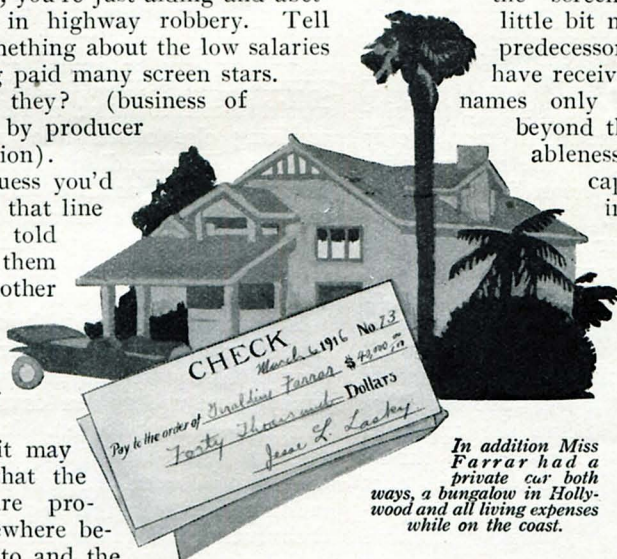
"Who are they? (business of deep thought by producer under inquisition).

"Well, I guess you'd better stay off that line also. If we told what some of them were getting, other producers would try to take them away from us."

By which it may be inferred that the motion picture producer is somewhere between Mephisto and the

ultramarine as regards the salary question. Each additional stage star corralled for the screen demands just a little bit more than his or her predecessor was supposed to have received, until salaries for names only have ascended far beyond the realms of reasonableness. * Meanwhile the

capable screen artists, in eclipse financially and otherwise, are patiently awaiting the day when the legit directory has become exhausted. Also anticipating that day, leading producers are embarking on a campaign of preparedness against possible raids by rival concerns.



In addition Miss Farrar had a private car both ways, a bungalow in Hollywood and all living expenses while on the coast.

Of course the producer is solely responsible for the looting of his coffers by the stage stars. He thought it was great publicity to have it announced broadcast that he was paying Miss Jacobine Fidink, the noted emotional actress, \$5,000 a week to emote all over the screen; to say nothing of the bungalows, servants, automobiles and other accessories provided in addition throughout the engagement.

Then along comes Madame Farina Gelatine, the noted operatic star, who demands \$6,000, a bigger bungalow, a larger size auto and two more servants than Miss Fidink was awarded. In vain does the producer protest that the Fidink contract was press agent bunk. Eventually he comes through.

That's why the producer shies when approached on the topic of high salaries; why he is praying for the day when every famous actor and actress will have had his or her try on the screen and something like a normal condition will obtain.

Now as to some of these high salaries that have been paid during the last twelve months.

The top price paid in 1915 for the services of a star for a single picture was that given Miss Billie Burke—\$40,000 for "Peggy." It required five weeks to film that play, so Miss Burke drew \$8,000 a week. In addition her contract called for a wardrobe to cost "no less than \$5,000," a bungalow, automobile, servants, etc., at a cost of "not less than \$1,000 a month," and other concessions. Recently

Miss Burke has signed a contract for \$120,000 to play the lead in a serial, the biggest amount of money ever offered for the services of a single person for a motion picture.

Prior to that time the year's record was held by Miss Geraldine Farrar, who received approximately \$5,000 a week for eight weeks' screen work, but in that time she appeared in three photoplays, so that the Lasky people got more out of Farrar

than Ince did out of Burke. In addition, Miss Farrar had a private car both ways, a bungalow in Hollywood, and all living expenses while on the coast.

No high salary story is complete without reference to the two headliners among screen stars, Mary Pickford and Charley Chaplin. Miss Pickford, as has been mentioned many times, draws a salary of \$2,000 a week. It has not been mentioned, however, that she also gets a bonus for every picture in which she appears, which brings her yearly income up to something like \$150,000.

Chaplin's year with the Essanay has been a fruitful one, as he netted something like \$175,000 during that time, his salary of \$1,500 a week having been augmented by a bonus of \$10,000 at the completion of each picture. It is said that Essanay made more than \$2,000,000 from the Chaplin pictures alone, so that the amount he received does not seem so large in proportion.

The advance reports on the 1916 salary crops just out contain many figures equally astounding. Much is being published as to contracts recently closed with noted stars whose announced salaries are far beyond anything heretofore paid, noticeably those of Miss Burke and Ethel Barrymore. There is no reason to doubt the veracity of these statements, but I will endeavor to confine this story to a record of salaries that I know to be authentic, although in a number of instances, it is absolutely impossible to verify them.

The subject of salary is the greatest prevarication promoter extant. Men who would scorn to utter a falsehood about anything else conceivable will lie about salaries. Women, ditto. Hence, it is about as easy to get positive information concerning some of the salaries paid these days as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle without resorting to trick photography.

Everyone concerned, however, admits that salaries are highly inflated; that is, all except those who are getting them. For verily these are golden days for the performer with a reputation. It is also admitted that this inflation cannot last, so that those who depend solely upon stage reputation rather than screen ability, must get theirs while the getting is good.

Salaries of \$1,000 a week have become



common during the last eight months, although mostly they are for limited engagements—for one or two pictures. A score or more actors and actresses now doing pictures at the Pacific Coast studios are drawing down more than that figure.

Take the stage comedians for instance. Willie Collier is said to be getting a check for \$2,500 every Saturday night at the Keystone. Raymond Hitchcock and Sam Bernard did likewise during their stay at the same place. Eddie Foy got \$2,000 a week, but facial contact with custard pies caused him to return to vaudeville. He couldn't see art in a custard pie. Weber and Fields accepted \$3,000 a week during their stay at Keystone, then took a fling at vaudeville at \$3,800 a week. Meanwhile none of the old standby roughstuff comedians are drawing down as much as a paltry \$500 per week.

According to a recently published statement DeWolf Hopper has a contract with the Griffith side of the Triangle Film company that calls for \$125,000 for a year of pictures. A person in authority at that studio told me that Hopper was getting \$100,000, but according to another informant, Hopper himself is authority for the statement that he has a guarantee of about \$60,000 for the year. Not so bad at that—something over a thousand a week for a whole year. Douglas Fairbanks is said to have a similar arrangement.

The biggest salary yet paid out of that studio will be that of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the noted English actor, who is getting between \$3,000 and \$4,000 a week for doing Macbeth before the camera. The largest amount ever paid an actress at the same plant was the \$2,500 a week given Marie Doro for the "Wood Nymph." Roszika Dolly was paid \$750 a week for her part in "The Lily and the Rose" and Orrin Johnson drew the same sized check during his stay at the Fine Arts studio.

And while on the subject of the Griffith studio in connection with inflated salaries, here is food for thought.

"The Birth of a Nation," conceded to be the most artistic and financially successful photoplay ever filmed, did not have one person in its tremendous cast who at that time, a little more than a year ago, was drawing a salary as high as \$200 a week.

Henry Walthall, "The Little Colonel,"

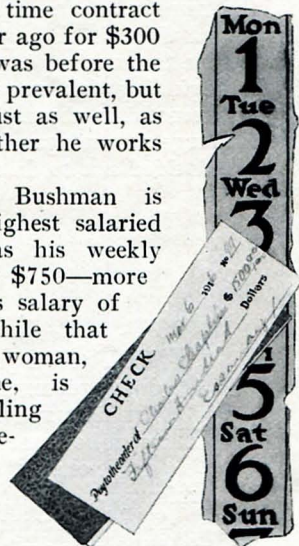
was getting \$175 a week and Mae Marsh, Bobby Harron and others got less than \$100. Walthall is now drawing \$500 from Essanay, and a half dozen concerns are waiting for his contract to expire.

In contradistinction to the star who is wanted for the pictures because of a name won on the legitimate stage is the screen developed star who has become desirable from the boxoffice viewpoint. Walthall is a notable example, and another is Blanche Sweet, the former Griffith star. When she forsook Griffith for Lasky, Miss Sweet's weekly check read "\$300." At Lasky's she got a hundred more. Recently she signed a contract for another year at \$750. And as for Marguerite Clark, film fans have forgotten that she was a stage success before the pictures claimed her and her producing company is more than compensated for the \$1,250 which she is said to receive weekly.

Fannie Ward received \$1,200 a week for her first picture at Lasky's but is getting less now on a long contract. Valeska Suratt took away \$5,000 from the same studio for one picture. Charlotte Walker has a regular salary there of \$750 and Victor Moore, of Chimmie Fadden fame, is satisfied to put \$500 in the bank at Hollywood each week of the year.

The heaviest salary ever paid a male star at the Thos. H. Ince studio was received by Frank Keenan, who drew \$1,000 a week for his first picture and later signed a contract at a lesser figure. "Bill" Hart signed a long time contract more than a year ago for \$300 a week. This was before the inflation became prevalent, but it's probably just as well, as he gets it whether he works or not.

Francis X. Bushman is probably the highest salaried screen lover, as his weekly check calls for \$750—more than double his salary of last season—while that of his leading woman, Beverly Bayne, is \$350, a doubling for her, too. Besides, Bushman receives a percentage of the profits.



Inflated salaries have not been confined to actors. Directors also have shared in the golden era of competitive bidding. The salaries of directors cover a wide range. Some I know who get as low as \$50 a week, while others get as high as \$750. Comparatively new film concerns are almost daily raiding the older established studios for directors, or trying to. Here is just one little instance.

Less than a year ago a new producing concern in the East sent a "scout" to the coast to acquire a well known actor. He was too late, as the actor had already signed up with another company. Then the "scout" was asked by wire for the name of the actor's director. He telegraphed that it was Mr. So-and-so.

"Offer him a year's contract at \$300 a week," came the reply.

Did So-and-so take it?

Well rather.

As a matter of fact it had been the first picture he had ever directed, but the scout didn't know it. More important, he didn't know that So-and-so was drawing the munificent salary of \$60 a week at the time.

Now this is a true story and the sequel is that So-and-so since his connection with the Eastern concern has made a tremendous hit with his pictures and his employers ought to feel pretty well satisfied, even though they could have had him at the time for a hundred a week.

But there is little danger of another raid in the same place as every director now employed there is tied up by contract for some time to come.

In beginning this story I had intended to say something about the small salaries paid a large percentage of featured players. I have decided not to do so, chiefly in con-

sideration of the feeling of those persons, rather than their employers. It is becoming more and more a fixed policy with a number of the great producers to star or feature certain young actors and actresses, giving them the advantage of invaluable publicity rather than pay them large salaries. I know of a number of these rising young stars who, although their names appear in the electric lights, draw less than \$100 a week. It is the other side of the salary inflation era.

When will it end, this epoch of topheavy salaries?

I sought the answer from a number of big producers. This is the way one of them summed it up:

"It will end when the advertising value of their stage reputations has gone. Then the stars from the legitimate stage will have to take their chances with the screen stars on merit alone. The stage stars will continue as camera stars only when they bring into play the same qualities which made them successful on the speaking stage. They must forget much of what they have learned behind the footlights and adapt themselves to the new technique of the pictures.

"By that time the high salary bubble will have been pricked, because producers cannot indefinitely pay salaries so high that all possibility of profits is precluded. They do it now because the intense competition forces them to. They feel that they must keep up their end of the game or fall by the wayside. So far no one has profited except the stars, not even the public. And the public already is beginning to demand pictures rather than names. When that demand becomes more insistent, as it will through boxoffice receipts, then you will see the end of the inflated salary era."

TOO EXCITING

THEY tell a good one on Herbert Standing, when he was in Los Angeles, doing pictures.

Standing and two other Englishmen were standing at a corner when an automobile came by.

"A Packard," vouchsafed one of the Englishmen. Silence. After ten minutes:

"No, a Locomobile," said the other Englishman. Silence of fifteen minutes.

"I simply can't stand these awful arguments," said Standing, and moved off.

The Belle of Brooklyn

ONCE EDNA MAY WAS "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," BUT SHE HAS NOW ADDED A KINGDOM ACROSS THE EAST RIVER.

By I. S. Sayford

IF Mr. Oscar Lewisohn of New York and London had seen Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn in Brooklyn one day not long ago, he wouldn't even have known she was Edna May. An explanation of which statement is due to both of them. The lady makes it:

"On my first day at work I rouged my cheeks and made my lips heavy, and the strip of film looked as though I had been eating

Her married life has been spent quietly, happily, and much abroad, in the open.

We shall recognize her at a glance as still the Edna May.



black-berry pie, or was dying of some dread disease."

It is apparent from this confession that the husband in the case would have been blameless in failing to recognize as the wife of his bosom the erstwhile Salvation Army Lassie in "The Belle of New

"The first glimpse of myself on the film depressed me greatly. Then I set about building a cozy fire of inspiration within myself."



York," who some years ago did him the honor of marrying him.

Since that "first day at work" in the Brooklyn studios of the Vitagraph Company Edna May—God bless her and keep her

mastered the mimicry of the footlighted boards in years ago, she will give to Red Cross relief in the war zone.

It all came about quite unusually. Mr. and Mrs. Lewisohn ran over from London a month or more ago with some horses which the wealthy banker and sportsman intended to race in Kentucky. Before plans took definite shape Mr. Lewisohn was recalled by business interests to England; happily Edna May tarried here. And here she met Albert E. Smith, treasurer of the Vitagraph Company, and Commodore Blackton, his confrere. Up to that time the former stage favorite had witnessed only one photoplay and that in London, a sort of "one wild goose-chase after another with the actors shooting at one another and falling over all sorts of absurd obstacles," she says; and adds: "It bored me extremely, and I vowed then I would never again waste my time looking at motion pictures.

"On my first day I rouged my cheeks and made my lips heavy, and the film looked as though I had been eating blackberry pie."

"But I have changed, and I don't believe that any-



ever youthful!—has learned how to make up for the film stage. It will be her first, and she tells us her last, appearance in photoplay. The name of the vehicle has not been announced, but this much is permitted to be known: We shall recognize her at the glance as still the Edna May, for in some of the scenes she will wear the brave blue-red and poke bonnet of the demoiselle of Salvation; and, her pay for all the hard work she is doing to master the mysteries of the camera as completely as she

body is more enthusiastic now than I, not only for the present standing of the photoplay but for its bright future."

Miss May simply explains that upon meeting Mr. Smith and Commodore Blackton, she—with characteristic directness—asked them all about it. In making answer they escorted her through the Vitagraph studios—then shrewdly asked her to pose for pictures. "I did not regard the suggestion seriously," says Miss May, "until they proposed that I give the remuneration I should receive to the Red Cross and other beneficent organizations. That won me over."

Many a Salvation sister has walked just as unafraid as Edna May up to an ordeal whose testing she dreamed not of! Sis Hopkins wading winkfully into the vitals of a blackberry pie and decorating her countenance with a dark and juicy mask, would be fit for the upstairs gods to laugh at, but if it were Edna instead of Sis, and you were the Friend Husband, whaddeyeh say?

"Then it was explained to me," frankly confides Miss May, "that red photographs black, and I was forced to unlearn the art (of make-up) that took me many months to learn when I first entered the theatrical profession."

"I have come to believe that motion picture acting is far more difficult than acting before the footlights. The camera is more critical—oh, very much more critical!—than any audience I ever faced. It embarrassed me greatly at first when my director had told me to act a certain part, for I missed the houseful of faces that used to give me inspiration when I was in comic opera. Then, at happy situations, there was an instant response from the audience that spurred me on to greater efforts. Now, there was only the soulless eye of the camera, flanked by the scrutinizing eye of the camera man and the coldly critical eye of the director. B-r-r-r! Very cold, indeed.

And I deserved it—that was the coldest thing of all. Nor was there any warming inspiration in the studio atmosphere. There is no blood in mechanical apparatus.

"The first glimpse of myself on the film in the projecting room depressed me greatly. I looked awkward, even stage-struck. Then I set about building a cosy fire of inspiration within myself, and went down on my mental hands and knees and blew that little lonely flame so it should roar. O yes, indeed. Then my work began to improve. I was learning to act all over again, you see. Now I have schooled myself to look past the camera, past the director and the camera man, into the faces of hundreds of thousands of 'movie fans' who will sit in many theaters and watch me as I watched myself in the projecting room. I intend they shall think better of me than I thought of myself."

Pleasing coincidence brought together in the Vitagraph studios Miss May and two one-time members of the original "Belle of New York" company—Harry Davenport, one of the Vitagraph directors, and Billy Cameron, who will appear with the former comic opera star in the photoplay now making.

Though it is more than ten years since Miss May appeared on the speaking stage, she has changed little in personal appearance and lost nothing in charm of presence. Her married life has been spent quietly, happily, and much abroad, in the open. She is still the lithe, graceful, winning personality, those tell who just have talked with her, that adorned "the boards" in the fast fled days of

"When we are married—"

"Why, what would you do?"

"I'd be as sweet as I could be to you!

I would be tender, and I will be true,

When I am married, Sweetheart, to you."

Isn't it charming that it all came out that way?

DURING his recent trip to Chicago, David Griffith, producer of "The Birth of a Nation," visited a certain Chicago paper, to renew acquaintance with a theatrical critic whom he had known in days gone by. The critic, by the by, was a very harsh one, and one of whom theatrical people lived in dread.

"Why," said the editor, when Griffith inquired for the man, "don't you know about Blank? He's not here any more."

"What, dead?" cried Mr. Griffith.

"No, gone to war as correspondent."

"To war!" exclaimed Griffith. "Good heavens! Just supposing he shouldn't like it!"



Lit

Her charm is such a strange, elusively feminine thing that it can no more be set down in words than one can paint humming birds with a sign-painter's brush.

WHO is she? How old is she? What color are her eyes? What color is her hair? Is she married? Is she engaged? Where was she born? Was she ever on the stage? Does she prefer the movies or the stage? Is she the daughter of a theatrical family?

Sheaves and bundles of letters have been written asking these and a thousand other questions till the stress of them caused the Editor to dip the editorial quill grandly in the official blue ink and demand that there should be written an official and accurate account answering questioners once and for all.



the Miss Practicality

MARGUERITE CLARK, SPHINX
AND ORACLE OF ALL INGENUES

By
George Vaux Bacon

It was a roasting hot day in early September, and I found her in her pink and white dressing room on the studio floor of the big Famous Players' studio building on West Twenty-Sixth Street, New York (which burned to the ground the day after I was there), making-up preparatory to taking automobile and going forth through the city for some exteriors to be made part of that most charming of love stories, "Molly Make-Believe."

We shook hands, did Marguerite Clark and I, for we are old friends, since I spent an evening trying to interview her in her dressing room at the Booth Theatre a year or so ago, when she was playing the title role in that most wistfully beautiful little play, "Prunella."

I sat on a divan, and she took her place before her big mirror and went to work with grease paint and things while we talked. Of our talk, first of all, here are the facts answering the questions that so many have asked:



"I have no desire to have my heart broken, so I always take care not to leave it around or lose it."

McClure Photo





© Famous Players

Marguerite Clark is what is termed in the theatre as professionally an "actress and vocalist." That is to say, she is a singer as well as an actress. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the Twenty-second of February, 1887, so she is twenty-eight years old, has the same birthday as George Washington, and is American to her heart's core. She went to school at Brown County Convent in Ohio, and made her first stage appearance in Baltimore in 1899 under the direction of Milton Aborn, the operatic manager.

She was engaged next at the Casino Theatre in New York as an understudy for "The Belle of Bohemia." This was followed by an engagement in 1901 in "The Burgomaster," and at the Herald Square in October, 1901, in "The New Yorkers."

"Yes, Mr. Questioner," she said: "I speak about love from knowledge I gained in a book."

In 1902 she was engaged by De Wolf Hopper to play *Polly* in "Mr. Pickwick," and in 1903 made her first pronounced personal success in "Babes in Toyland" at the Crystal Gardens. After that, she played with De Wolf Hopper again in "Wang" and in "Happyland."

Her favorite part is that of *Peter Pan* in the play by Barrie of that name, in which she toured the country.

She was the original *Zoie* in "Baby Mine" which was her first starring part, under the management of the Shuberts, and which was a tremendous success.

Since that time, she has played *Shakespeare Jarvis* in "The

Lights o' London," and the

title roles in "Merely

Mary Ann" and

"Baby Doll," not

to mention

"Snow White,"

"The Affairs

of Anatole,"

and the

aforemen-

tioned

"Prunella,"

which was

one of the

most ex-

quisitely

beautiful lit-

tle plays ever

produced in

New York, and

which firmly estab-

lished her reputation

as an artist and that of

its producer, Winthrop

Ames, as a master of beautiful

stage craft.

Following her engagement in "Prunella," Miss Clark was engaged by the Famous Players, with whom she is at the present time, and for whom she has appeared in a number of elaborate and successful productions, such as "The Little Sister of Jose," "Gretna Green," and "Seven Sisters."

Let me wind up this dictionary of biographical data by adding that her eyes are brown, her hair is a reddish brown—almost titian—, she is not married, has no idea of being married, and swears that she was never engaged to be married in her life.



She is not a member of a theatrical family. She and her sister were left in reduced circumstances by the sudden death of their father after a disastrous financial reverse, and Marguerite went on the stage to recoup the family fortunes, doing so with decided and overwhelming success.

All this information, I assure you, Dear Reader, I educed from the winsome, whimsome little lady only by an exhibition of tact and diplomacy unequalled by any diplomatists abroad or at home living today. If Sir Edward Grey, or our old pal von Bernstorff could have heard me, I would undoubtedly now be a minister plenipotentiary somewhere, for Miss Clark hates and loathes and despises, above all things in the wide, green, sea-encircled world, to be interviewed.

Moreover, she says so.

"Why," said she, "should I tell about myself? Isn't it true that the less of a mystery one is, the less interesting one becomes?"

"In the case of some young ladies, it may be admitted without scruple that that is true," I answered cryptically, watch-

"You," I said, "if I may be allowed to be so crude as to utter the truth baldly, have charm. The essence of charm is its infinite variety. One never wearies of variety."

"But one may be killed by it," she remarked, still looking into the mirror and working with the eyelash brush.

"Yes," I admitted. "Antony was killed by Cleopatra's: but what man does not envy Antony! Can one ever know enough about Cleopatra? Impossible. Like all fascinating women, the essence of her fascination was a mystery even to herself; no amount of stuff so banal as facts could ever detract one

Miss Clark in
"The Pretty
Sister of Jose."
At left: as
"Helene of the
North."



© Famous Players

ing her deftly bead her eyebrows with a dainty little brush; "but not in your case."

She raised her eyebrows at the mirror. (I could see their reflection.)

"Indeed. And why not in my case?" she demanded.

I permitted myself the ghost of a sigh.

iota from it. Charm is the soul of all that is beautiful; facts are the everyday

wares of political individuals, professors, bar-tending persons and others who have no imagination—not to mention lawyers, who, I feel sure, are especially accused by an All-Wise God."

She laughed.

"Facts are tiresome and ridiculous to some, I know," she said primly, "but you know I am very matter-of-fact. Oh, quite matter of fact. I know I don't look it; but I am. I am working simply and solely to earn my bread and butter, and my ambition is to find a

must live. I work in the pictures and I give the best that I can. That is my duty to the people who come to see my work."

She smiled faintly and wound a brown curl around her finger—did little Miss "Molly Make-Believe."

"You are certainly a little Miss Practicality, that's what you are," said I, from the depths of a soul of crystalline bromidity. "I am practical," said she, "but it's because I've had to be

good play. Do you know of one? No. It is a pity. I shall remain in the pictures until I find one. You see how matter of fact I am. I confess that I really much prefer the stage to the pictures. I know that I am not supposed to say so; but I do. After all, one loves to be able to talk."

"Dear little star," said I, "of course. There are only two kinds of people in the world. Those who talk well and those who do not."

"Ah," she went on, "I know that pantomime is really a wonderful thing. There is a tremendous amount of art in it: but I confess that the stage and the lights and the people, and the fine, sonorous phrases written by a master for me to speak fittingly have a fascination that I cannot forget. I will never be able to forget it: but one

ever since I was a little child. When my sister and I were left, both pretty young, with just a little money in the bank by the death of our father, we decided that we would not touch our capital, but would start out to make some more money so that we would always have a little to add to it. That was how I came to go upon the stage, and we have our first little capital to this day!"

"You women are all thrifty," I murmured. "Would that there were more of it in me, amongst men, at least."

"Well," she replied, "with men it is different. When a man goes 'broke' he can nearly always borrow some money from a friend, or get a small luncheon with a glass of beer for a nickel; but with a girl it is different. No man can realize what a terrible thing

"Goodbye," she called. "I hope you don't read too many books."



it is for a girl to be without any money. She is far more cruelly at the mercy of the world than any man is. I tell you, it is very necessary for a young woman to be practical."

I thought that over and agreed with her. It is true. Money means so much to a girl! After all, about all that money gives us men is something to eat, a bed to sleep in, some amusement and clean linen; but money for a woman means a thousand luxuries that are more vital to her comfort and enjoyment of life than any of our masculine necessities.

"And love?" I murmured. "What of that?"

"Oh," said she, "after you have called me practical, it is hardly fair for you to ask me about such an impractical thing as love, is it?"

"Well, it is one of those fascinatingly experience-promoting ailments that even the most practical are very apt to have."

"Yes, that is true but it is unfortunate that the heart has no mind. I was just thinking of a woman who is a particularly dear friend of mine, and who is very clever, yet when she becomes devoted to anyone, seems to become at the same time utterly devoid of common sense. She has been made a fool of twice, the last time only recently, and the strange part of it is, each time in exactly the same way. One man said he loved her and promised to marry her, and she trusted in him, till he finally just disappeared; then, not six months afterwards, another man came along and did exactly the same thing! Love is not for the practical."

"Never having been in love," I replied, "of course I cannot say definitely; but from what I have read of it in books—"

"Not half of it has ever been printed," she answered.

"Which you deduce from what you also have read in books?" I suggested Machiavellianly.

She turned around and looked at me with that charming little ghost of a smile.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Questioner, I speak from knowledge that I gained from a book."

"Yes," I agreed, "one learns so much from books—sometimes!"

We both laughed.

"Were you ever in love—really?" she asked point blank.

This was a startler. She was adopting Napoleonic tactics—interviewing the interviewer.

"How can you ask such a question?" I replied. "Have I not said that all my knowledge of such things I got from books?"

"Ha ha," she laughed. "I know another man who used to say that, and I found that his affairs were second only to those of the justly renowned Anatole."

"Well, then," I confessed, "I will admit that the talk about books is only an attempt at an alibi. I have been in love—many times. It has become a usual condition with me. My heart is always broken. That's the way the sunshine gets in."

"A very philosophical way of looking at it," said she; "but personally, I have no desire to have my heart broken. I have always taken good care not to leave it around or lose it, and so far it has never even been cracked. I think it is worth clinging to. Why, I should think one would be unable to work, or think, or anything when one is miserably broken-hearted."

"You are right—according to the books," I agreed.

"Oh the silly books! I wish you would forget them!" She stamped her foot. "—By the way, speaking of books, have you ever read 'Molly Make-Believe'?"

"It's the story about the young man who was lonely, and of his sweetheart who never could find time to write him a letter to cheer him in his loneliness, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it strange? There are people like that."

"Yes. Yes; yet one would think that the little acts of kindness which cost nothing and which can be done so easily, would never be neglected, particularly by people who really feel that they love each other; but I believe that most of the unhappiness in the world comes from the neglect, not of great things, but just of those little things. It is the little things that count, after all. It is the smile, the little word of graciousness, the small courtesy here and there, the mite of thoughtfulness that show one what another really thinks. Many of those little things are unconscious, which make them all the more to the point. If one doesn't like a person, one naturally does things that show it, and if one does like a

person, one cannot help showing it, unconsciously as well as consciously. There is something deeper than the mere surface in that matter of liking and disliking, too."

Miss Clark finished her makeup and swung around in her chair, leaning her chin on the back of it.

"Don't you often find—or don't you always find, rather—that when you meet people, you either like them or not, without any particular reason, and that that first opinion never changes? I believe that that is at the bottom of the reason why it seems so impossible to do away with things like war. People just naturally like or dislike one another, and nothing seems able to change it.

"I know that I cannot help loving some people, and others, whom I know I ought to like, I just can't. Do you feel that way?"

"Frequently," I admitted, thinking of a bill collector who is really a nice fellow and of whom under ordinary circumstances I might have made a pal.

"It is a wonder to me that you were never married," said I.

"Well, I am not," she answered.

"Nor engaged?"

"No."

She abruptly turned and began brushing her curls.

Then in came a large man with a sun-tanned face.

"Are you ready, Miss Clark?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Very well, the machine is waiting."

And I went down stairs with the whole company, all made up and ready for a day's work under the broiling sun.

Down in front of the studio, in the sunny street, Miss Clark skipped into the big motor car where the others were waiting for her and waved her hand.

"Good bye," she called, "I hope you don't read too many books!"

And away they all went, leaving me alone on the curbstone.

Oh yes, there is one other thing I forgot. Miss Clark has a small automobile, dislikes driving fast in it, and bought it one afternoon on the spur of the moment. She is also fond of bright colors, and (like myself) loathes steel engravings.

All in all, she is just a charming, fascinatingly pretty girl, whose charm is such a strange, wayward, elusively and delightfully feminine thing, that it can no more be set down in words than one can paint humming birds with a sign-painter's brush.

While There's So Much Five-Reel Love

I DO not envy Marguerite's
Adorable esprit,
Nor Mary's pout, nor all the Sweets
That Blanche puts over me:
Though when we take the movies in
Together, Frank and I,
D. Farnum has a certain pose
That puts my lover's noble nose
Decidedly awry!

Yet when the heroine is saved
From danger by the pecks,
And where the purple sands are laved,
Gets kissed by Francis X. —
I slyly seem to drop a glove,
And as we stoop to see,
While there's so much five-reel love
That no one marks which way we move,
My Francis kisses me!

GARNET NOEL WILEY.

Biography of Babette Butterscotch

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MOVIE ACTRESS

(Copied Right April 1, 1940)

OCTOBER 28, 1890. Born with my face toward the Big Dipper—but have never believed in drinking—out of one. Mother was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Training Animal Crackers and Father was a dog catcher and a good judge of chorus girls.

Dec. 5, 1907. Read a French novel and fell in love (this is the season) with Raphael Riot who plays the harmonica and can whistle "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold" with his eyes shut.

July 4, 1912. Had a fight with Father and left home, declaring my independence. Went to New York. Scandalous!

Sept. 3, 1912. Got a position in the chorus of "As You Like It," by Flo Ziegfeld, who wrote that great musical masterpiece, "If Ignorance is Clothes, 'The Follies' will be Wise."

June 1, 1913. Introduced to Mr. Jakie Loudnoise, director-in-chief of the Pieograph Studios, in Rector's. Met Mr. Loudnoise at Times Square. "Say, baby, how would you like to grow up in the movies?" Grabbed the opportunity like a thirsty woman grabs a straw.

Aug. 7, 1913. Played the servant in "Juicy Fruit." Made a hit with Mr. Loudnoise by putting in an extra bit of "business" when the chair hit me on the head. Am to be cast in better parts hereafter.

Aug., 1913, to Mar., 1914. Getting along marvelously. My pictures have been in all the movie magazines. Mr. Loudnoise—Jakie, I mean—takes me to lunch on Mondays. He's a dear boy!

Nov. 7, 1914. Kissed Jakie good night and he is going to give me the lead in "The Perils of Nitroglycerin." Am happy enough to scream!

Mar. to Oct., 1915. Have worked very hard. Drove a racing car to Speedway Park, Chicago, at 513 miles an hour;

killed a lion by tying a knot in his tail; swam through the Panama Canal in one hour; piloted a giant aeroplane from St. Louis to Philadelphia in ten minutes and performed hundreds of other similar stunts. Becoming very popular. Goody!

Mar., 1916. Have become world famous. My salary is now \$10,000 a year. I can never repay Jakie for what he has done for me. Purchased a beautiful estate at Manhasset, L. I., and named it "Horse's Neck" in honor of Jess Willard, the inventor of the ink eraser.

Dec., 1917. What a wonderful world! My salary is now \$500,000 a month. Everyone in the civilized universe, including butchers in Denver, chambermaids in Paris, and pilots on the Suez Canal, trample on one another to see me on the screen each night. Sister Bernhardt and Brother Rockefeller are as jealous as the dickens.

June, 1919. Purchased another \$15,000,000 mansion on Upper Fifth Avenue to erect a beautiful kennel for my Polish pickle hound, "Red Raven Splits." It is next door to William Jennings Bryan, the advertising manager for Dr. Welch.

June, 1935. Retired from the Pieograph Company this month. I now own 93 per cent of the Pieograph stock. But I quarreled with the president last week and so have decided to give it to Julius Junket, my fifty-seventh assistant chef because he makes such wonderful mustard.

May 1, 1939. Having purchased the countries of Egypt, Africa and India, I am leaving the United States today for Oukid, a magnificent city I have established on the Nile. There I will be queen. Never again will I be pestered with the reading of murder trials, movies, cabarets or syncopated songs. I am almost a nervous wreck now from trying to spend my money. Willie Hohenzollern, the former Kaiser, has been secured as my nerve specialist. Good bye, America!



"Eddie" Dillon in action. He's the man without the coat. Behind him with the "plug" hat is DeWolf

Their Lieute

SOME DIRECTORAL TRIANGULATIONS

BY K. OWEN

WHERE will the photoplay directors of the future come from?

This is the recent plaintive query of a well-known writer who tentatively suggests a college course of motion picture direction. Thus far his suggestion has not been hailed with any perceptible degree of enthusiasm by those familiar with the situation, because the industry—or art if you please—is not worrying about its future directors. What the producers are worrying about these days is something to produce. They figure that there will always be enough directors; it's the famine of plays that is bothering them.

But we'll let the future take care of that, which I haven't the slightest doubt it will do adequately, just as it will take care of the future director problem.

Besides, I am more deeply interested in the genesis of the present crop of directors, and let me assure you that there is more real romance, a bigger human interest story, in that subject than in the astounding rise to popularity and wealth of the great army of film stars now parading in glittering array on the world's screen. And answering the query of the perturbed writer, I will venture the guess that the directors of the future will come from the same places



Hopper and Chester Withey is the other pipe smoker.

and yon corralling the actor folk who have wandered from the set.

From such beginnings have come many of "Their Lieutenants," the but slightly known men who make the Triangle picture plays, the chief assistants of the "supervising" producers, Griffith, the master picture maker; Ince, the punch producer, and Sen-

n a n t s

Director Allan Dwan, so far East (Fort Lee, N. J.) that he might be called Triangle's Oriental representative.

—the great studios of today and tomorrow and from the same beginnings—the helper with the camera, the humble prop hustler with ambition, the aspiring assistant director and the observant, intelligent actor who is determined to advance, particularly the leading man who dreads the day when he can no longer "screen" youth.

The Griffith of tomorrow may be the studious looking boy marking off the limits of the camera's vision under the direction of the cinematographer; the youthful extra man who misses no detail of the scenes being enacted before him or the bespectacled youth who dashes hither

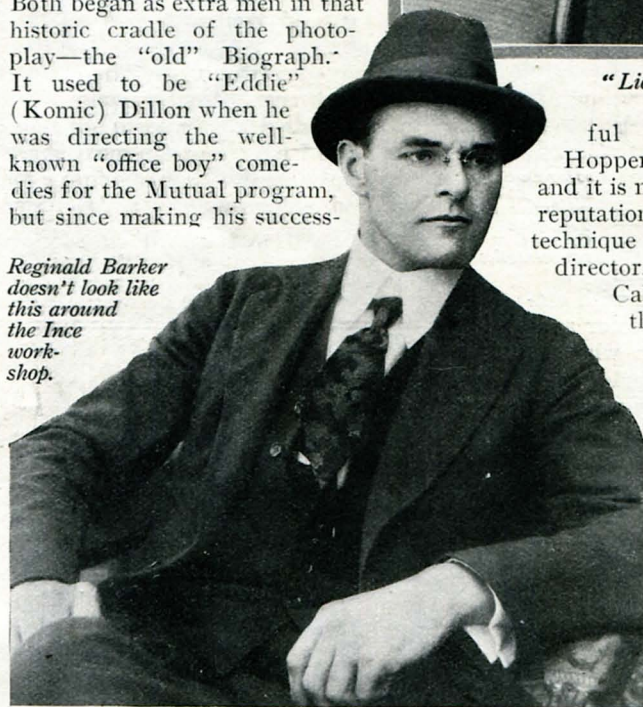


nett, the laugh wizard. The public at large knows little about them and the romance in their rise. The producer can see no reason to give them publicity. In the first place, he figures that the director does not come into contact with the public on the screen, and in the second place—a more potent reason—he is fearful of the scouts of the enemy—the rival producers who are always on the alert to “steal” his directors after he has developed them.

This applies as well to other of the great studios which have developed their own corps of directors, but it is more pronounced at the Triangle studios for these three great “supervising” producers have probably developed more directors than all of the remainder of the nation’s studios combined.

In point of service, the senior directors at the Fine Arts studio, the home of Griffith productions, are Wm. Christy Cabanne and Edward Dillon. Both began as extra men in that historic cradle of the photoplay—the “old” Biograph. It used to be “Eddie” (Komic) Dillon when he was directing the well-known “office boy” comedies for the Mutual program, but since making his success-

Reginald Barker doesn't look like this around the Ince work-shop.



“Lieut.” Charles Giblyn demonstrating a

ful “Don Quixote” with DeWolf Hopper the “Eddie” has been scrapped and it is now “Edward.” Cabanne has the reputation of coming nearer the Griffith technique and methods than any other director. Still under the thirty mark, Cabanne has directed more pictures than any Triangle director, and he has been signally successful with mob and battle scenes. He was one of Griffith’s first assistant directors and made several pictures before the break from Biograph.

Critics have referred to Director Paul M. Powell’s pictures as “newspapery” (not in anything but a complimentary sense), and there is a reason. No one seems to understand how he did it, but this young directing



"punch" to Bessie Barriscale and "Bill" Desmond.

genius jumped into the game as a full-fledged director of big pictures from a political reporter's desk, without the slightest previous stage or screen experience, except writing studio gossip for a motion picture trade magazine.

While writing about the recall and referendum for a Los Angeles newspaper, Powell began a study of the motion pictures on the side and incidentally cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. Griffith. He learned about everything a layman could learn and then struck the manager of the Western Lubin studio for a job as a director. It is recorded of him that he "made good" there, although the actors couldn't quite see the idea of taking

orders from a reporter, but nothing big was being done there and he went to his old friend David Wark. Griffith gave him the chance he wanted and now they refer to Paul around the studio as a genius and "the coming big director." I am of the opinion, however, that most of his genius is hard study and applicability. His most successful pictures are "The Lily and the Rose" and "The Wood Nymph," in which Marie Doro is starred.

John Emerson had a reputation before he came to Griffith. He had for years been a star and stage director for the late Charles Frohman. Just a little more than a year ago he came west as an actor and to learn

Walter Edwards perusing the scenario of a new production. (Note: This is not the upstairs part of a set of flannel underwear. It's a regular shirt.)





Another pair of Keystone subalterns, Frank Griffin and Dick Jones. Yes, Dick is the one with the expansive smile.

the film business, realizing that it was the "big idea" of the future. He was a director before he knew it and has been very successful. "Old Heidelberg" was his first big picture and now he is directing Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in the film version of "Macbeth."

Allan Dwan came to the Griffith studio a journeyman director and is the only one of the "Lieutenants" who was not brought up in the Griffith service. He is the one exception to the Griffith rule of not going abroad for directors and was engaged because of his excellent work for other concerns and his close sympathy with Griffith methods. His training has been his own and he has long been regarded as one of the best directors in the business, although he began life as a civil engineer. He has "bossed" all of the Douglas Fairbanks pictures and for the last few months has been working in the New York studio of the Triangle. His wife is Pauline Bush, a well-known and popular screen star.

You probably remember "The Fox Woman" and "The Sable Lorch." Lloyd Ingraham was the directing genius. A stock actor and director of wide experience, Ingraham entered the pictures early in the game with more or less success until enlisting with the Griffith forces. He is now

regarded as one of the best "on the lot" and has been especially successful with the plays in which Bobby Harron and Mac Marsh are featured. He is quiet and unassuming and is easily mistaken for a stage hand when not in action.

Jack Conway came out from the east about a year ago to play juvenile leads, and the first thing he knew he was a director, and a good one. His "Penitentes" won him his first meed of fame and he gathered some more with "The Price of Power," in which Orrin Johnson was starred. Conway is another member of the "under thirty" club, and is regarded as a "comer" whose arrival is close at hand.

The most noticeable thing about the Franklin brothers, the "kid" directors of the Fine Arts studio, is their extreme youth. A year or so ago they were camera boys, quiet, studious and observant. Chester is just about old enough to vote and Sydney is several years his senior, but they work together like a team, with neither exercising fraternal or directorial authority over the other. Neither has had stage experience, but they know acting and they know the camera. All of their experience has been acquired at the Griffith plant and they are spoken of about the studio as "a great director." Their first Triangle picture was



Of course the full moon on the left is Roscoe Arbuckle; the other is Ford Sterling without his well known chin-whiskers.

"Let Katy Do It," with Jane Gray in the lead.

And now for what the reviewers call the "comedy relief."

In other words: Enter General Mack Sennett and his lieutenants!

Not much use wasting a great deal of space with the two senior comedian directors of the Sennett laugh foundry—Roscoe Arbuckle and Ford Sterling. Everyone knows them in their screen personalities, even if it is not generally known that they also direct their own comedies. "Fatty" says that directing and acting is "terrible hard work," but just because he maintains his normal avoirdupois continuously he gets little sympathy. At this writing Roscoe is making Keystone comedies in New York, just for a change of locale, while Sterling's latest exploit was ditching his old familiar make-up for blackface.

"Stunt stuff" is the specialty of Walter Wright. Nearly everyone has seen the hair-raising stunts, auto, aeroplane, submarine, etc., of the Keystoners and has wondered how they were done. Wright can tell but he won't. Walter was one of the first cameramen in the business and in addition to being a "stunt" director he is also the boss

cameraman of the Sennett studio. His first exploit was turning the crank on "The Great Train Robbery," the first of all motion picture plays. He was also a speedy bicycle rider way back yonder, but they don't hold that against him at the Keystone.

Dell Henderson is the biggest director on the lot, altitudinously, and an old timer in the film game. Once he was an actor and then he became a comedy director for the Biograph. Two years ago Sennett grabbed him for a lieutenant and since that time he has been one of the chief laugh cannors at General Mack's plant.

Lieut. Frank Griffin claims to be the oldest leading man in the pictures, having led a horse before a camera in the first picture ever taken for "Pop" Lubin. His chief avocation now is keeping Willie Collier in good humor and assuring him that no custard pies will be hurled at him. A little while ago he bossed Weber and Fields around the studio and both comedians gave him a good "recommend" for mercy and consideration when they went back to the pool table and the footlights.

Dick Jones is the Sennett "kid" director. He used to be the head cutter in the laboratory and graduated when he demonstrated

his ability to put on big scenes, particularly those in which beves of beauties are herded about the set. He is only 21, but is General Mack's chief lieutenant when it comes to staging the "big stuff."

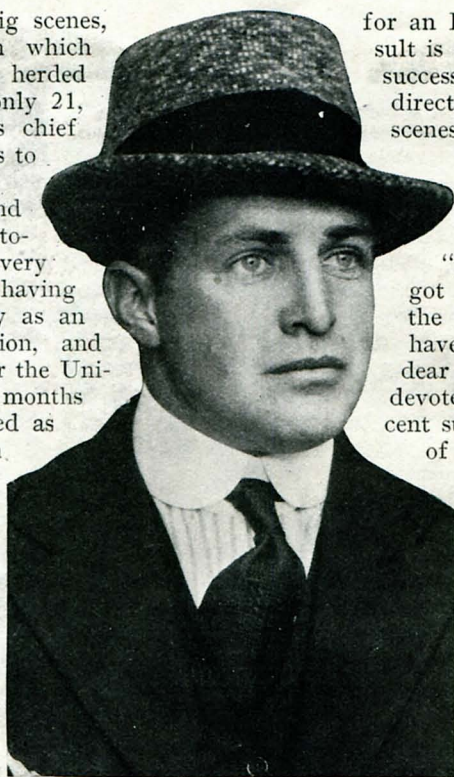
Clarence Badger and Charles Avery work together as co-directors. Avery is a veteran Keystone, having been with the company as an actor since its inception, and Badger did comedies for the Universal until about eight months ago. They are regarded as a valuable team of laugh makers and among the ablest aides of the "general."

Eddie Foy is said to have been responsible for the rapid promotion of Ed. Frazee from actor to director. Of course there are really two sides to the well known Foy squabble, but Eddie has had his side pretty thoroughly mulled about in the public prints. The story at the studio is that Frazee was the only man in the place who "could do anything" with Eddie, so he was made a director. He has since demonstrated his ability as a laughter canner in his "Crooked to the End" and other pictures.

And now we come to the lieutenants of Colonel Thos. H. Ince, boss of the Kay-Bee Triangle outfit.

To the public the best known of the Ince directors is William S. Hart, the "Bill" Hart of the films, whose great specialty is "western stuff." Hart is as capable a director as he is an actor, quiet and determined and knowing at all times just what he is doing.

The veteran, in point of age, of the Inceville staff of directors is Walter Edwards, well known to the legitimate stage as a character actor, before assuming a directorial position in the studio where he made his first appearance before the camera. Before beginning the strenuous Keystone life, Willie Collier was turned over to Edwards



He doesn't look it, but Raymond B. West is the senior lieutenant of the Ince forces.

for an Ince picture and the result is said to have been highly successful. Edwards is now directing a picture of big scenes in which Wm. H. Thompson is taking the leading role.

Reginald Barker is one of Ince's ablest "punch" directors. He got the Ince idea right at the start and his pictures have all had the "kick" so dear to the heart of the film devotees. One of his most recent successes was "The Edge of the Abyss," in which Mary Boland was starred. He is now producing a military play in which Willie Collier, Jr., is to be starred.

The youngest and oldest of the Kay-Bee staff is Raymond B. West, whose boast is that he has never seen the back of a stage. He started in with Ince several years ago as a sort of general utility hustler at about twelve simoleons a week, doing a little of everything. He is now Ince's right-hand man in the big spectacles filmed at Inceville by the boss, but most of the time he is working on his own pictures. His greatest masterpiece was "The Cup of Life."

Scott Sydney is the heavyweight director of the staff and is also known to his intimates as "the big noise." He is a great believer in lung power, especially while herding a bunch of "extras," and he hasn't much trouble in making himself understood inasmuch as he has developed a perfect co-ordination between brain and voice.

Charles Swickard specializes in big outdoor pictures. He is one of the old Kay-Bee directors and has handled many of the legitimate stage stars who have come to Inceville. The most recent addition to the directorial staff at the "punch" camp is Charles Giblyn. He came to Inceville from the Universal after a successful career in turning out short-reelers and first assisted Ince in the Billie Burke picture.

Madonna of the Movies

"MOTHER" MAURICE, THE ACKNOWLEDGED SUPERLATIVE OF SCREEN MATERS

By Randolph Bartlett

MO T H E R
MAURICE
is the only
name

they have for her at the Vitagraph headquarters. An obliging young man from the office paged her for me, as we went together on a round of the yard and buildings.

"Have you seen Mary Maurice?" he would ask one after another, and invariably came the combined correction and answer: "Mother Maurice? No. I haven't seen her today."

Now, player folk are always free with descriptive nicknames, and the term "Mother" may have any one of a variety of meanings. It may be simply a token of advanced years, a recognition of a veteran's long service, or, as seemed quite likely in this case, a name bestowed by reason of a long line of maternal roles.

But when we finally found Mrs. Maurice, the manner in which she

illuminates commonplaces with personality, set at rest all speculation as to the source of the term. It is an expression of endearment, pure and simple.

We sat in a little corridor of the rectangle of buildings, and Mrs. Maurice chatted about various things, ranging from playing one-night stands in melodrama in the Canadian Northwest, to writing letters to children. As we talked, several players passed back and forth through the corridor, but never a one of them was in too great a hurry to stop and exchange a few affectionate words.

From Kate Price, the heavy-weight fun woman, to a little bevy of children, there was motherliness for all. But it was the children who furnished the text for the best part of the talk. They were not even regulars at the studio, but members of a special regiment of youngsters being used in a school scene.



"It is the highest compliment I can receive when a little boy or girl sends me a laboriously scrawled note."

that, but what pleases me most is that a large proportion of them are from children. And I always write to them in return. With the grown folks, it all depends, but I love to answer these children's letters."

Why, it is a scenario in itself. Imagine the scenes of joy that have been enacted, not for the camera, but with entire spontaneity as these letters from Mother Maurice have arrived in the childish hands to which they were addressed. Mary Maurice, in her this remarkable correspondence she maintains, is constantly scattering seeds of kindness, and one has only to look at her to realize that she is likewise reaping the reward of living in such a constant atmosphere of affection. From one end of the land to the other, men, women and children are thinking kind thoughts of Mother Maurice, and unless all the scientists are at fault, these wing their way to her unerringly and contribute to her happiness. It is no wonder that she is able to look calmly out upon the world with a quiet smile, with infinite tolerance, with beautiful patience, nor that her soft, slow

Mothering
Anita Stewart.

"I saw you in a picture last night, Mrs. Maurice," one of them piped up, as she passed.

"And how did you like it, dear?"

"I thought it was *just grand*."

And the happy little girl trotted off, most likely to inform her friends, proudly, that she had seen and actually talked to Mother Maurice.

And now I am going to tell something that will, probably, bring no end of trouble to this much-loved woman, but it is a perfect index to her character, and she did not say "Now this is not for publication" when she told me, so I cannot resist.

"You know," she said, with her kind smile, as the girls disappeared, "I get great numbers of letters from all over the world, and there is nothing so wonderful in



Mrs. Maurice in one of her most popular plays, "Mother's Roses."

speech—a pity that the camera can give no hint of its charm—reflects all these qualities.

Mrs. Maurice had a long and successful stage career before she adopted, or was adopted by the new art of unspoken drama. First she was a reader of Shakespearean drama, developing from this into a lecturer on the bard, and giving recitals in costume. Her histrionic ability soon led her to the footlights, and she had her schooling in stock in Pittsburg, Cleveland, New Orleans and elsewhere, graduating then into companies supporting such stars as Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Modjeska and other famous players of a generation ago. Her last stage appearances were with Mantell.

In the early part of her career she played Shakespearean heroines and other romantic leading roles, then leaving the stage for a number of years, to return later as a character woman, work she greatly prefers, as it allows so much more latitude for individual interpretation. She is, therefore, in a position to answer with authority the statement often made that moving pictures bury the personality of the player, smothering self-expression and substituting for it the ironclad ideas of the director. If this were true it would result in almost mathematical and inelastic productions, but Mrs. Maurice does not find it to have been the case:

"You hear it said," she remarked, "that motion picture players hardly ever know anything about the piece in which they are appearing aside from each individual scene as it is photographed. This is not so, in my experience. All the principal members

of the company have access to the complete manuscript, and are expected to study it as carefully as they would any play, learn the relation of their parts to the whole, and develop them accordingly. And the best answer to the statement that personality is buried is the letters that photoplayers receive from admirers. In other words, they are able to project their ideas so distinctly as to make a decided impression upon the spectators.

"People would not take the trouble to write the affectionate letters they do, to players who are mere automatons, and that is the reason I prize highly the letters I get from children. A child's instincts are unerring, and it is the highest compliment I can receive when a little girl or boy sends me a laboriously scrawled note, saying that something I have done has pleased them."

Of all the great number of pictures in which Mrs. Maurice has appeared, "Mother's Roses" is, possibly, the best known and most widely admired. Her own favorite is "The Seventh Son," a Civil War picture, wherein a mother gives up one after another of her seven boys, until, when the youngest is called, she makes a personal appeal to President Lincoln not to be utterly bereft. There are many touching scenes in the play, and it affords full scope for all the motherly qualities of this lovable woman.

Mother Maurice has just one sorrow—that numerous scenarios which admiring friends write specially for her are found "unavailable" by the management.

"It is too bad, when they go to all that trouble," she says, "but of course, so far as I know, it can't be helped."

Have You a Friend

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HAT an Oklahoma tornado, in the first days of the oil boom, could break with equal ease from a weathery sky or an ugly word—was known to every rascal in Place Center. But they did not know that the most relentless storm that tears up loves and hates, sweeps away wealth and destroys the very lives of strong men sometimes grows from a cloudlet no larger than the white hand of a woman.

Place Center would not have believed if it had been told. It didn't know that kind of woman. There was the wife of the rancher, heavy and dull with work. There was the dance hall girl, heavy and dull with carousing. And that was all.

Then came Faith Henley.

What she saw was a straggling row of wooden buildings that was called Main Street and some more shacks dotting the hills around. The largest building bore a sign, "Silk Miller's Saloon." The building next to it also had a sign, "Silk Miller's Dance Hall." And so on down the muddy street. Every building told her much the same story. Gambling, drinking, dancing, that seemed to be the business of the place and it all appeared to be done in the name of Silk Miller. Idle men on idle horses milled around the stage she came in on, and she was glad to escape to one of the little houses on the hill. Only one man in the throng had stood out, a lean, splendid looking fellow whom some one called "Blaze." He was Blaze Tracy and the only man Miller had ever met whom he respected. Tracy could always shoot before the other man—and did.

Place Center was better known by another name, which Faith learned later. Then she understood its significance, for it was "Hell's Hinges."

As to what the town saw of Faith when she arrived did not matter. It was its later introduction to her the next Sunday that made an impression.

Robert Henley, the girl's brother, had just graduated from a theological school and come to do evangelical work in the

HELL'S

AND HOW BLAZE TRACY SENT

By Mrs.

Produced by



*They stampeded
for the door.
Tracy's guns
stopped them.*

west. His first service was held in an old, unused barn. His pulpit was an inverted box and his congregation a scattering of ranchers and their wives, who made up the small decent element of the place.

Rev. Henley was extremely slender and dressed immaculately. He looked absurdly

HINGES

THEM TO THE RIGHT ADDRESS

Ray Long

Thomas H. Ince



delicate to the sturdy, out-door people in his audience. And, when suddenly a jeering and shouting was heard outside, he seemed to shrink even more. The doors burst open and a tumult of men and gaudily dressed women pushed in, led by Tracy and Miller. Henley paled, swayed a

second, then jumped down beside Zeb Taylor, the leader of the little band of worshippers.

This interruption was the result of a talk between Miller and Tracy a few minutes before.

"The new sky pilot's gathered his knee floppers up there in the ole sawmill barn," Miller had told Tracy. "Got to clean 'em

out. Bad for business." And he had gently rubbed the soft hands that were the badge of the "gentleman" in those days of the west.

Tracy sent his steady glance in the direction Miller's oily black eyes had taken. He was as tall and hard as Miller was stocky and puffy. His careless cowboy clothes fitted with an ease that the other's broadcloth could never master.

"Now's always a good time," was all he answered. He wheeled and entered the big bar room where men and women were drinking.

"We'll all be goin' to church," he announced, then winked. And that was all that was necessary.

THE cowardice of the young minister at the entrance of the mob took all the fight out of the situation. The mob howled with delight. It had come to do

violence but instead would have a picnic. Some half tipsy cowboy suggested a dance. And in an instant the barn's former church-like quiet was changed into a bedlam of buffoonery. Men grabbed girls by the hair, the shoulders, the waist. They whirled them around and around while they

whistled and shouted ribald songs. Tracy grabbed a chair from one of the congregation and danced with it clasped in his arms. Then suddenly he heard a sound through the other raucous noises that brought him to his feet, straight as a soldier before the box that had served as a pulpit. Others began to hear the sound too, a thin, sweet, growing stream of melody that somehow pulled at them and troubled them, they knew not why. They turned in wonder toward it.

Before them stood a girl, such a girl as they had never seen. Before them sang a girl such as they had never heard sing. And they looked and listened and did not know whether it was their sight or their hearing that held them so.

The girl was Faith Henley. The few who had seen her when she arrived recognized her. For the face framed in the old poke bonnet was sweet as a flower and tender-eyed. And there was a light on it, a sort of radiance as of a luminous spirit shining through.

Strangely too, the girl's figure held those rough eyes quite as much as her exquisite face. Her dress was old fashioned, high necked and long sleeved. But her slender body, with its soft curves, animated it. And she stood erect and unafraid as if she had been in the choir loft of her own little church in Maine, her frail hands lightly clasped before her.

"God be with you till we meet again."

The girl's voice rose higher and higher. Its rich soprano had the clear call of a meadowlark at dawn, the yearning of a dove's tremulous note at dark. The wonder of the strange company deepened into a hush. A dancing girl drew in her breath with a sharp sob that sounded peculiarly loud. But the sweet tones soared on.

"Till we meet at Jesus' feet."

Men glanced at each other oddly, shamefacedly. Again they were carried out of themselves by the rising notes that floated over them. Unconsciously they followed the upward look of the singer and saw and felt forgotten things.

To one border bandit the spell brought the sound of running water that time, when wounded and dying of thirst, he had clawed his way through burning dust to a rock over which a thin stream had trickled. To a cattletieft it brought the joyous cry of his mother when after hunting frantically

she came upon her small sobbing boy, lost in the Nebraskan hills. For an instant he felt as if sobbing again. He glanced sheepishly at his neighbor, afraid lest some sound had escaped him, then straightened, relieved, as he saw everybody else listening as if their ears were glued to the space that held them. For those lovely, slender threads of sound were drawing that turbulent mass of men and women to them with the strength and sureness of the invisible moon ray that pulls the unwilling mass of waters in the seas.

THROUGH it all Blaze Tracy never took his eyes from the singer's face. He stood like some statue cowboy caught and molded by a master sculptor hand. His spare figure was upright. His keen, sharply cut face stood out a silhouette of daring vigor. He had seen Faith Henley when she and her brother had come in on the stage. He had then hoped to stare her out of countenance. But she had lifted her brown eyes to his in simple friendliness and he remembered now how surprised he had been that his hat had come off and he had passed on.

Suddenly Red O'Leary, a notorious tough, recovered from the strange influence. "Come on, boys," he shouted with a loud laugh. "Let's see who'll be the first to dance with the tuneful skirt." And he made a rush toward the box.

Something cold, pressed against his chest, stopped him. He looked up into Tracy's gray eyes and halted, dazed. Others had followed his lead and stopped surprisedly too.

"There'll be no more dancin' in here to-day, Mr. Red O'Leary," said Tracy in his quiet way. "Such doin's as was goin' on when we come in will continue. Them as wants to stay for 'em will stay. And them as don't will leave."

No one of the crowd said another word. After a minute of silence, Silk Miller who had remained in the background throughout the whole proceedings, turned and went out. The others followed. Some noticed that Miller wore a queer smile and wondered what he was up to.

Tracy did not leave the meeting till he had seen young Rev. Henley reinstated in his pulpit. So he did not see that smile. Miller didn't mind the mussing up of his plans because his oily eyes had seen the



prettiest girl they ever hoped to. He was already planning how he could get control of her.

From that time the establishment of a church in the riotous community became a certainty. A little board edifice was started and carried on without hindrance. Services continued to be held in the barn and Miller went to the minister in the friendliest way. "After all, a church's a good thing in a town," he told Henley. "I'm not a church man but that don't count. If we're to have a church, let's have a good one. That's what I say same's if it was a hotel. I'll help with anything I can even if your psalm singing does cut into my business."

Henley was, of course, pleased. So was Faith. And Miller gloated over her smiles. The young minister had no comprehension of the difficulties before him and none of the evangelist's spirit or strength of faith to stand them. He was just a boy. He had never been robust. He had soulful eyes, and so his mother had made him believe himself cut out to be a minister of the gospel. He had approached his work

with no more enthusiasm than he would have shown for painting or chemistry or soap making had he been at those. He had none of the honesty and sincerity that makes the great artist or professional man or business man.

Faith Henley was the strong one of the two with all her gentleness. She had the spirit that made Epictetus, the Roman slave, say serenely to his master, "You can bind my hands; you can shackle my feet; but you cannot bind down ME." In her sweet spirit burned the same strength of conviction which so bolstered up the will of the squat little monk, Martin Luther, that he was able to defy the church magnates of Europe at his trial for heresy, and hurled at them the words that have thundered through the ages, "I will not recant, so help me God." And just as her strength had compelled Blaze Tracy, a leader of bad men, to take up her cause at the barn service, so now it interested him as he had never been interested before. For he was honest too. He was a leader of his kind; only after meeting Faith he began to see

that those of his kind were in the wrong.

Tracy and several other members of the rough element of the town attended Rev. Henley's prayer meetings. If anyone had asked why, they probably would have said it was to hear Faith sing. Perhaps the girl divined this.

At a certain meeting the young minister spoke eloquently and gave the invitation to join in his work. But no one responded. So Faith rose to sing.

This night she chose, "Lead Kindly Light." At once a breathless hush was over the room. Clumsy men leaned forward as if afraid of missing a bit of the lovely sound. Hard worked women closed their eyes and a look of restful peace stole over their faces.

Faith sang as she had never sung before. She was heartsore. These people were just coming to hear her sing. Their hearts were not being touched. How was she to get at them? And her wistfulness got into her song. When she sang the words, "The way is dark and I am far from home," the sob of a child was in them. All at once she looked to those hard men like a very little girl, who needed help instead of giving help to them. And as the last word died away, they forgot they were in church and broke into a hearty handclapping.

Faith was startled. She caught the angered look on her brother's face. She saw he was about to rise, so hastily forestalled him by getting up again herself. Instantly there was expectant quiet.

"Isn't it nice I can sing so," she said simply. "Do you know I just love you all. And I'm so happy to do it for you because you like it."

The sweet voice trembled. "You see, my brother and I, we are pretty far from home and, when we came, the way did look dark. But you've been so kind. And just think. It was the dear God who gave me the voice you like so much. And he gave you men your fine, big bodies to do wonderful things. And if he can give these things, and the mountains and the plains and all the wonderful sunrises and things that you have, think how much more he can give if we ask him to. Won't you work for him, with us—my brother and me?"

The girl stood mutely watching the little group. Anxiety crept into her face as men awkwardly shifted their feet, but did not rise. She was just ready to sit when a tall,

straight figure stretched slowly up at the back of the room, and the steady eyes of Blaze Tracy looked into her own.

"I aint much for God to want," he began diffidently, "and I'm admittin' I aint knowin' much about him. But when I look at you, ma'am, I somehow feel that I've been followin' the wrong trail. That's all. And if you're willin' to have me, I'm willin' to come."

The news of Tracy's conversion spread hastily. Silk Miller frowned at first, then rubbed his hands thoughtfully. And it soon became known that he had even gone so far in countenancing the "angel agents" that he had invited Rev. Henley to start a bible club among his dance hall girls. The young man was elated, more because of his success than because it might help the girls.

At the club's first meeting, Miller introduced Dolly Lenaro, a dashing girl whose Spanish blood flashed in her great, dark eyes. Rev. Henley had never before seen such a girl and decided it would surely be a splendid work to bring her into his fold. She became a willing pupil, but was woe-fully ignorant and needed much instruction. Rev. Henley spent so much time with her that Faith protested.

"Dear brother, it is not seemly to be so much with this woman," was all she said. But the rebuke rankled. The young man hated any infringement on his authority, and saw Dolly oftener than before.

He heard that others were talking of his attentions. That made him nervous. And one day he thought he caught an interchange of meaning smiles between Dolly and Miller when he was visiting her. It was just after he had drunk some whiskey she had teased him to take for a cold. But he would not turn back now. He liked to be with Dolly. He liked the caress of her eyes, of her hands. He told himself she was the antidote for his hard life out there.

Meanwhile the new church was nearing completion with Tracy to help things on. Whatever he did he did quickly and with force. He was as proud, when its dedication day came, as was Faith.

The queer little congregation gathered, but their pastor did not come. Neither was Faith there. Tracy started out to meet them and saw only Faith approaching, her face wet with tears.



"My brother, have you seen him?" she called anxiously.

Tracy stared at her questioningly and shook his head. Together they entered the little building.

"The parson, where is he?" questioned the people. Then as they got a closer look at Faith's face they crowded around anxiously.

"Miller's work," said Zeb Tailor. "I've never taken any stock in that snake's pretended good will. His gang's got him." And Taylor's fear, that their pastor had been made way with, was quickly accepted by the others. The men went to one side to talk with Tracy, their natural leader, about the best plan to follow to recapture Henley. They were interrupted by a smiling Mexican.

"You want know where you damn parson ees?" he asked. "You can find heem. He ees in saloon."

Anxiety died out of the faces and rage

took its place. "The greaser's lying!" said Taylor. "Let's go down and thrash Miller till he tells what he knows."

Down at the saloon more than the usual gang of loafers were hanging about. Tracy and Taylor pushed through them and entered the back room. There they found their min-

She had lifted her brown eyes to him in simple friendliness.

ister, lolling in a drunken stupor, his head pillowed in the arms of Dolly and the rest of him slumped down in a degraded heap.

An inner door opened softly and Silk Miller appeared. He was grinning amiably and rubbing his hands.

"Hell of a minister, isn't he?" he chuckled. "Got enough, Blaze? Ain't it like I always told you, pard? Them religion belly-achers is just a sham graft making their money out o' lies. Don't you think we'd better throw him out o' town, Blaze, now that he's shown himself up? Come, lend a hand." And he advanced toward the limp, bedraggled form. As he reached it so did some one else. He turned to look into the ashen face of Faith Henley. Something there stopped him.

Miller looked from Faith to Tracy. Tracy looked only at Faith. His gray eyes seemed to read her very soul. And through that terrible space of time, surrounded by enemies and worse, those who were all at once disgusted with her cause, the girl stood, unflinching, an unutterable sorrow in her gentle eyes, but unafraid. She believed. No one there doubted that she believed that the God she prayed to would protect her and help her in her trouble now.

Tracy turned from her to Miller, and the men who had gathered around him.

"Boys," he said slowly, "you all remember Arizona Frank. He was the best roper in the territory. Well, once I seen Arizona rope a steer with as pretty a throw as I ever see. But," and he looked down at the drunken minister, "the rope broke and the steer got away. Now that wasn't Arizona's fault, was it?"

No one answered. Miller watched him, his eyes became mere slits of venom.

"An' say, boys," he continued earnestly, "ain't this a good deal like it? This here no good four-flusher's only the rope. He busted. But that didn't bust God any. And he's made some of us tougher to do his work. Don't throw anybody out less'n you want to throw me. The church stays, Silk. And, by God, we're goin' to patch this minister into a man, into the bargain."

With a jerk of his arm he pulled Henley to his feet and started pushing him to the outer door. Faith followed, weeping softly. Together they half led, half dragged their burden to the Henley cabin, where they began working to revive him.

"What the h—," Tracy exclaimed as he started out of the door to get a pail of water. He stood fixed for a second then called, "The dogs are burnin' the church." He rushed out drawing his revolvers as he went. Faith watched him miserably.

She turned at the sound of a fall. Her brother had heard and comprehended, and was trying to follow. He was up again in an instant and came stumbling to the door. Faith could not hold him or argue with him. His stupor had changed into drunken strength. He lurched past her and went stumbling down the hill. She ran after calling piteously to him to return. She wrenched her ankle and lost several minutes. When she finally neared the church the little pine building was in embers. A crumpled heap lay on the ground. It was Henley, dead from a revolver shot.

"Not that, Oh not that!" she moaned, and unconsciously looked around for the tall form that she'd come to look for in time of need. There was no one in sight.

Where were they all? A chill dread came over her. From a clump of trees near by she heard sobbing. She limped toward it and found a huddle of terrified women.

"Miller had some one set fire to the church and shoot the parson, and now Blaze Tracy's taken our men away, crazy mad, to the saloon, I think," explained Mrs. Taylor. "They'll be killed, every one of 'em'll be killed."

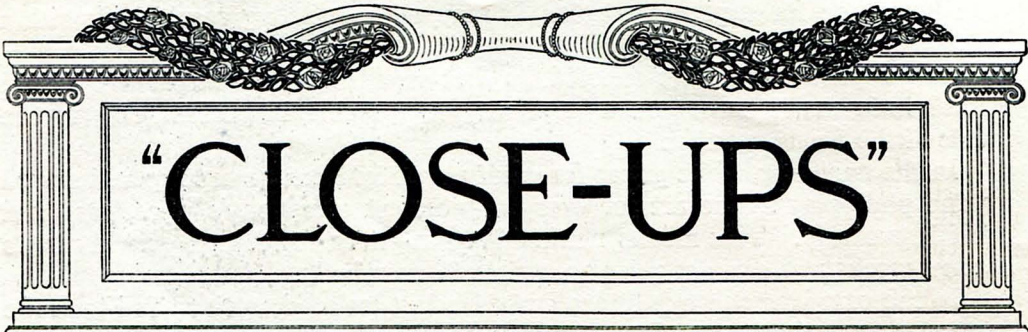
Faith turned away in despair. She had come for help. How could she ask it from women whose loved ones had been dragged into such danger because of her brother's wickedness?

She turned and went to him alone.

The woman was right. Tracy was galloping to the saloon. His horse leaped like the wind. For the misery in a lovely face goaded him. The touch of a soft little hand, that had grasped his a short time before in thankfulness, burned into him. His blood surged madly. That sight and that touch were charging his being with the lightnings of fury.

Near the saloon a hanger-on saw Blaze coming. He rushed into the building. "Miller! Blaze is comin'. He's onto you," he yelled. "An' he's comin' like God A'mighty."

(Continued on page 172).



"CLOSE-UPS"

Limbering Our Language

WHEN a thing takes hold of a whole people its idiom enters the language; its individual verbiage begins to limber up the common speech.

So the idiom of active photography has entered the English language—at least, wherever the English language is Americanized.

The self-conscious valedictorian is told not to "look into the camera." The reporter writing of a street murder terms his description of the underlying cause a "cut-back." The editorial writer now takes his daily "close-up"—a phrase first given exact editorial application by this magazine—on some phase of the European war. The vaudevillian refers to any actor with a family as author of "The Birth of a Nation."

Eric de Lamarter, the brilliant music critic of the Chicago Tribune, provides an ultimate tribute to the new lingo in a scholarly description of recent performances of the Wagnerian "Ring" dramas. He says: "First of all let us eliminate the Wagnerian menagerie Then let us bury all monologues over twenty minutes in length. Having accomplished so much, we shall be in a position to *film* all of the "Ring's" action on the length of one *reel*."



1915, Photoplay's Year I.

THE greatest achievement of Active Photography in 1915 was its ample and substantial chiselling of a niche of Permanent Recognition. As an art, it has arrived. As a business, it has made a vast success. As an industry, it is one of the country's greatest employers. Before 1915, when considering Active Photography, one dealt with an Experiment; henceforth one deals with a Harveyized Fact. Before 1915, a lot of folks looked down on moving pictures. Now, the world's artists see photoplays at a level with their own eyes. Other people have to look up to them. On the photoplay calendar, 1915 may be called The Year I.

In the past year the Stage made a general, precipitate, clamorous surrender. On every hand the falling arms of Prejudice made a monstrous clatter as they were thrown in chattel-heaps.

In the past year Active Photography discovered that it does not have to

turn anywhere for supreme artists. It may, with unfailing result, look within its own doors.

In the past year music effected its first resultful alliance with the screen. Pantomimic music has made a beginning comparable, in portent, only to the music of the Russian ballet.

In the past year, while prices for great attractions have swept up and stayed up, the photoplay as the art for everybody, and at everybody's price, has fixed itself irrevocably. This means neither bottom prices nor top prices. It means shadow-works at a scale of price accessible to everybody.

In the past year the exhibitors ceased being isolated settlers, and took the first steps toward a United State of intelligent Co-Operation.

In the past year the supreme importance of the author became manifest.

In the past year the serial rose—and fell. The new-born series seems more reasonable.

In the past year mechanical invention has gone a great way. The flickerless picture, the true color film, and the third dimension are much closer to us than ever before.



**Exhibitorial
Co-Opera-
tion**

TWENTY exhibitors, meeting in New York last month, now form the basic unit of what may prove the most potent single argument yet evolved for a generally good programme. This protective companionship is known, tentatively at least, as "The National Theatre Owners' Association." Its president is Mitchell Mark, of the New York Strand. Other officers are representative exhibitors from other cities.

Simply, the purpose of this organization is to compel the recognition of selective powers on the part of the exhibitor. The small exhibitor—there are more than 20,000 of him in these United States—has had to take what was given him and make the best of it. Yet the purpose of the new combination is not a labor-union tyranny; no mailed fist is about to be rammed down the manufacturer's throat. Instead, the banded exhibitors propose to deal *directly* with the manufacturer; to report upon all new pictures with a carefully chosen exhibitors' committee, and, in case of favorable word, to immediately pay the manufacturer the entire cost of the negative, and a ten-percent advance on the future earnings of the film. The new Association proposes to divide the country into twenty zones, handling about thirty prints of all pictures accepted.

Photoplay Magazine is no more in favor of an exhibitors' trust than a manufacturers' trust. If the banded exhibitors reach a phase where they begin to wave a scarlet banner of absolutism they will cause lifegiving competition to fall again to its dead level. As things stand now, some joining of exhibitorial forces seems necessary and therefore logical, for the programme czars are, to their weaker subjects, very absolute monarchs. In intelligent selection, whether that selection be a gift or a capture, the people who go to photoplay theatres are going to be the ultimate beneficiaries. And for that reason, only, this congratulatory comment.

No
Excuse

THERE is no excuse in any quarter for mis-spelled or badly phrased captions; but how much deeper is the sin of those whose boast is that they are leaders, and whose pictures are regularly presented in fine places at fancy prices?

In the ranking picture theatre of Chicago the writer recently endured one chapter of a South American travel series of considerable fame in which, in almost every caption, household words were grossly deformed. This sheer carelessness is an even worse insult to the exhibitor than to the audience. This particular exhibitor had spent thousands in surrounding comfort and decoration, had provided a fine orchestra, complete programmes and courteous attendants. Why did he have to endure the type-trash sent him on this particular week by his service corporation? Because canning it would have left his show short, and rather than risk a complaint of stinginess he had rather risk laughter after the screen's assertion that the principal Brazilian naval station was of umbilicular character. Surely the censors missed this flagrant bit of immodesty!



"The
Play's
the Thing"

NOT many months ago the director was the cureall for every artistic evil. Now, the play's the thing. This is a natural sequence. Before the arrival and recognition of the intelligent, imaginative director there was little need of good stories, for what could have been done with them? When the real directors settled themselves they quickly

used up the material in sight. Now the emotion-canners face famine.

The cry for plays, plays, plays, waxes in volume and is becoming shrill as to key. The authorial supplication is serious, from headquarters, although it also furnishes the press-agents some adroit advertising. Engagements of celebrated novelists and playsmiths, at vast retainers, make good *hokum*.

No art has ever faced a more serious problem. The European war is causing a world's record waste of men, means and munitions; and just so the photoplay industry, as at present conducted, is causing a record demolition of invention and idea. Millions upon millions a day are the continental fighters pouring into the abyss of nothing; and here the photoplays, by galaxy, cluster and constellation, are pouring over the Niagara of today into the whirlpool of yesterday. If the gold fibre drama of the future is to be as ephemeral a thing as the shadow expression of the present, where are the scripts to come from—and why? Who is going to trouble to evolve a masterpiece which will live as long, perhaps, as the common housefly?

There must be plays, but there must be an incentive to make plays endure. In encompassing its own ultimate benefit, the public has the greatest responsibility. Jaded, fickle and impatient, it has as yet signalled no wish to create a library, a repertoire, a gallery of photodramatic record. The defender of the public will interpose that his client has as yet had no opportunity to pick picture plays for permanency. True, perhaps; yet a patronage which restlessly demands a daily or weekly change when such gems as "Jewell," "The Cup of Life," "The

Cheat," or "The Winged Idol" are on view is scarcely in a mood to commence the sober yet exalted framing of its classics.

The rush of celebrated actors and actresses to various managerial camps, generally at absurd salaries, can never solve, but will certainly complicate this problem. The history of the speaking stage proves that mighty names have seldom been associated with pristine successes. Big plays, well put on, create stars. Then the stars scatter, and often spend the rest of their careers looking for good plays.

Of course the real screen dramatist will appear, and several of him. It is quite safe to say that he will not be a fancy-figure novelist, or a speech-dramatist on a staggering retainer. He will be the hour's genius who will find the screen not a makeshift or pretty trickery, but an absolutely new medium, an expressive fourth dimension. His characters will be eloquent in a single language of universal key. Do you realize that the screen dramatist, when he does come, will not be a local pride, but a world-celebrity? At once, he will speak every language!



*The
Ridiculous
Superlative*

WHILE the slick saying that nobody loves a fat man is as false as it is flip, one might make a companion curbstone aphorism which would be pretty close to fact: nobody believes a press-agent. There are some press-agents who deserve to be believed, and are not because of the tidal wave of lies with which their cheap brothers overwhelm the whole craft. One of the commonest diseases of the lesser photoplay press-agent, which he caught from or brought from the talking side of the drama business, is the low fever of the Ridiculous Superlative.

David Horsley's corporation furnishes a prize specimen in one advertisement which describes George Ovey as "the funniest man in America," Margaret Gibson as "the most beautiful girl in pictures," and Crane Wilbur as "the ablest and most popular screen star." Photoplay Magazine does not deny any of these statements, but all three, to speak plainly, will now have to go or look some, as the brag may be.

Other staggering blasts proclaim that Mutual is about to "release the world's greatest feature output;" that "The Girl and the Game" is "biggest of all film productions;" that "Metro resolves to *continue* to present the best motion pictures in the world;" that "Vim" films are "the cream of comedy;" and — here is a whale! — that "Race Suicide," a six-part feature, presents "the social problem of the Universe!" Junk your telescopes, astronomers; this must be the answer to what you want to find out about Jupiter, Sirius, Arcturus and the plane rings of Saturn!

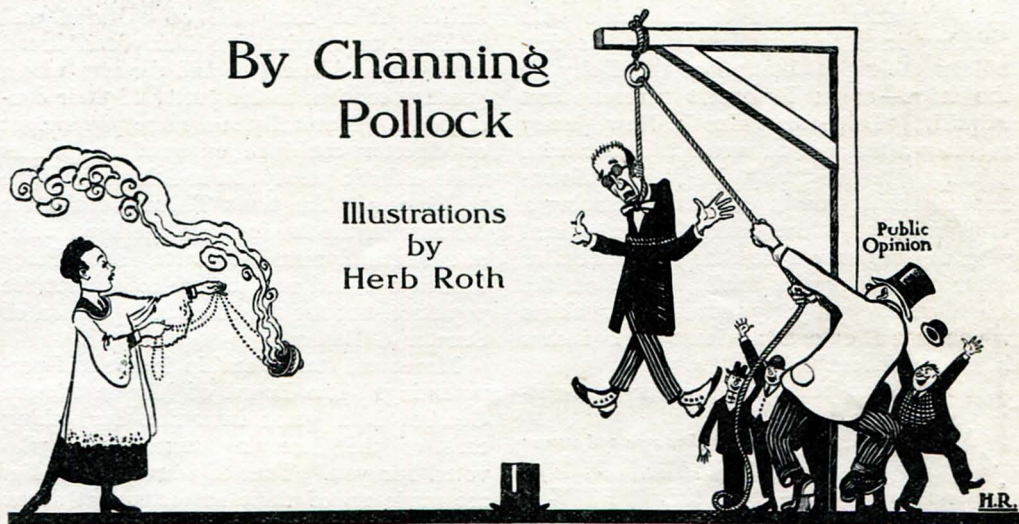


Swinging the Censor

PAUL PRY, DEPENDED FROM THE
GIBBET OF HIS OWN SMALL SINS

By Channing
Pollock

Illustrations
by
Herb Roth



I WAS several inches deep in thought when Helen came in to tell me that "the new first lady of the land is extremely conservative in her shoes and slippers."

Disregarding this opportunity to learn the first lady's state of mind in rubber boots, I said: "Go away. I'm on the point of being excruciatingly funny about censors."

Helen is an obedient child, and she sat down at once, and asked me: "What is a censor?"

None of my family is good at conundrums. "Give it up," I answered. "What is a censor?"

"A religious instrument," guessed Helen. "You know; they have 'em in churches—those things that are empty, and make a great deal of smoke and smell from almost nothing. I believe they *should* swing."

"Your definition," said I, "is vague, but surprisingly accurate. The censors in my story are spelled 'o-r-s' and not 'e-r-s,' but they 'make a great deal of smoke and smell

from almost nothing,' and I 'believe they should swing.' Now run along and relieve my anxiety by finding whether Madame President likes blue baby ribbon in her lingerie, or pink."

As a matter of fact, I *do* know what censors are, but no true gentleman likes to use such language in the presence of a lady.

A censor is the politicians' way of correcting Nature, which gave us five senses and only one conscience. He is the volunteer sentinel of our souls; the self-appointed guardian of our hearths; concrete expression of the common idea that our neighbors are all vicious, and would be more so but for the restraining influence of our personal purity. A motion picture censor is one of eighteen or twenty persons paid to tell an hundred million what they can see and enjoy.

Few impulses equal our passion for regulation, in this Land of the Free, where everything is forbidden. Our national business is attending to other

people's business. If we do not want to smoke, or to drink, or to play baseball on Sunday, we cannot be satisfied merely by refraining from these things ourselves; we must make certain that nobody within a thousand miles of us is permitted to smoke, or to drink, or to play baseball on Sunday. We have a national society called the We See To You. It is against the law to purchase cigarettes in one state, to play cards in another, and to kiss one's wife publicly in a third. New York has forbidden the representation of the Deity on the stage—as in Rostand's reverent and exquisite "La Samaritaine"; New Jersey recently attempted to create a censor with power to interdict any dramatic performance; and Wisconsin considered placing a tape-measure in the hands of an official who was to make sure that "no actress or other female person shall appear on the stage unless properly covered by skirts which shall extend at least four inches below the knees."

We still are permitted to wear cape-col-

*Bad men and women
existed in fiction ever
since Homer sent for
his stenographer to
take down the Iliad.*



lars, and, as yet, there is no Society for the Suppression of Sea-Food, and no League for the Prevention of Cucumbers Growing on the Sabbath.

The motion picture censor is the latest device for making us moral by act of legislature; the most recent indication that we have too many law-makers and too few fool-killers. Generally speaking, a legislature is an animal that eats peas with his knife. It is composed of cultured and brilliant men, with fine ideals and broad knowledge of literature and the arts, whose greatest concern is the purity of their constituents. Naturally, no mere playwright or director could be expected to possess their esthetic perception and interest in the public weal; Augustus Thomas could not distinguish the lovely from the lewd without Assemblyman Schmaltz, and Percy Mackaye would not hesitate to corrupt the populace, but for the stern interposition of Senator Callahan.

Moreover, statesmanship is not self-perpetuating. The Board of Motion Picture Censors is a great invention for taking care of the deserving unemployed who voted for you. That is why these bodies are made up of three inspectors, at about

fifteen hundred dollars a year each, and not of one inspector, at forty-five hundred dollars a year. A practical twist of Jonathan Swift's injunction to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. (We won't go on with the quotation, because Jonathan wasn't kind to politicians.) Even the most optimistic and economical of us knows the brand of "esthetic perception and interest in the public weal" that is to be hired at fifteen hundred dollars a year.

So it happens that the censor is *sui generis*; possessing a supernatural nose; a keen-scented smut-hound. Without diffi-

NOTICE
GENTLEMEN WILL
KINDLY REFRAIN
FROM
LADYKILLING
BY ORDER OF
THE BOARD
OF CENSORS



hypocrisy the lineaments of Pecksniff and Uriah Heep. Even without these characteristics, the censor is a type. On a wager, I picked two of him and one of her out of a crowd of an hundred strangers gathered to hear an appeal from the verdict

culty, he uncovers an ounce of fertilizer in an acre of roses. Marcel Prevost,

Remy de Gourmont and George Bernard Shaw are agreed in finding this genius "une legere, tres legere pointe de sadisme." "He who hunts for flowers will find flowers," says Henry Ward Beecher, "and he who loves weeds may find weeds." In Washington, where an ordinance once opposed bill-board betrayal of the secret that women are bipeds, I remember a small boy tearing away a strip of paper to peep at the betighted legs beneath. Without that strip, he never would have noticed the poster. Only geographical considerations prevent my suspecting this small boy, grown up, of being that professor of the University of London who found Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" to be "one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted."

"I never saw a sunset like that," someone said to Turner, who replied: "No; don't you wish you could?"

Constitutional inability to see things as other men see them is reflected in the censorial face; constant sniffing has given it a beagle nose, constant peering two ferret eyes, weakness and suspicion and

After all, girls will be girls. It is only the male who must not be encouraged.

rendered by a State Board.

Naturally, one is not surprised to find in these illiterati what Henry Arthur Jones calls a "general absence of any sane, consistent or intelligible ideas about morality, so that, while the inanities and indecencies of musical comedy are sniggered at and applauded, the deepest, permanent passions of men and women are tabooed, and the serious dramatist is bidden to keep his characters well within the compass of that system of morality which is practiced amongst wax dolls."

"Sane and consistent" ideas and ideals do not seem necessary to the censor; he is unconfused by subtleties and undisturbed by mitigations. With "no capacity for business, no knowledge of law, no sympathy with art, no pretension to philosophy," his is complete certainty as to "the secret that has puzzled all the philosophers, baffled all the lawyers, muddled all the men of business, and ruined most of the artists: the secret of right and wrong." Immorality is sexual passion. There can be no other kind. And passion is always wrong. No possible doubt about that! "Crime and violence" are robbery and murder. It

doesn't occur to him that most of the big and vital things done in the world have been done because of passion or robbery or murder, and that most of the big and vital things written have been written about them. "If it is deeply conceived," declares Meredith, "it cannot be immoral."

"If it is deeply conceived," says the censor, "it cannot be moral."

Only the trivialities and superficialities of life are fit subjects for the public mind. As marital infidelity used to be the funniest thing in the world, and chorus-girl evidence of the reward of vice the most harmless, while only serious consideration of the elemental forces was dangerous and obscene, so the motion picture censor remains unsuspicious of the glorification of greed, the exaltation of brute strength, and the humor of physical misfortune. He does not ask whether impropriety is incidental to story or story to impropriety. He does not know that one blushes at little audacities rather than at great infractions; that small men have prejudices and big men passions. He cannot conceive of the creative instinct as a thing beautiful, nor imagine chastity as apart from virtue, nor see the utter, the surpassing immorality of fear, of corporeal comicality, of maudlin sentimentality, of dirt, drudgery, poverty and stupidity.

It has not occurred to the censor that without evil good goes unobserved; that the best example is punishment of the one and reward of the other. Bad men and women have existed in fiction ever since—and before—Homer sent for his stenographer to take down the Iliad. An eternal, omnipotent and soul-saving censorship might have kept sin and sinners out of romance—but then there is history! And biography! Would the arbiter have extinguished Louis XIV, or merely not have mentioned him? Probably the latter. Life is a foul and immoral thing, but there it is, and what are you going to do about it? Easy! Paint it with *new-skin* and forget it!

Discretion is the better part of virtue. Nothing is dangerous but the truth. Disguise or conceal a thing and it ceases to exist. Refrain from calling a rake a rake, and you've pulled its teeth, even though every fool knows that what you mean is a rake. The censorial mind utterly fails to take in the fact that you invite attention

to betighted legs by pasting paper over them, and that you invite attention to a spade, and make it a pernicious instrument, when, instead of calling it a spade, you blush and remark: "Garden tools! Oh, I don't know what they are, and you really mustn't discuss them in my presence!" Method and motive and manner of treatment are nothing to the motion picture censor, and all one "Ghosts" and "Three Weeks"; "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "The Street Girl's Revenge"; "Kindling" and "Carmen" and "Her Wedding Night."

Considering that it is forty years since



first she mouthed her mad love to the music of Bizet, Carmen might have expected the deference due old age. Beautifully filmed, and beautifully acted by Geraldine Farrar, she came as a bolt from the blue to shocked and surprised "boards" in Ohio, Pennsylvania and California. Her ancient kiss, that inspired the first big press agent "story," was ordered cut to five feet. "Just a little love, a little kiss," warbled

the Buckeyes, and nothing more than a yard and two-thirds of affection came within that allowance. "All love scenes showing embraces between males and females" were ordered measured and trimmed, leaving the cigarette maker to give her life for a purely paternal peck from the bashful bull-fighter, Escamillo.

Come to think of it, however, Carmen wasn't permitted to give her life, either in Ohio or in California. A local board in the latter state objected to the killing of a woman by a man, though there is no opposition to the killing of men by women. After all, girls will be girls! It is only the male who must not be encouraged! Pennsylvania banned the little set-to between Carmen and Frasquita, and the duel

probably do not suspect themselves of sympathy with a courtesan!

Ohio prevented poor Carmen's smoking one of her own cigarettes, and, in one state or another, the majesty of the law raised the level of her décolletage, restrained her from baring the shoulder of her rival, and interfered generally with her artless displays of temper and temperament. "Carmen," as amended and expurgated, must have borne a striking family resemblance to "Elsie Dinsmore."

If I have failed to keep my promise, and be "excruciatingly funny," you will admit that the censors are making it up to you. "The Scarlet Letter" was passed, after considerable argument, but no children were permitted to witness it in Chicago.

To the contention that minors might read the book, answer was made that "a child of simple training and pure thoughts could read 'The Scarlet Letter,' and, because of the purity and delicacy of its style, have no idea of its real meaning." Charming prospect! To go through Hawthorne's masterpiece, from cover to cover, without understanding a word of it! That ought to furnish enjoyment fully equal to the pleasure of a prolonged session with the Congressional Record!

At least, no "child of simple training and pure thoughts" would be likely to see in any picture what the censors seem to see. Few children are nasty-minded. A large section was cut from a photoplay, called "The Warning," because there was a bed in the room adjoining the scene of action. Of course, a bed could have none other than an immoral purpose! How stupid of the producer not to have exchanged this obscene piece of furniture

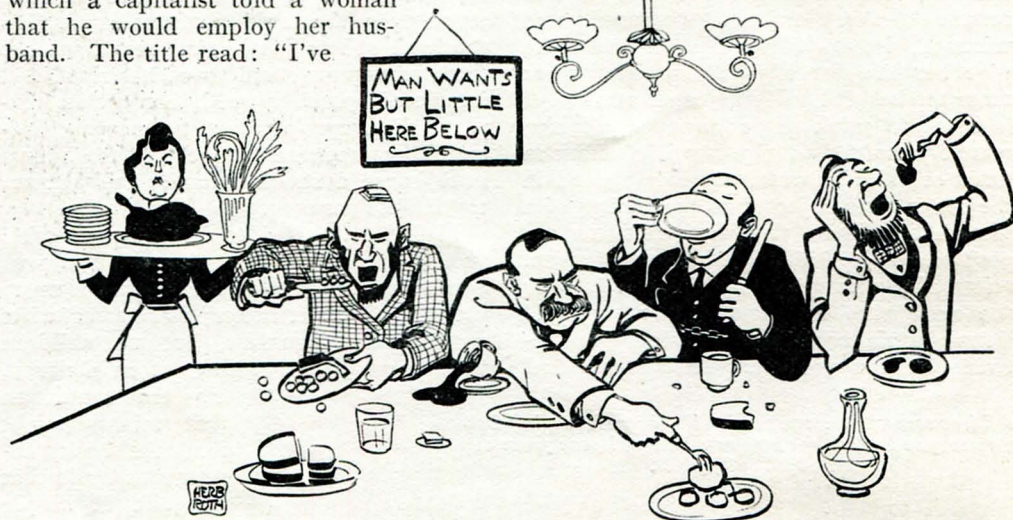
All love scenes . . . were ordered trimmed, leaving Carmen to give her life for a purely paternal peck from the bashful bull-fighter.



between Morales and Don Jose. All this had taken place dozens of times in the opera in Philadelphia, without appreciable effect upon the police records, but, apparently, the censors were comforted by the reflection that no one knows what an opera is about, anyway. "Camille" is forbidden in England, but there has been no ruling against "Traviata." Young persons who weep to the strains of "O Parigi, O cara"

for a denatured divan! In the picturization of a celebrated play objection was made to a title covering pantomime in which a capitalist told a woman that he would employ her husband. The title read: "I've

*Generally speaking,
a legislature is an
animal that eats peas
with its knife.*



got a proposition to make to you." It was cut. The censors couldn't imagine a business proposition.

The screen version of my own drama, "The Secret Orchard," wonderfully filmed by Mr. Lasky, was stripped of a title quoted from the Bible. There had been no addition or alteration. There were expressions of horror, too, that a man drank wine from a woman's slipper. A shaving mug might have been all right. The Pennsylvania Board inveighed against what it called "a feast." If ever Fred Thompson carries out his intention of filming the Scriptures, goodness knows what Pennsylvania will do with Belshazzar! Mr. Lasky and I carried "The Secret Orchard" to court in Philadelphia, where, to our intense surprise, the censors discovered that the first scene took place in a bagnio. Agnes and Egerton Castle had written the novel, I had written the play, a reputable management had produced it, and a reputable film company had photographed it without suspecting, or finding any critic or spectator who suspected this awful truth.

"Do you mean to say," the Board's attorney thundered at me, "that you do not recognize this as a brothel?"

I admitted that I didn't.

"The censors do," said the attorney.

"Which only goes to prove," I replied,

"that the censors know more about brothels than I do."

In the course of the case, the Board sought to establish its contention by pointing out that several men were seen to embrace women. I inquired whether there was anything to indicate that the women were not their wives. The censors hadn't thought of that. Anyway, "The Secret Orchard" was a story of seduction. "Isn't 'David Copperfield'?" asked the Judge. The censors hadn't thought of that, either.

"The story of 'The Secret Orchard' can be told in seven words," I said. "It is: 'The wages of sin is death.' Do you call that immoral?"

The Judge didn't, and we were permitted to show our picture in Pennsylvania.

However, another play with the same story never reached the films because manufacturers knew too well what to expect of the censors. That play was Dario Nicodem and Michael Morton's drama of deep and pure purpose, "The Shadow," enthusiastically praised when it was produced by that arch conspirator against public morals, Charles Frohman, with Ethel Barrymore as star, at the Empire. "The Shadow" mentions an illegitimate child, and illegitimate children are barred in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The day I learned of this I lectured at Princeton, and ran over to Philadelphia to

hear with my own ears whether that Board would have banned "The Shadow." I didn't see the censors, but I did meet an office boy, who was singing lustily and with infinite innuendo:

"And when I dine I always dine with Billy;
He takes me where I get my fill,
And when I sleep—
And when I sleep, I always—dream of Bill."

The vulgarity was not the office boy's. This quotation, even to punctuation, is from a publisher's advertisement, headed: "Do you get the last line?" No one has suggested censoring popular songs.

Edward Sheldon's "The High Road," as presented by Mrs. Fiske, has been censored, and so has Cosmo Hamilton's "The Blindness of Virtue." The Pennsylvania Board recently insisted upon reviewing that part of a film which showed nothing but an American flag waving in the breeze. If the American flag is to be censored, what will become of George Cohan?

A certain melodramatic picture disclosed the execution of plans for an assassination in an isolated house. To complete the isolation, and prevent the victim's summoning help, a villain cut the telephone wires. There was no objection to the assassination, but the film was held up because it might inspire small boys to tamper with wires.

Am I carrying out my agreement to be "excruciatingly funny?"

The farce, "Bootle's Baby," was estopped in Philadelphia because a man got a letter from his wife, and burned it. Tearing the letter would have been permissible, said the censors, but burning showed contempt of the marital relation. Charles Kenyon's remarkable play, "Kindling," dealing with no sex problem, but with poverty and the race, was held up because a mother was shown making clothes for her unborn child. This child was not illegitimate; it was about to be born with the greatest possible deference to the censors. What, then, was wrong with the exposition of a mother engaged in one of the most sacred and beautiful labors of motherhood? You'll never guess! "The 'movies' are patronized by thousands of children who believe that babies are brought by the

stork, and it would be criminal to deceive them!"

Honest!

Dramatic art must encourage the infantile notion that babies are found in cabbage patches, or brought by storks, or it is dangerous and pernicious! God's beautiful way of perpetuating the race is quite too immoral! And, immoral or not, dramatic art must fit itself to the intellectual level of children eight years old, or the Pennsylvania Board of Motion Picture Censors will know the reason why!

In this case, the head of the exchange in Philadelphia, who had a sense of humor, argued that babies, even if brought by storks, required clothing, but the suggestion was ignored. Then he asked for permission to let the child go through the play without clothing, but his request was denied.

Why go on? Here, in a dozen examples of the wisdom of motion picture censors, we have shown that among the dreadful and forbidden things of life are baby clothes, clipped telephone wires, beds, cigarettes, kisses, maternity, combat, bare shoulders, temper, seduction, Hawthorne, business propositions, sin, sex and slippers, illegitimacy, burning letters, birth, death, and the Stars and Stripes. There isn't much left to an author, is there?

The condition ceases to be funny when one reflects that these restrictions are put upon an art in its infancy, a new and ambitious art. One-tenth their number would have murdered literature. Bar seduction and violence, and see how many of the great books of all time could ever have been written or published. Or the little ones. Or the scientific ones. Or the simple ones for juveniles. On my table lie six or eight of these. "Bird Life." Violence! "What a Young Girl Should Know." Birth! "The Children's 'Faust'." Seduction! Even a first reader, when opened, discloses a picture of "Sow with Pigs," and, if that isn't maternity, I should like to know what is.

Just think what must happen to poor old Bill Shakespeare if ever he gets into the "movies"! Ohio would never "stand for" the unmaidenly conduct of Juliet, or Kansas for the marriage of a colored man to a white woman in "Othello"! What's the good of censors if they will permit street brawls between the Montagues and the

Capulets, and whetting of knives that are to cut pounds of flesh from benevolent merchants, and murders of little princes in the Tower? Not to speak of the adulterous passion of a lady named Cleopatra for a married man named Antony! Such things don't happen in our neighborhood, and, if they do, the less said about it the better! Presumably, this immoral melodrama would inspire in the censors the same feeling it inspired in those Victorian spinsters, who, when the curtain had descended upon this saturnalia of passion and death, merely remarked: "How different from the home life of our own dear Queen!"

The stencilled excuse for all this arrogance and tyranny, of course, is "the children," but, honestly, did it take the "movies" to "teach the young idea how to shoot"? Weren't there melodramas before "movies," and dime novels before melodramas, and heaven-knows-what before that? Thanks to a long succession of "crook plays," little Helen knows more thieves' jargon than I do, and isn't a whit the worse for it. This is a sophisticated age, and, despite our best and most misguided efforts, some of the sophistication is bound to seep silently into our progeny. Still daughters run deep. What art could survive the restriction, urged upon no art but the dramatic, that it must deal with nothing beyond the capacity of puerility. If there is the young idea, there are the young idea's pa and ma, to say what the young idea shall see and shall not see. But the young idea's pa and ma have no right to say what you and I shall see and shall not see. We mustn't be compelled to play with blocks because the young idea is too young to play with firearms.

The young idea doesn't have to witness "Salome," merely because there is a "Salome." It seems to me that, in this matter, the young idea is in the position of the gentleman who said: "Doctor, whenever I hold my hand above my head I have a pain in my shoulder. What shall I do?"

"Don't hold your hand above your head," said the doctor.

In any event, the influence of the theatre is dangerously over-rated. Children—or grown-ups, for that matter—do not rush out of the playhouse to commit murder because they have seen "Richard III."

Most of the crimes of literature are impracticable in life. I confess to having had no dread that "movie" patrons of "The Secret Orchard" would immediately begin quaffing champagne from ladies' slippers. Most of 'em couldn't afford it. To the poor all things are pure. Most talk of example is specious cant. Mr. Redfern, the British dramatic censor, barred "Oedipus Tyrannus." Was it for fear that any considerable number of us might want to marry our mothers? Ohio has set itself against cinema depictions of "jealousy, hate, or other states of mind not suitable to the young." But then Ohio also bans love. Or kisses. At least, kisses more than five feet long. Where can Ohio draw the line? What about gossip, envy, selfishness, sloth, and such still more dangerous "states of mind"? No censor has set *them* down as immoral, and, if he did, and went on through the list, there wouldn't be left a single human impulse. Have we all absolutely got to be supermen?

What the censor actually does, in nine cases out of ten, is to suppress the good and advertise the bad. Certainly, he doesn't often succeed in suppressing the bad. Mere eliminations, as in the cases of the betighted limbs and the metaphorical spade, only accentuate, and scenes cut out exert their influence as legs cut off are said to hurt in damp weather. No one really believes that a danger was averted, five years ago, when the Manchester County Council compelled a theatrical management to cover the last word of a title, metamorphosing "The Girl Who Went Wrong" into "The Girl Who Went."

As to advertising, who ever heard of "September Morn" until Anthony Comstock arrested the man who displayed it?

The best friend of the films hardly will deny that there are regrettable tendencies in motion pictures. Their worst enemy cannot say that these tendencies are being lessened by the censors. The biggest and best producers, like the biggest and best theatrical managers, are opposed to the very suggestion of suggestiveness, of salacity or obscenity, but there is another kind of manufacturer, who will go as far as he dares, and who, in spite of the censors, dares go a little farther every day. There are more of him than there ever were of pandering theatrical managers, and

(Continued on page 164)

Investing in the Movies

THE EIGHTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. Mr. Davis will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers.

THERE are two sorts of criminals; positive and negative.

The positive criminal is a rough gent who smashes you for your watch, breaks your window for the silverware, or pours thunder-soup into a hole in your safe.

The negative criminal has none of his tough-skinned brother's dubious virtues, but he more than cubes his resultant evil. His name is Bunk. In his most primitive form he does business with a set of shells, a tripod stand and a little rubber pea. In his latest style and flowering he may sell your opulent Aunt Miranda some motion picture stock.

Today there are a lot of slickers who, had they been in business twenty years ago, would have been selling gold mines—these slickers are piously selling picture-company paper, and hold up their hands in horror whenever the fraudulent mining deals of the past decade are as much as mentioned.

These persons do not attempt to sell stock to business men. As usual, they work a "sucker list" carefully made up of people who have a little money to invest, and very little knowledge of investment.

Their game is an old one. Their methods are not new. Safe-blowing is not new, even though the electric drill has supplanted the steel bit and the hunk of soap.

A man who is a large holder of Mutual stock told me of an interview one of these "salesmen" had with him recently.

He was selling stock in a company which had nothing but a charter and some very prettily designed stock certificates. As a solid foundation for their progressive photoplay organization they had engaged the services of a director who had been fired from a very poor company.

My friend, despite the fact that he made his wealth as a manufacturer, and is still a manufacturer, is exceedingly well versed in the motion picture industry. He turned to photoplays, first, because he liked them. And his investment when first made was purely an artistic gamble. Though he has had no reason to regret this investment, he knows that dividends are as rare in photoplay making as snow-storms in California. Yet the "salesman," speaking with the utmost freedom of the big profits being returned by all motion picture companies today, murmured in a casual, apologetic way that he had just received a \$500 dividend from his holdings in the Mutual Company.

Now it happens that Mutual, in an attempt to make its programme stronger, and fortify itself at all points, is not issuing any dividends at this time.

But this fact didn't bother the "salesman." Contradicted, he persisted in his bare-faced lie. It was my friend who was mistaken, or misrepresenting, or something!

Why won't people everywhere remember that the dear public is not being invited in on the good things of the motion picture industry, in wholesale manner, any more than they are in any other business? When the veritable good thing appears, with fair prospects of success, capital is not lacking! Further, it is only privileged capital, "inside" capital, which is allowed to get in.

It may be well for me to repeat here, in brief explanation, what I said many months ago about marketing the films. Making good pictures is only half the battle. Unless there is a perfected market for your pictures, what are you going to do with them? Hire a hall and show them to your

friends? Or hire another hall and run your own money-making exhibition?

Remember that the man in Colorado Springs and North Philadelphia has his arrangements for pictures already made. He can't take on your pictures at will. He's getting a service. So is every other exhibitor among America's 22,000. What are you going to do about this? You must either form a mighty alliance with some distributing company, or have as much nerve as William Fox did, and start your independent system of exchanges from coast to coast. This takes money, and thousands of dollars spent every week until the new system is absolutely under way.

I have gone over this point, in condensed form, so that you may thoroughly understand how many difficulties the juveniles among picture-makers face. In the first place, it is a nine-to-one shot that they aren't going to make good pictures anyway—the giants are fighting desperately for the actors and directors, and trying to bottle the authors up in a single container—but if they do, they enter another struggle when they try to sell them.

In a previous paragraph I spoke of my friend from the Mutual, who, when confronted by a rapid lie about easy-money dividends, was in a position to promptly refute such a statement. To tell the truth, my friend is only the representative of the average motion picture stockholder anywhere, in any company you might name. There are no motion picture companies today paying bonanza dividends. There are not many motion picture companies paying any dividends at all! Some of these no-dividend companies, it is true, are making money, but are turning the money back into their own channels in a praiseworthy endeavor to enlarge their scope, facilities and general artistic resource. I know of only one or two motion picture companies today which are paying steady profits, and these companies are almost entirely owned by a very few individuals.

Don't believe everything about the motion picture business that you happen to see in print. In a legitimate endeavor to provide interesting reading for their subscribers, all the magazines today are delv-

ing into some phase or other of the photoplay industry. First to the hand of the magazine editor is the enthusiastic but generally misinformed free-lance. Often he has an odd "slant" on the game which appeals to the editor in search of bizarre copy. But where does he get his information? Perhaps by a little hasty personal observation. Perhaps through the experiences of some disgruntled director. Possibly via some posing actor. A camera prima-donna may have aired her imagination as well as her grievances in the direction of his ear.

Possibly the magazine itself sends out trained men to inveigh against some evil which the magazine sees, or thinks it sees.

At any rate, much that is false—hundreds and hundreds of columns of it—concerning the motion picture industry has gone into print in the past twelve months. This has concerned all sorts of topics, from the morals of the actors to the sudden and dazzling fortunes of the promoters. Quite naturally, a great many people have been deceived hereby, and it will take more than a passing word or a smiling assurance to restore their faith.

One of the most interesting, because it was at the same time heartfelt, calm and sane, reviews of this periodical treatment came recently from Samuel Goldfish, vice-president and general manager of the Lasky Company. Mr. Goldfish was interviewed by The Morning Telegraph, New York.

In the course of his talk Mr. Goldfish said: "Against the magazine writers who are misrepresenting the motion picture industry and misquoting the purposes and aims of the men engaged therein I have no personal feeling. But I do feel—and in this respect I believe I am reflecting the opinion of others—a very personal concern that these misstatements and misrepresentations should be permitted to pass uncorrected. One of the greatest factors in the growth and development of the motion picture industry has been the absolute faith which the public has extended to those engaged in the industry. I mean this statement in a broad way. Consequently any sustained criticism that is unjust and untrue might serve to weaken this strong bond which the years have built."

PETE "PROPS"

THE CONTINUED PLAINT OF A PICTURE PROPERTY MAN

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. Gale

II

DEN deres dese here actors. If dey was where dey belonged, de ribbon cloik market would be flooded. All swell up dey are. If you goes up to one of dem and asks for a bit of a lift wid a piano or center table, dey commence counting de rings in de deffusers and walk away as if you was a talkin' in your sleep. But, when dey wants a match or de makings, dey are right out wid de smiling face and laughing eye. I know a lot of actors that could juggle a trunk or grip a set wid de best of dem, but dese movie guys are so stuck up dey cant pick up dere feet. You would have thought dey was born wid crippled hands.

Dere is one fair-haired lad dat is one of dese mat-an-ay idles now—one

"Dere is one fair-haired lad dat is one of dese mat-an-ay idles—one of dese male Mary Pickfords"

of dese male Mary Pickfords—he pulls down a big bunch of kale every week and has different companies fighting to get him for more money. He's got long eyelashes and sport shirts named after him. Rides around in a big swell car and cant talk to nobody. Tree years ago he was a trouping wid a rep show playing metropolises like Huminton, Iowa, and had to be fanned on de stage wid a lash line every night so he could say "Me Lud, de horse will not eat hay" widout forgetting half of it. Every-one called him Little Sister, but now he is one of dese hero guys, busts people around de stage and puffs out his chest like he could run Jess Willard ragged. But he can swell up all he wants. He's still de

little coward he was before because I seen him de oder day wid a wrist watch on.

Everything was going lovely at de studio last week. All de directors was out on location and we had a couple of days of nice stalling all framed up when one of dese nut directors gets a hunch to go over

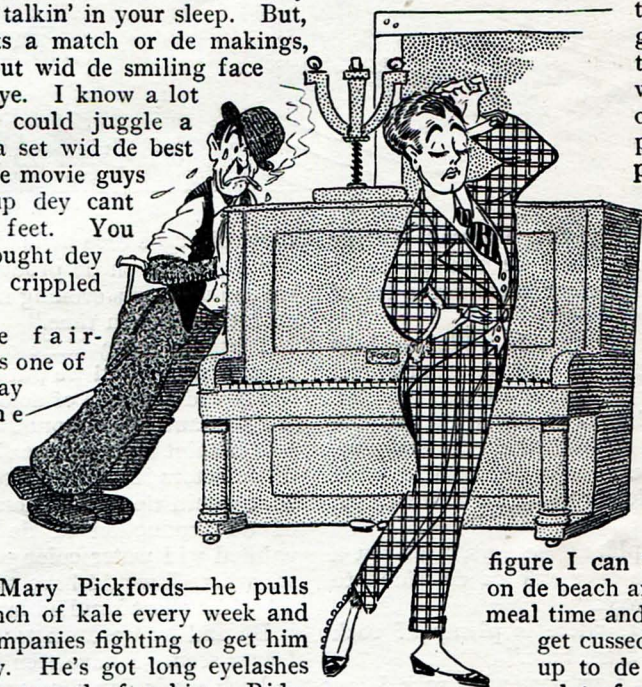
to Catalina and get an effeck through a open window of de ocean at a certain place he had picked out. Dere

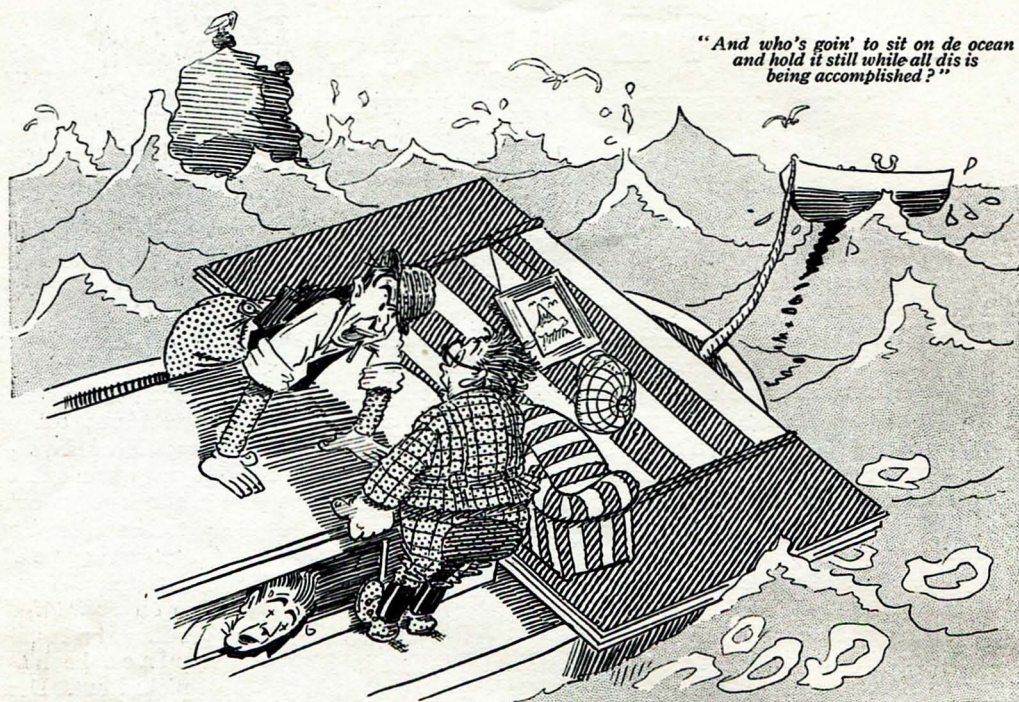
was a lot of interior stuff so we have to take de set wid us. Just enough twelve feet flats for de three side walls and a big bay window. I gets sent along and I'm tickled to deat cause I

figure I can throw de set up on de beach and sit around till meal time and watch de actors get cussed out and den go up to de swell hotel, eat a lot of real food and get

some of de wrinkles taken out of my tummy at de companies expense.

It was a nice day and everything was lovely until we get on de little boat dat runs between Pedro an de Island. I been out on de ocean lots of times on de Iron steamboats dat run to Coney. But dis boat was de sassiest ting I ever rode on. We wasnt a mile out in de water until me cigarettes lost dere charm and I commenced to need a lot of nice cool air. I had to cash in at de poker game when I was a





four-bit loser and go drape myself over de side. Believe me when we tied up to de island, dere was a clear stage for a lot of expensive food.

It looked very, very soft. Wid de help of a couple of natives, I could have slapped the set togeder in about fifteen minutes, trown in a few hunks of furnature and den laid on de sand an kidded de camera man, but no such luck. I asks de nut director if he has any particular place he wants de set flung up.

"Dis aint de place," he says, "We got a go around to de oder side of de island to get a shot at a rock."

"Gee!" says I, "dere is plenty of rock dat can be shot from here."

"I wants to get dis particular rock I am going after just as de setting sun hits it," he says.

"Aw go on," I says, "Let de sun set on one of dese rocks. Believe me, de aujences aint fussy about de rocks de sun perches on" I says. "In Kokomo," I says, "dey never has been worried about der rocks and you could shoot dese rocks as well as any an it wouldn't stop de show a minute."

"Dis rock and I are just like brudder an sister," he says, "and it would go all to pieces if I didn't come around and shoot it.

Now dig up a nice little launch big enough for de actors an de production and maybe we can shoot dis evening if you can wrastle de set togeder in time."

I buys a funny little one-lunged launch from a native and we put de production on board wid a couple of actors on top to hold it down and out we puts.

Dere aint no raging sea but ever time one of de actors leaned over to fix his hair, de boat would tip and dip one end or de oder of de production in de water. It was painted wid water color paint and I could see where I would have to do a lot of fine art wid a short handled brush.

By and by we came to de bummiest rock I ever seen. I have seen handsomer rocks in back yards dan dis here one.

"Dats her," says de poor nut of a director. "We'll chop down dose trees dere, smooth off de ground, lay a carpet, go back and get some furnature, put it up, paint de walls de water has washed clean, put de bay winder so it will face de rock and den when de setting sun hits it we will have Harold kiss Lizzie and we are through."

Can you beat it? Harold had only kissed Lizzie about nine times already and we have to do all dis work so he can kiss her again wid a bum rock for a artistic

effeck. Dere aint a person in de aujence dat would have noticed de rock cause dey all would have been watching Lizzie to see if she wasnt getting sore at being kissed so much and wasnt going to bite Harold on his cravat.

Where de director pointed out to land dere production, dere wernt no dock or nuthin but a beach and de waves were bustin on it wid a blam.

"Do we take dis through dem to dere?" I asks de director.

"Sure," he says, "just load dem in de row boat and take em ashore."

"Dats fine," I says, "and whose going to sit on de ocean and see if he can hold it

still while all dis is being accomplished?"

"Oh, don't worry about dat," he says, "dere aint never been no one drowned around dis place yet."

"Well," I says, "I got de name and address of one dat aint going to get drowned and if dere is any brudder T. M. A.'s in de crowd, dey will strike wid me."

Well, we loads part of de stuff in de dinky rowboat—

Deres de nut director now. Yes, sir, coming. I suppose I got to find his hat or his scrip for him. Hes always losing one or de oder so I'll have to tell you about de rest of it later.

(To be continued)

Elijah and Elisha—Perhaps!



YOU remember the Biblical story of the great prophets Elijah and Elisha: how Elijah was caught up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and as he passed his mantle, and with it his prophetic genius, fell upon the younger prophet, Elisha. Behold David Belasco and D. W. Griffith, in an excerpt from a film made in Mr. Belasco's office a few years ago. Mr. Griffith was by no means a celebrity here. He was superintending the private Belasco-Pickford film recently described in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Today Mr. Belasco, the imaginative visionary of modern drama, is growing old. Will his figurative ermine of poetry and spectacular power fall upon Mr. Griffith? In a word, is the sceptre of imagination passing from stage to screen?



As "the village blacksmith," he juggled a bunch of Africans something terrible.

Wally the Wonderful

A STORY FOR WOMEN ONLY, ABOUT
THEIR NEWEST FIGHTING HERO

By SCOLLARD YORK

IF you have seen some of the more mildly censored editions of "The Birth of a Nation," doubtless you recall the husky young white hope, who, labeled "the village blacksmith," juggles a bunch of Africans something terrible.

If you have seen the Farrar "Carmen" you should have no difficulty in recalling "Don Jose," who finally and fatally carves Carmen after she has made a boob of him.

Fists or foils; bottles or brickbats—it's all the same with "Wally" Reid, respectively horseshoer and Spanish dragoon.

In addition to being an adept at the right cross, half nelson, rapier rattling and bottle-busting, Mr. Reid is also one of the thrillingest film lovers and girl-grabbers in our nightly midst.

Inasmuch as there have been interviews with screen stars in automobiles, on fire escapes and over the telephone, I had planned to have this in a submarine, but unfortunately there was none available at the Lasky studio when I reached there, so I had to be content with the old-fashioned rug-carpeted dressing room of prosaic DeMille Boulevard (at the corner of McGaffey drive).

As to the vital statistics: Mr. Reid is a native of St. Louis, is in his twenty-fifth year and is a son of Hal Reid, noted writer of stirring melodrama of the last generation. He went to college,—Lafayette,—and then Pullmaned west to grow up with the country.

"I landed in Cody, Wyo., with fifteen

cents in my pocket," continues our hero, taking up the thread of the story. "I went to the hotel, registered and strolled into the dining room. There was a very pretty waitress and I tipped her the whole fifteen. The next day I went to work as night clerk at the same hotel. My next-step upward was a job on one of Colonel Cody's ranches for 'thirty and cakes.' From there I went to work on the Shoshone reclamation survey and returned to Cody as assistant manager of that same hotel.

"Then east again and to New York where I got a job as a cub reporter on a morning paper which I quit to become associate editor of an automobile magazine. I learned a lot about autos before I ever got together enough money to own one, and like most other folks in the profession, it provides my chief hobby.

"My first stage experience was in vaudeville on the road with a tabloid version of one of my father's plays, and I got into pictures more from curiosity than anything else, although I landed my first job because I could swim. It was with the Selig company in Chicago. I saved the heroine from the icy waters of Lake Michigan and then from a burning building in the same picture, 'The Phoenix.'"

There was a long period with Florence Turner at Vitagraph, then Mr. Reid went to California, where he has been ever since. For six months he was a director for American at Santa Barbara and for something more than a year, he directed, and played leads with Universal. During

that time his regular schedule was a two-reeler every two days, and he not only acted and directed, but often operated the camera.

From Universal to Griffith, just in time to get into "The Birth of a Nation." During the Griffith engagement, Mr. Reid made love to the Gish sisters, Blanche Sweet, and other beauties of those studios and whipped all the heavies on the lot, either with fists, foils or brickbats.

When the Lasky forces had corralled Geraldine Farrar, they naturally used all kinds of care in electing a male lead. "Wally" was finally picked and his great work in the Farrar films prove his ability to travel right along as team-mate to a celebrity. In fact, when you watch his work upon the screen it would seem that nothing could be easier

A Fatal Grab for Geraldine Farrar.



Mr. Reid as a girl-grabber; grabber, Cleo Ridgely.



for him. He goes through the part of Don José with what someone has called "effortless energy."

Mr. Reid will continue with the Lasky company indefinitely inasmuch, as he says, "every little difference between myself and the company has been satisfactorily and peacefully settled."



At right, a Permanent Grab for Dorothy Davenport—it made her Mrs. Reid.



Those "Sweet Con-

MYRTLE STEDMAN EXPLAINS THE MELODIOUS

MYRTLE STEDMAN speaking, and we thank you kindly, one and all, for your close attention:

"Some one once referred to my 'contralto eyebrows,' and I was almost startled to have him hit so exactly upon one of my own pet theories. In pictures I have visualized the 'tones' my face contains. I know my eyebrows are capable of certain keynotes. And my hands."

Now don't you see it was worth while to listen?

Contralto eyebrows. H'm. Let's take that up with good old Uncle Da—Noah Webster. He'll know. "Part sung by the highest male or lowest female voices; the alto or counter tenor, intermediate—" H'm. Wrong tack; have to come about.





tralto Eyebrows."

REFERENCE TO HER OPTICAL MARQUEES.

Contralto eyebrows. Let's see. No, let's don't. Clever phrases never were meant to be caught and pin-stuck and thrust fluttering under any mere philological microscope by bone-brained devotees of etymology. And anyway the idea is quite too fascinating to imperil. Contralto eyebrows goes; goes just as long as Myrtle Stedman will indulge an admiring world by keeping them going.

How she does that is worthy of more moment. Before the writer is spread out a whole gallery of photographic proofs of the fair lady, and the music of her brows breathes up from them, colorature; storm brows of midsummer evening, rainbow brows of aftermath, lifted brows of scorn and tilted brows of coquetry; level brows



of meadowed calm and U-boat brows of swift and guided wrath—harsh surf notes there, egad!

A question lies 'twixt brows and the eyes

That was old ere ever we asked it:

Is the glance of the brow, or the eye-tail, now,
The thing that revealed or masked it?

Not even Myrtle Stedman knows—so she uses both as tools of her wonderful art: the art, one might say, of spiritual instead of material make-up. That's worth going a little way into. It is a thing so sanctioned as to have become a canon of the art facial to make the features talk the story; it is a rarer, and can become therefore a more enduring, medium of that art to make the countenance the background and have the thoughts instead of the muscles tell the story of passing emotions. This, if one who lately interviewed her grasped the motif, is what Myrtle Stedman is striving toward. Film records are the best proof of how far she has got on her way.

In private life Myrtle Stedman is the wife of Marshall Stedman, manager of productions for the Universal Film Company, and they are said to be ideally happy in their beautiful Los Angeles home. When Miss Stedman entered photoplay work—in which she early became one of the first stars of the Pacific Coast—the light opera stage lost one of its most charming voices, a velvet-toned soprano of full timbre and satisfying range.

Miss Stedman, by the way, is the original of Charles E. Van Loan's creation, Myrtle Manners of the ever droll "Titan Company," the first vehicle of his story-telling genius when he was the original figure in the field of "movie" fiction. Miss Stedman was early associated, after quitting the light opera stage, with Hobart Bosworth's (now Oliver Morosco's) photoplay incorporation, and she has played in most of the photo dramatizations of Jack London's stories, notably "The Valley of the Moon."

Miss Stedman's independence of the tricks of make-up is a distinctive part of her interpretative skill.

On the silent stage no less—rather more—than on the speaking stage the actor is the greater artist the more he can keep his nose out of the grease-pot and his fingers off the lining-pencil. They are at best crutches allowed by mechanical necessity, and as human art must remain more or less a cripple because it is human and not di-

vine, they're lawful. But Miss Stedman is wise in accepting them as a dangerous liberty rather than embracing them as a professional license. "I depend wholly upon shadows," she said, "in my make-up. I never put a line on my face. So always I have been searching for colors that will make the best photographic shadows."

Then, as she held up the thin remnant of a hard-worn pencil, it came about to be told how out of the grim setting of a surgical room in a Chicago hospital she took a great piece of art luck. For, "This," she said, "is the pencil surgeons use to make a line upon the flesh where the knife is to cut. I saw it lying on a surgeon's desk while I was being shown through the hospital, and wondered aloud what a make-up liner was doing there. Then they told me. I tried it—and found it priceless."

It was interesting too to know from Miss Stedman that in grease paints she uses only a No. 5 yellow, "to avoid any quality of red or pink, which darken one." Powder? a cream-color brunette, "avoiding anything with an amber tendency, for it has a life to it which also shows dark." And then no more of that, but this of something better:

"I feel that in facial expression inspiration is everything." Being which, she confessed it proportionately difficult to analyze. But, "Every actress has her own way of getting her exaltation before essaying a role," Miss Stedman said. "For myself, I rely on a sort of camera consciousness, a new sense entirely that perhaps I can't explain very well; I've had to develop it since entering moving pictures. Call it, if you like, an ability to mirrorize oneself—always to be seeing oneself with mental eyes doing the duty of physical eyes. In pictures I cannot see myself, and I cannot gauge the effects of myself by watching my audience, because there is no audience. The necessary result? Intense concentration on self, and a no less intense determination to keep at the effort until every handicap has been broken away."

"Too, I have learned that I must whisper whatever of dialogue or monologue there is in the scene. The over-exertion of the mouth muscles in 'orating' takes up the area of the countenance to the detriment of the play of eyes and brows—kills the picture."

Thoughts speak louder than words—when you have learned to think *through* your face.

*Sophie Irene
Loeb, of the
New York
World, widely
known as an
investigator*



Photo © Marceau

*for civic bet-
terment, is
the new judge
and the ma-
tron-in-chief.*

"Beauty and Brains" Contest

ENDS FEBRUARY 29. MORE THAN 6,000
CONTESTANTS ENTERED. SOPHIE IRENE
LOEB, FAMOUS AUTHORESS, WILL CHAP-
ERON THE ELEVEN WINNING ENTRANTS

TWENTY-NINE midnights from the day this magazine appears on the news-stands of the country—at the stroke of twelve on February 29, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's great Beauty and Brains Contest will close.

As these words are written more than 5,000 contestants in the United States and Canada have entered. More than 10,000 photographs of the sex that has the beauty market cornered and is trying to do the same thing to the brains market, are stacked in great files in this magazine's Contest room, and a staff of expert young women is falling upon each successive incoming mail and deftly, swiftly, tirelessly extracting therefrom fresh scores of full-faces and profiles with their accompanying contest letters from fair folk everywhere in the

States of the Union and the Provinces of the Dominion who seek to prove by the camera and the pen their right to be numbered among the eleven winners and have thrown open to them the mystic doorway of the World of the Silent Drama.

The Contest which will close at midnight of the final day of the present month opened last October. The universality of its appeal is the story of the universal popularity of the new and wonderful art of the photoplay, and of the wide growth and influence of its national publication, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Scarcely less interesting to note is the range of the ages of the more than 5,000 contestants who already have entered: the youngest woman of them all announces the sum total of her years as three, and thence the ages climb

Conditions of the "Beauty and Brains" Contest

ANY girl or woman who has had no professional stage or picture experience is eligible to enter. Age, height, weight or marriage is no bar.

To enter the contest send two good photographs to The Judges, "Beauty and Brains" Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Send a profile and full face study.

Write your full name and address on the back of each photograph.

If you wish to have your photographs returned, enclose postage and write on back of such pictures: "Please return."

Contestants must also write a letter of not more than 150 words to the judges telling: "Why I would like to be a photoplay actress." The letter must accompany the pictures.

Merely to aid the Judges in determining their selections, contestants should state their age, weight, height, complexion and color of hair and eyes.

To equalize conditions for the contestants the United States has been divided into five grand divisions for the contest. Canada forms a sixth grand division. Two contestants will be selected from each of the five grand divisions in the United States. One will be selected from Canada.

The eleven fortunate contestants will be taken to New York in first-class trains and lodged in one of Manhattan's most celebrated hotels without any expense to them. They will be properly chaperoned.

Within two weeks after their arrival in New York they will be given photographic and dramatic trials at the Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios of the World Film Corporation.

Contestants who pass final photographic and acting requirements under the tutelage of the world's greatest directors, will be given contracts for a period of not less than one year at a regular salary.

Those who do not pass the final trials will be returned to their homes in a first-class manner and without any expense to them whatsoever.

All letters and pictures must be sent before March first, 1916. The names and letters of the eleven contestants selected by the judges will be published in *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*.

Here are the Grand Divisions of the contest by states:

The *Eastern Division* is composed of the states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, and North Carolina.

The *Eastern Central Division* is composed of Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan.

The *West Central Division* is composed of Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Nebraska.

The *Western Division* is composed of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and California.

The *Southern Division* is composed of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas.

The *Canadian Division* takes in the whole of the Dominion of Canada.

until sixty-five is recorded. Apparently it is never too soon to intend nor too late to attempt, until the clock strikes twelve for the last time this month!

The one regret brought to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE by this immense response to the Beauty and Brains Contest offer is that the

winner cannot number eleven hundred instead of eleven. But as that may not be, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE makes this suggestion to each of the thousands of contestants other than the eleven the judges will pick: In entering the Beauty and Brains Contest perhaps you have taken the first step toward ultimate achievement of your ambition to become a "movie" star.

Of a certainty this magazine feels that

among more than 5,000 entrants in the United States and Canada there are many, many more than eleven persons possessing beauty enough and brains enough to make successful photoplay actors if they buttress those two great qualifications with an unflinching determination to succeed.

The names and photographs of the eleven winners of the Beauty and Brains Contest will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

And these are the names of the seven Judges who will pick the winners:

Lillian Russell, the most celebrated beauty of modern times.

Sophie Irene Loeb of New York City, matron-in-chief.

Clara Kimball Young of the World Film Corporation, famous photoplay star.

William A. Brady, theatrical producer and author.

Kitty Kelly, photoplay critic.

Lewis J. Selznick, president World Film Corporation, which co-operates with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in creating the Beauty and Brains Contest.

Julian Johnson, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Just one of the daily tidal waves in the flood of photographs pouring into the "Beauty and Brains" department. There were 664 entries that day.

The announcement of Miss Sophie Irene Loeb as matron-in-chief and the seventh of the Contest judges is one which the Contest management takes very great pleasure in making, as it now does for the first time. As an investigator for aims of civic betterment Miss Loeb is one of the most widely known and esteemed women in New York newspaper life and fills a field by no other woman occupied. A tire-

less and deep student of economic conditions in their relation to community life, by the very force of her wits and fearlessness she has made her name national. She it was who achieved the Taxicab Ordinance which reduced cab fares in New York City one half; obtained in three days the passage of a law which saves the people of that city half a million dollars yearly, representing hack-stand extortions; engineered onto the statute books of the Empire State the Motion Picture Law, which safeguards daily the lives of 500,000 "movie" patrons; was the guiding force back of the Widows' Pension Bill, the campaign which established play streets in the crowded quarters of the metropolis, and play roofs, and the inauguration of penny lunches in the public schools. And Sophie Irene Loeb it is who is now fighting what promises to be a

(Continued on page 88)

YOU MAY SEE THESE PICTURES IN THE THEATRE—



Oh, Mr. Beban, who does not envy you? — Gallic Pygmalion to a World Film Galatea, on the heights across the Hudson—



How little the intense tragedies of our next-door neighbors concern us!

BUT THEY LOOKED LIKE THIS AT THE STUDIO



—Well, maybe “props” envies you. He’s balled your scene up and exploded some vocal dynamite in the mouth of Director Tourneur.

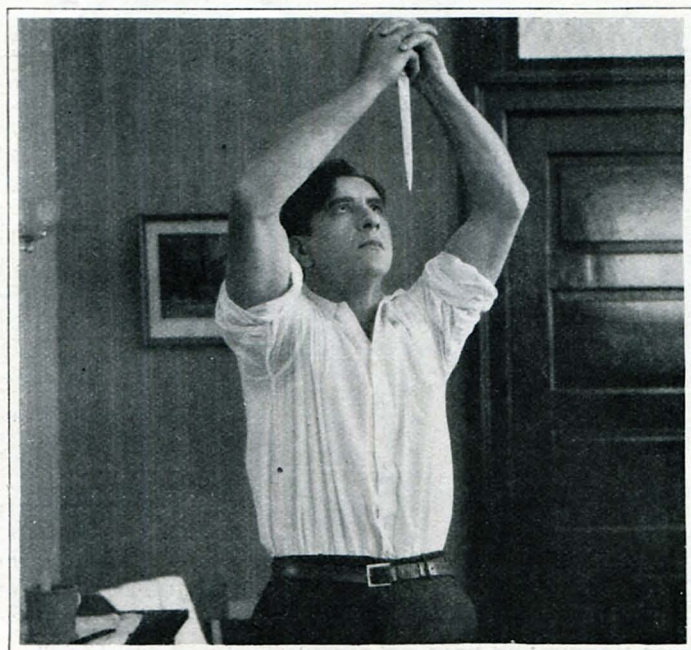


Right among the sorrowful, for instance, we have the bored, the news-getter, the artisan, and the impartial cranker.

INTERESTING SNEAKPEEKS AT POVERTY AND CRIME



"Hark, Petunia! Black poverty stares through the window. I hear the wolf gnashing his teeth at our very door! Oh, woe and two alases!

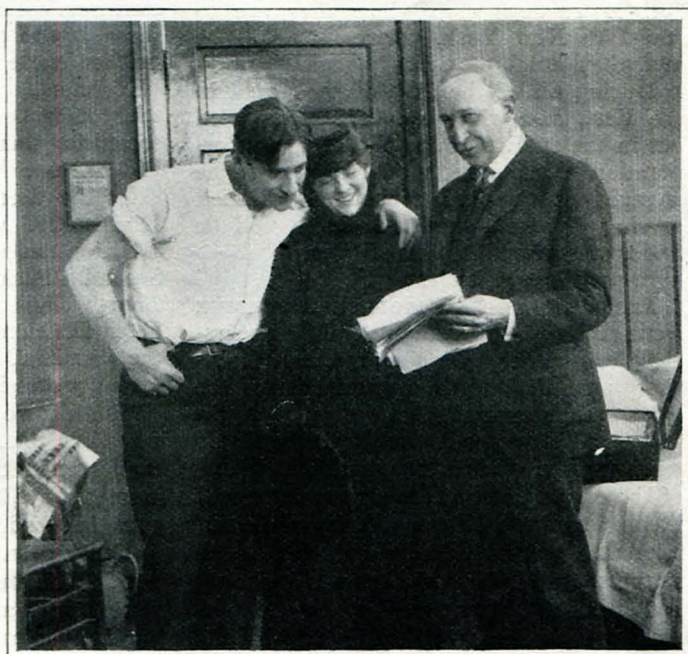


Robert Warwick must have been a bookworm, for he's ending his existence with a paper knife.

AT THE WORLD FORT LEE LENS ARENA



No, my child, the gnashing teeth were props rattling their bones against next week's salary. Come! The scene is over; let's to our limousine."



He's now in the Happy Hunting Grounds, and see what he found on his first hunt.

"Beauty and Brains" Contest

(Continued from page 83)

winning battle for eighty-cent instead of dollar gas for the people of Brooklyn.

A woman of broad sympathies and wonderful experience, and no less of personal charm, it is with peculiar pride PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE introduces Miss Loeb to its readers everywhere as seventh Judge and matron-in-chief of the Beauty and Brains Contest. The eleven winners-elect, their families and friends, and all who have their safety, their happiness and their success at heart, are to be congratulated that so capable and charming a woman has consented to give them her personal chaperonage on the memorable visit they will make in and about New York as the earnings of their union of beauty and brains.

As this article is being written of necessity well in advance of the closing of the Contest and the subsequent selection of the winners, it is not possible in this issue to outline Miss Loeb's plans for the chaperonage. As those plans cannot actually be completed until the winning eleven have been selected and it is known from what parts of North America they come, Miss Loeb will in due season communicate with each of the eleven by letter, giving them full instructions as to how they are to travel to New York, where they will be met, their hotel, etc., etc.

During all of the time of their visit in the East, and while they are being tried out in the studios of the World Film Corporation to determine their fitness to be engaged on one-year contract as salaried moving picture actors, the eleven will be under the personal care of Miss Loeb—a high privilege in itself.

And just here PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE again calls the attention of the winners-elect to another agreeable fact: It is entirely possible, and the earnest hope of the Contest management, that every one of the successful eleven will qualify in the studio tests for the offered contract, but if any of the eleven does not, failure to do so will not have robbed her of a truly wonderful trip and an exceedingly valuable experience. Under the conditions of the Beauty and Brains Contest not one cent of expense will be incurred for this trip by any winner, from the time of leaving her home anywhere in the United States or Canada.

The photographic and dramatic trials will be given in the Fort Lee, New Jersey, studios of the World Film Corporation within two weeks after arrival of the winners in New York.

Now here is a brand new piece of news for Beauty and Brains contestants:

Arrangements are under way for the writing of a photoplay scenario to be acted by a company which will include the eleven winners! As quickly as possible after their arrival at the Fort Lee studios the eleven will be photographed in the parts they are to take in this play, and these photographs will be rushed through for publication so that the thousands of entrants throughout the United States and Canada may see just how their winning co-entrants "show up" on the threshold of the photoplay world.

Wishing to give Beauty and Brains contestants a bit of inside information, a member of the staff of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE innocently requested the young woman expert in charge of the Contest mail and filing room for a tabulation by States and Provinces to date—and thereby set an able-minded brain storm in motion!

"What!" demanded Miss Chief Expert heatedly, the while she regarded the mere staff man coldly. "*What?* Stop my whole force just to give you the benefit of information, mere information? Look here." (Et cetera.) So by way of compromise (for it is better that a staff man yield something than surrender all) recourse was had to some January compilations.

At the time of their making the Third Division led with 870 entrants; the First Division ran second with 848 entrants; the Second Division stood third with 646; the Fourth Division came fourth with 400; the Fifth Division followed fifth with 332; and the Sixth Division—Canada—tailed the proud procession with 115 of the fair.

Those were the positions in the Contest when the total of entrants had little more than turned the 3,000 mark. Since then more than 3,000 additional entrants have come in—and still they come!

Only twenty-nine days of grace left now. The mail that brings your Beauty photographs and your Brains letter if they haven't yet been sent, must bear a February postmark to enter you. Is your calendar standing beside your clock?

Valeska Suratt of Terre Haute

DISSOLVE ONE BIZARRE MYSTERY AND FIND: ONE HUMAN BEING AND GOOD SCOUT

By George Vaux Bacon

VALESKA SURATT was the only actress in Hollywood who went to bed at half past eight every night.

That was while she was with the Jesse Lasky studios doing "The Immigrant" and other pictures. Now that she is back in New York in her wonderful apartment at Broadway and Fifty First Street, she does not retire quite so early; but the marvelously stylish Valeska whom one sees on Times Square, is not the carmine-lipped vampire in private life which Mrs. Grundy, the ubiquitous (and iniquitous) and old Dame Rumor, the pet of every war cor-



Her first job was in Indianapolis, in the millinery shop of a department store. Her salary was five dollars a week, and she lived on it—in 1900.





The dining room, not the lady, is the leopard here.

She was the only actress in Hollywood who went to bed at half past eight every night.

respondent hath in the past said she is.

Who is Valeska Suratt? Many a one who has seen her in her wonderful "Black Lace and Diamonds" in vaudeville, who has seen her in that marvel of photoplay production, "The Soul of Broadway," and most recently as "The Immigrant," the appealing story of the Slav servant girl who becomes the slave of the rich American, has asked that question.

Valeska Suratt is a native of Terre Haute, Indiana, and is a real out-and-out American woman and darned proud of it. She is one of a family of five children, of whom her favorite was her elder brother. When she was a kiddie in Terre Haute, and he was a mechanic, he used to make her shine his shoes for him—and then give her a quarter a pair for doing so instead of the regulation dime. She worshipped him, and the greatest sorrow in her life after the death of her mother only a year or two ago, was his death in an accident. His faith in her ability had existed when she was a little girl, and when she began to make sums of money such as her mother and father had never dreamed of



seeing, he was her constant and most delighted admirer.

Like most people who obtain ultimate great success in the world, however, she was restless, and strayed away from home at an early age—when she was eighteen to be exact. Her first job was in Indianapolis in the millinery department of a department store owned by a man named William Bloch. Her salary was five dollars a week—and she lived on it—in 1900.

She told me the other evening, as we sat in her gorgeous sitting room flanked by Egyptian plaques of white and gold and crimson, sphinxes of marble, and a great bronze Bubastis sitting on her haunches, between royal figures in basalt of Isis and Osiris that were dim and impending against the dark lavender hangings which warm and soften her walls in the winter time, of her greatest outlay of money at any one time in those humble days. It consisted of the expenditure of ninety-eight cents for a poster of Anna Held!

Thus is the labor of some unknown press agent become immortal!

Miss Suratt left Indianapolis and went to that metropolis of smoky industry and paradise of the white-wing, Chicago. And there, lo and behold, came her opportunity to realize a dream to go on the stage which she had cherished long before she bought the poster of Anna Held.

Chicagoans of auld lang syne passing the corner of Jackson Boulevard and Wabash Avenue (many of them, at least) view with reluctant and despairing realization the destruction of that whimsical landmark of the days of early Western prosperity, the Wellington Hotel. Sweet memories of the Indian Room and its one-time excellent cuisine will persist with many of us for many moons hence. I myself remember, one New Year's Eve—but hence, sweet thought! It is of the present I write, not of the past.

Valeska Suratt lived with a girl friend in Chicago, and in the course of her visit, a party was planned which was attended by Valeska and some girls and young men friends of Miss Suratt's hostess.

They had their own dining room at the Wellington for the affair. In the course of the evening, Miss Suratt left the dining room for a few moments, and on returning along the hall, encountered a tall, handsome individual in a magnificent green uni-

form, patent leather boots, and many medals and much gold cord about his person.

She had heard that the Grand Duke Boris of Russia was at the hotel, and realized that this was he. No sooner had the thought come to her, than the Grand Duke was joined by a man Valeska knew, who promptly introduced them.

The result was a luncheon engagement the following day at the Annex. In the course of the luncheon, the Grand Duke asked her:

"What is it that you would rather do than anything else in the world? Is there anything you want very much?"

He had been cordiality and courtesy itself to her. Valeska could not contain the truth; but burst out without hesitation:

"Yes! I want to go on the stage!"

And then she had the greatest shock of her life.

Boris drew a long leather book and a fountain pen from his pocket, wrote a cheque to her for ten thousand dollars, handed it to her, finished the luncheon pleasantly, saw her home—and she never saw him again in her life to this day!

Who will arise after that and say that truth is not stranger than fiction?

She sent a large part of the cheque home, raising her struggling family to sudden and joyously appreciated prosperity, then went to New York, where she started to hunt for a humble job in the chorus of a musical comedy. She was turned down so many times that she got used to it, she says.

One of the gentlemen who refused her a job was the justly celebrated and widely renowned Jacob J. Shubert. The other evening, being invited to her home for dinner, he said to her who is now a Big Time headliner and a movie star at the same time:

"And to think that I refused you a job once in one of our choruses!" and because he is a good fellow, as those who know him best realize, the irrepressible Jake laughed at himself as thoroughly and sincerely as did Colonel McClurg of Chicago about ten years after he refused to publish Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer."

Miss Suratt ultimately got her job, however, and rose rapidly in the theatre, to the unique position she now holds. She is the

(Continued on page 152)



Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree,

eminent English actor now playing the title role in "Macbeth" at the Fine Arts Studio under D. W. Griffith's supervision.

Couldn't Fool The Constable!

NOT all of California is acclimated to the movies, yet! J. Farrell Macdonald, director of the Biograph, had his company out on the Tropic road, the other day, taking a scene in which a mob smashed the windows of a grocery store.

"Of course those windows were paid for," said Macdonald, "and the owner was making more out of his windows than he'd made out of crackers and cheese in many a day. But the native constable got 'hep,' brought a posse up, and knocked an actor or two on the head before we could convince him that we were just doing our duty. And the joke is, that the day before that same constable had let some boys rob an orchard because they lied that they were 'motion picture folks, and it was just a scene.'"



Realism On Ice

THREE kegs of beer, totalling twenty-four gallons, were recently used at Inceville in some scenes for a Triangle-Kay Bee feature in which William Collier, the noted comedian, is being starred. The brew found employment in a big saloon set, which plays an important part in the story. Not more than fifteen men appear in the scenes, so that when the set was ordered "struck," it was found that a large quantity of the malt liquor remained unconsumed.

It is now reposing peacefully on ice, awaiting the call of the next director who will find realism in its use.

*She had built a
shrine to Andres.*



MARIA ROSA*

A WORLD-STORY OF UNQUENCHABLE
LOVE AND REMORSELESS VILLAINY.
THE LOCALE HAPPENS TO BE SPAIN.

By Garry Bournemouth

Produced by the Lasky Company

BETWEEN the two young Spaniards striding along the narrow cobbled street towards the market place of Figueras that morning, existed every possible contrast. Andres Folana, handsome, gay, with a flashing smile, seemed to embody the radiant joy that possessed him; Ramon Zuga, with a long thin face, deeply lined, a mouth whose set was cruel, and cat-like movements reflected a disposition directly

*From the play of Angel Guimera



the opposite. And yet the two were inseparable companions, and had been since boyhood.

"Santa Maria!" laughed Andres, flinging one arm about his companion's shoulders. "I cannot believe it yet! That Maria Rosa should love me—is going to marry me! I did not believe I could be so happy."

Ramon ran his thumbs inside the brilliant silk sash about his waist and settled more securely the long knife thrust there.

"The saints have been good to you,

"While thou livest," she whispered, "no other man shall touch my lips."

Andres," he said with his thin-lipped smile, "but none is gladder than I."

"I knew it! Good old friend! And you will stand with me before Father Alessandro?"

In the intoxicating wonder of his love Andres accepted unquestioningly the other's loyalty. He forgot the years that both had known Maria Rosa, the mornings when meeting her laden donkey cart on the road to market, each had pleaded for the favor of the seat beside her.

Andres forgot, but Ramon could not forget.

The street, twisting between small shops and overhung by latticed balconies, curved sharply and debouched upon the market place, a sun-drenched square from the center of which rose a monument—for Figueras nestling at the foot of the Andalusian Pyrenees had made glorious Spanish history—all about which stood covered stalls glowing with the colors of that rich country's products. The place resounded with the squawk of poultry, the shuffle of many feet, the howls of carters, and the incessant babel of chaffering.

"Ah, there she is!" cried Andres softly, looking towards a corner in the shadow of a gray stone arch where stood a slim, dark girl with brown hands and a *reboso* over her head.

"Yes, and there also is Pedro," added Ramon harshly.

A fat tradesman in knee breeches and with a kerchief over his head, had set his basket of fish on the edge of the girl's stall and was speaking to her rapidly. As the others watched he seized her arm and tried to draw her to him. In an instant Andres' face had darkened and he had sprung forward with an oath, his knife in his hand. Ramon followed at his heels.

The crowd fell back, a woman screamed warning, Pedro whirled, and in a moment the market was in an uproar. When, plunging through the maelstrom, gendarmes had separated the combatants, Andres' arm was bleeding and he was without his knife. One of the police picking it up from the gutter, examined it, and saw on the handle an elaborately carved initial "A."

"Here! Whose is this?" he demanded, and as Andres sullenly claimed it, watched him nar-

rowly and mumbled something to himself.

By this time Pedro, unscathed, had disappeared in the crowd and Ramon was stanching a nicked cheek. Without a case, the police left. The two friends spoke a moment with Maria Rosa and then went on to their work.

All that day Ramon Zuga cursed the fate that had chosen Andres above himself. In his soul burned a bitter resentment against his ill favored person and his inarticulate nature. The thought of life without Maria Rosa goaded him; it seemed unendurable.

At sunset, as he had done so often before, he walked back through the city to the market place in the hope of finding the girl clearing up for the night. She was gone, but Pedro, the fish dealer, packing his unsold stock under wet grass in the next stall, enlightened him.

"Too late, defeated suitor," he mocked, "she has been gone this half hour with Andres. No more shall scum like you or I empty her baskets of an evening and drive home with her. I'm sorry for you, Ramon, you who can neither fight nor make love." He laughed his scorn.

"The devil take you!" grated Zuga, furiously his hand flying to his knife-



"We met on the road. I had found Andres' knife and I used it."

hilt. Then out of the corner of his eye he saw a gendarme watching him, and restrained himself. "You and I will meet again," he muttered, and turned away. Then as he passed Maria Rosa's stall his foot struck against something, and looking down he saw a knife. He picked it up and recognized it as Andres', the latter having no doubt dropped it from his sheath as he lifted the heavy baskets into Maria Rosa's cart. Thrusting it into his sash, he went his way with a last black look at Pedro.

THE soft Spanish night fell, sweet with the perfume of oleanders and lilies and heliotrope, luminous with the liquid silver of moonlight, and tremulous with the liquid silver of wood thrushes and mocking birds among the orange trees. It was June, and through everything there breathed that poignant sweetness of desire, that exalted yearning for something we cannot name, that gives the touch of glory and illusion to life.

Maria Rosa sat in a window of the little farm house where she lived with her brother Carlos and his wife, and looked into the eyes of her lover. He stood in the garden outside and it seemed to him that never had she seemed so like a splendid sword, lithe, pliant, sparkling, but true and straight and unbreakable.

"Mother of God, that you should love me so!" he breathed, and gathered her to him.

"And so I shall love you until I die," she murmured, stroking his face, in devout response to the age-old lover's litany.

Who can forget a perfect night, a perfect moment? When he had gone Maria Rosa sat reverent, the wonder and glory of love like a radiance upon her face. And often, amid the dark events that followed, her love fed itself upon that exquisite memory.

"BUT that is a lie, I tell you!" Andres shook off angrily the hands of the two gendarmes between whom he walked. "I have seen nothing of Pedro since yesterday morning, and I can prove it. You say this happened last night? I was with Maria Rosa then. Is it not so, Chiquita?"

He appealed to the girl who with stricken face was hurrying along beside him. Behind came Ramon protesting in

his friend's behalf, and then the peasants who had discovered the thing. It was a lonely country road winding among shaggy hills.

"O, it is true, it is true! I swear it by all the saints! He could not have done this thing!" She clasped her hands in supplication first to one and then another.

"Silence!"

She ceased and the grim procession shuffled on in a little cloud of yellow dust. Presently they rounded a bend in the road and came upon a figure lying still beneath a cloak.

One gendarme drew back the shroud and exposed Pedro, dead, stabbed in half a dozen places, and weltering in his blood.

"Do you deny now?"

"Yes!" Andres looked upon the ghastly sight fearlessly.

"What of this, then?" The officer pointed to a long, curved dagger that lay beside the body, its blade covered with dry, red stains.

Andres leaped forward with a little exclamation of dismay. It was the knife whose loss he had discovered the night before which this very gendarme had returned to him after the quarrel with Pedro. The carved initial stared up at him accusingly. For a moment he looked from one to another, speechless, helpless.

"Sant' Andres!" he cried at last in horror and despair. "I did not do this! I swear it. Oh, Jesus, Mary, help me!"

The police shrugged and, covering the body again, led the lover away.

They took him back to the jail at Figueras, and at the next term of court the trial was held. Despite the testimony of Maria Rosa, the evidence went heavily against him, and he was found guilty. In pronouncing sentence the judge stated that, since Pedro's death had resulted during a duel, Andres' imprisonment would be for only ten years instead of for life.

Dazed and crushed, he was taken south to the great prison at Cueta. But for one moment before he went he held Maria Rosa in his arms.

"I will wait for thee forever if need be," she whispered. "While thou livest no other man shall touch my lips." And Andres, taking her hand, placed it in that of Ramon who had brought her.

"I charge thee by all the laws of friend-

ship to protect her until I return," he said. And Ramon promised.

II

THE months passed but they brought no outward change to Maria Rosa. The market stall knew her as of old, and life went on in its dreary round. But inwardly she had changed. She had built a shrine to Andres, a holy of holies, to which she admitted none, even Ramon.

Still, there was little of her life and thought that he did not know, and had it not been for him during the first few weeks, she must have lost her reason. She knew this and was grateful, but that was all.

To Ramon these were months of torment. Unchecked by Andres' presence, in constant association with her, his love grew until the sight of her sent him trembling, and his desire became lawless.

Then, one day when Andres had been in prison more than a year, he could restrain himself no longer, and poured out the torrent of his long-pent passion.

But Maria Rosa stopped him swiftly.

"While Andres lives there can be no one else," she said, gently, "you know that. I shall be faithful to him."

And Ramon looked into her great serene dark eyes and knew that she would be faithful.

"While Andres lives!" he repeated when he was alone, and the phrase seared his mind. "While Andres lives!" Sacrificing herself for a vow! That might mean forever! His long swart face with its close lips and savage black eyes, revealed his baffled hopelessness. He would have fought Andres for the girl then. But even that was denied him. By the saints, was there no way out of this?

One day three months later Ramon walked out to the little farmhouse among its olive trees and vineyards. Carlos and Ana and Maria Rosa were there and they welcomed him warmly.

"Here is a mystery for you," he said, puzzled, as he sat down at the table. "A man came to me in the market place this morning and gave me this, saying it was a letter for me." He handed the folded paper to Maria Rosa. "Who should be sending me a letter when I can neither read nor write? Will you read it for me, *cara?*"

The girl who had been to the convent school and whose simple learning was regarded with awe, opened the letter with modest pride.

"Ceuta Prison, it is dated," she read, and drew a sharp breath. "'To Senor Ramon Zuga'—yes, that is you, Ramon,—'Official notice is hereby given you of the death in Ceuta Prison on Monday last of Andres Folana—'" She stopped, going white as the paper she held, her eyes staring at the fateful words. The others drew closer with little clucks of sympathy. "'His last request,'" she faltered, "'was that you should bear the news of his death to Maria Rosa, his betrothed.'"

The paper fluttered to the floor and she sat a moment white and motionless. Then bitter realization came and her dark head went down upon her outstretched arms in the first paroxysm of grief. But presently she raised her tear-stained face and looked wildly about her.

"My Andres dead!" she moaned, pitifully. "Oh Andres! Andres!" Then a spasm of hate contorted her face. "But by the Mother of God he shall be avenged! Some day I shall discover the man who killed Pedro the fisherman, and then—then he shall pay!" Swiftly she leaned forward and plucked the knife out of Ramon Zuga's sash, her wild eyes concentrated on her far vision of revenge. He sat startled, tense, scarcely breathing. Then her hand relaxed, the knife clinked upon the table, and the tears came again.

Once more, as on the earlier occasion, Ramon was the indispensable friend and comforter. Every day saw him with Maria Rosa. Morning and evening he helped about the market stand, turning fierce eyes upon the swaggering youths hardy enough to seek her favor. It began to be whispered that she would marry him at last.

When a decent time had elapsed Ramon pressed his love a second time.

"While Andres lived you were true to him as you had vowed," he pleaded. "Worshipping a memory will not bring him back. Why should you throw away your youth and love, Maria Rosa, when I who have loved and served you so long offer all that life can give?"

She could not decide. She admitted to herself that since Andres was dead, she could do no better than to marry Ramon, her lifelong friend. And yet,—She put



She stared blankly. What apparition was this in the glass!—this phantom of Andres!

him off with various excuses.

But the man would be put off no longer, and determined to force the fulfillment of his desire. One midnight when he knew Carlos and Ana were away he came to the farmhouse. Maria Rosa was loosening her hair before her mirror when she heard a knock at the front door. A moment later it was repeated, and leaving her bedroom she hurried to answer it.

"Who is it?" she asked, fearfully.

"It is I, Maria Rosa, and I am wounded," she heard Ramon's voice, and after a moment's hesitation unbarred the door. He swayed in and stumbled to a chair. Then, as she knelt beside him, solicitous, sympathetic, he cast aside his dissimulation, and, with a triumphant laugh, seized her in his arms.

There was that now in his face—a wolf-like desire—that frightened her, and she fought him desperately. On a little table near them stood a crucifix, and as she fought she prayed to it as she had never prayed before. Then suddenly outside sounded the singing of a group of roistering young farmers on their way home along the road.

"Ramon! Quiet!
for the love of God!
They will hear!"

After a moment Zuga released her, a smile of triumph twisting his thin-lipped mouth.

"This will do as well," he said, "to gain my end. I am going out to join those men, and when they see me come from your house at this time of night, you will be compromised. Then you will have to marry me. Make up your mind to it for I have waited long enough."

Mutely, helplessly, she saw him open the door and stride gaily towards the group in the road.

THE marriage of Ramon and Maria Rosa took place as soon as the banns could be published. The girl did not love Ramon, nor yet did she quite hate him for the course he had taken, for she realized that he had waited long, and that had



Desperately she fought him off. . . Then her hand found the handle of his knife.

he depended on her consent, he would probably have waited forever. Moreover, there was something cavalier and romantic in his masterful compulsion.

After they left the church they passed in triumph through the crowded market place, enthroned in Carlo's little donkey cart, and then out along the dusty road among the hills to the farm. Here flowers bloomed from every vase and jar, the long table had been laid for the feast, and guitars murmured amid the excitement like bees among the roses that half smothered the cottage.

Ramon, jubilant, excited, sat at one end of the table, opposite his bride. The talk flew thick and fast, yet little faster than the great basket-covered bottles of Amontillado circulated. There were broad jests greeted with roars of laughter, and more laughter still at Maria Rosa's helpless blushes.

At last Ramon sprang up and striding to her, seized her hand amid encouraging shouts. "A kiss!" he demanded.

But Maria Rosa, a little frightened, grew provocative and slipped away from him, darting about the table. He pursued, gaining at every step. Then suddenly, she darted across the room and into her own bedroom, barring the door behind her.

Smiling at her little victory, she sat down before her little dressing table to straighten her hair and veil. She had just begun when a look of terror seared her face, and she sat rigid staring blankly before her. What apparition was this in the glass—this phantom of Andres, tall, handsome, as in their betrothal days, but now with a terrible look upon his face?

She crossed herself rapidly. Hæ! he come to haunt her wedding day?

She dropped her eyes and brushed her hand across them, thinking it all a trick of the imagination. Then she looked again. The apparition was still there. Gripped by a new terror she turned slowly in her seat and saw him standing quietly behind her.

She leaped back wildly, her hand clutching her heart, unable yet to believe.

"Is this how you keep your vows, Maria Rosa?" he said, bitterly. "Is this your faith, your love?"

"Andres! You!" Slowly she went forward and touched his arm. He was flesh and blood. "Oh, Andres!" She flung herself into his arms and he gathered her into a starved embrace.

"You are not dead! You are not dead!" she repeated over and over again. Then, sharply: "But what then of the letter sent to Ramon from the prison six months ago saying that you had died?"

"A letter—to Ramon!" He stared, his brow darkening fiercely. "Mother of God! This is his work! Just two days ago I was pardoned. I came straight here to this house looking for you but could not find you. Then I saw the wedding party in the garden, and I fled into your room here to hide. I have been behind the wardrobe curtains. I—"

There came a loud knock on the door and Ramon's harsh voice.

"Come, come, Maria Rosa, enough of this! Open! Who should come into your room if not your husband?" A roar of laughter followed.

Andres with a savage oath, flung the girl from him and leaped towards the door, his knife in his hand. But she caught him desperately, clung to him.

"No, no!" she begged, "not that. You must not kill him. That will destroy everything. There must be some other way."

The pounding grew louder, Ramon's voice more imperious. The girl thought quickly, distractedly.

"Wait!" she said, as Andres started forward again. "The others will go soon now. I will find out the truth from Ramon. I will hold him off. And you run for Father Alessandro. He will tell us what to do. This way, out through the window."

Andres controlled himself. He knew she was right. What good to destroy all with murder? With a final embrace he slid over the window sill and out into the gathering darkness. Maria Rosa, alone once more, fought a moment for composure, her hand on the door that was trembling under Ramon's furious pounding. Then with a gay laugh, she flung it back and ran out into the living room.

By this time the feast was over, and presently the guests commenced to take their leave. Ramon, flushed with wine, the hour of his triumph at hand, sped them, locked the door, and seized his wife in his arms. He drew her to his knees, and she suffered his kisses for a moment. Then she sprang up laughing and filled his wine glass.

"You love me!" she mocked. "Bah! That is easy to say! . . . How much? . . . Would you steal for me?"

"The crown jewels!"

"Would you fight for me?"

"The devil himself." His hand reached out for her, but she eluded him.

"Not yet," she cried, "answer my questions first. Then you may have me. Would you *kill* for me?"

A look of drunken triumph crossed his face.

"Yes, even that. Did I not do it? Did I not kill Pedro, the fish dealer, that night after the quarrel in the market? I met him on the road, and we fought, and I killed him. I had found Andres' knife and I used it, and left it beside the carrion, so that Andres paid the price." He laughed wildly. "Andres! He's rotting in Ceuta yet!"

"No! no! That letter said he was dead!" she cried, trembling.

"A lie! All a lie! I had a notary in Vincenza write it for me." He went off into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, and in that instant Maria Rosa sprang from him with a sound of utter loathing and hate.

"You beast! You treacherous beast!" she hissed. "I know the truth now, and you shall pay for it!"

"What? . . . What!" he snarled, coming to his senses. "None of that!" and he sprang for her.

Desperately she fought him off, but her strength was of no avail against his, and he drew her to him. Then her hand sought his belt and found the handle of his knife. The next instant the blade glittered in the candle light and she struck home.

He coughed, and his arms relaxed. Then with a look of surprise and perplexity, he swayed and fell. Maria Rosa, terror-stricken, drew back, the knife falling from her hand beside him.

But as she stood, unnerved, there came footsteps at the door, and knocking. Like one moving in a dream she crossed the

(Continued on page 171)

The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By Julian Johnson

THE thing had a motion-picture plot."

This used to be the literary sentence of death. And, speaking back of the camera, the aspersion hurt only because it was true. Motion-picture plots were as little as a bag of stick candy, and much the same as to contents. Going to the lingual theatre, we have grown accustomed to and now demand discussion of life and its actualities. If so dignified and honorable a figure as—say—Bronson Howard were to appear now, and write his best-known pieces for premier presentation in 1916, he would be laughed at if he got a hearing at all. "Shenandoah" and its heroics, as a new thing, would leave us hollering with something other than sectional patriotism. Even "The Young Mrs. Winthrop" would fare rather badly if treated as contemporary, instead of receiving the courtesy tendered a loved old female relative. Beginning with wobbly mechanics, the motion-picture was first received seriously by the two-by-four intellect. The mechanics grew better in such jumps that the patents overlapped, while the two-by-fourish plot stood still. Only recently has the photodrama invaded the arena of actuality pre-empted by the speakers. Only within the past few months have things as they are, instead of ro-

mances as they ought to be, been considered the best photoplay material. This statement is made as a generalization; it does not apply to the isolated strenuities occurring here and there ever since visual records began to roll over sheets.

Irene Franklin, clever little comedienne whose talents have tugged many a musical comedy away from the maelstrom it deserved, said to your reporter the other day: "I stopped going to motion pictures a long time ago. I could read every caption in advance. I not only knew they were going to get married on the five-thousandth foot, but I knew the names of the streets through which they would walk to the church, and the number of steps it would require to get there."

Exactly.

It is in going to church another way, or perhaps stopping at a justice's, or perhaps—alas!—being as painfully unfulfilling as a lot of us, who stumble before we get to any altar, that the photoplay is fulfilling its preordained dramatic destiny as a chronicler of and a commentator upon human life.

Don't, upon reading this, go out to look for a Balzacian *Comedie Humaine* in the first picture palace you pass. You would probably find the little bag of candy.

Nevertheless, the past month has put

into the projectors some startlingly unusual plays. The tendency toward genuine invention and realism has never received a greater impetus. Some of these plays are boundary-markers because of their content of plot; others, because of their fine treatment in production.

Let's have a look at this little group of excellencies. A mere telling of the truth is not art, but, conversely, there is no art which has not some quality of truth about it. Truth, in plot or personage, is the dominant note of the month's best photoplays.

TO Hector Turnbull, Lasky author, goes the white-and-black medal for perhaps the best and certainly the worst feature of the month. We'll speak of the disaster later.

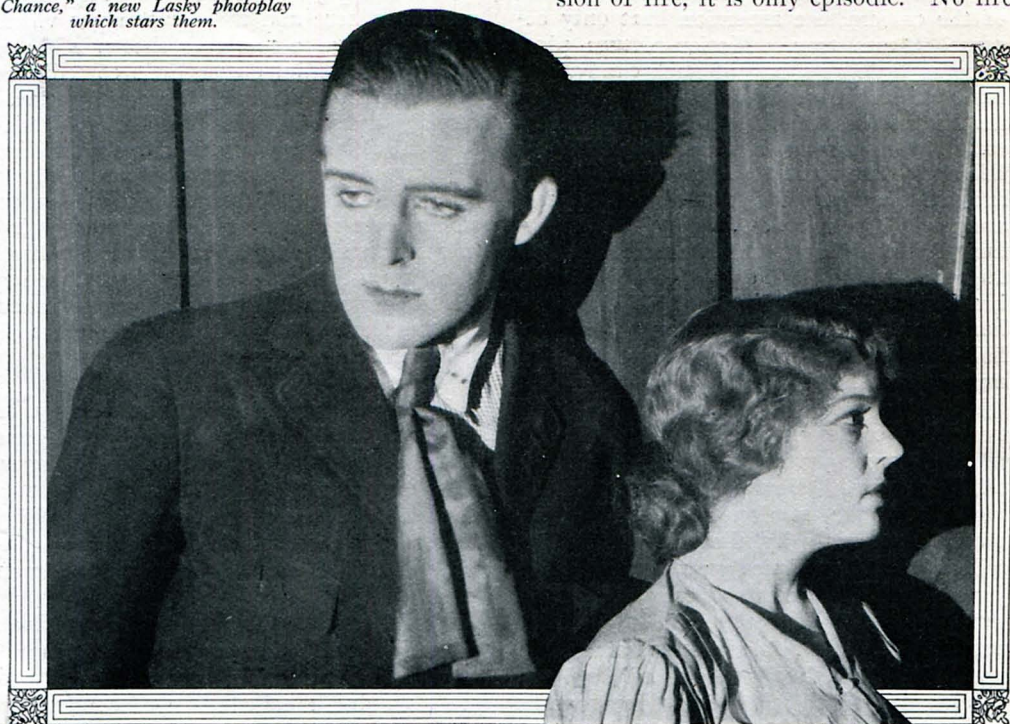
"The Cheat," which he wrote for Fannie Ward, is a melodrama so rational, so full of incisive character touches, racial truths and dazzling contrasts that if it is not worded for the footlights somebody misses a splendid guess. It was so novel that half the New York critics couldn't believe it, and peppered it accordingly.

The story deals with

Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely in a scene from "The Golden Chance," a new Lasky photoplay which stars them.

fashionable people in Long Island. Edith, wife of Dick Hardy, one of fiction's inevitable stock-shufflers, leads a butterfly existence which threatens to be strangled by lack of funds. The stringency introduces Tori, a wealthy young Japanese who is the moment's social lion. Tori has long fancied the rosebud mouth and pale arms of Edith, and—as a wild speculation causes her to lose entrusted funds—plays his ten thousand against her kisses. The stock-shuffler deals himself a winning hand, and Edith proposes to pay in money. Tori waives money, and demands the item specified in the bond. Edith refuses. Legally speaking, she *cheats*, and to mark her as his unredeemed chattel, Tori brands her shoulder with a hot iron. In fright and pain she shoots him. Acquaintance husband, slowly understanding, assumes the guilt. Tori recovers, and Hardy is tried for assault with intent to commit murder. No one is especially loquacious, and he is convicted. At the verdict his wife leaps upon the stand, tears her gown down to the Celestial scar—Tori is nearly mobbed, and the verdict is set aside.

This melodrama is greater than its classification because, like any true art expression of life, it is only episodic. No life





Kathlyn Williams and Harry Lonsdale in "The Ne'er-do-Well."

is ended, and while the final flash shows a better understanding between husband and wife, nothing is especially changed by what has happened.

Edith has perhaps learned not to play with fire, Jack's temporary (possibly) stock-market success has given him more time to hang around home, and Tori may never again trust a lady's promissory note. We simply have a flashing example of a lady's perpetual right to change her mind, and the stripping of an American Cluett-Peabody from an Oriental skin.

In this play Mr. Hayakawa takes his place at a bound beside the foremost actors for the screen. His very lack of gesture emphasized the ferocity of his sudden attack on the white woman. His lack of knowledge of the first rules of falling and clutching, as laid down by the Murdered Men's Union, Los Angeles Local, made the shooting's aftermath as grimly real as a receiving hospital.

In this play Miss Ward, comedienne for more than a decade, metamorphoses into an expresser of hate, horror, shock and

wild resolve who would do credit to a psychologic clinic.

Jack Dean, who since this screening has acquired the right to blend Miss Ward's name with his own on any hotel register, is capital as the husband, a party considerably conventional at all times.

Director DeMille has no greater subtlety in these five reels than that short scene in which we know husband Hardy is in a cell, not because we see the implements of incarceration, but because upon the white wall behind him are the shadows of bars.

SELIG'S production of "The Ne'er-do-Well" is a thing as big and fine as his "Spoilers" of two seasons ago, which at that time was the world's best photoplay.

Several people are responsible: Colin Campbell, remarkable director; Rex Beach, the original author; Lanier Bartlett, a master-scenarioist whose name Selig never

seems willing to use; Kathlyn Williams, who at great intervals proves herself one of the subtlest, finest actresses that the two-dimension platform has ever set forth.

The film production actually improves the story. After Selig's manner of bottling for posterity, the work was finished nearly a year ago. The exteriors came from Panama, whither the company resorted for a number of weeks. It is in nine reels, every foot of the nine reels is interesting, and in these days of much presentation and small satisfaction, anything that holds one past five reels must be great.

Campbell and Bartlett prove themselves blue diamonds in attempting, at no place, any justification of Kirk Anthony's conduct. Here is the diary transcript of an irresponsible but likeable young male animal of good nature and heavy sex-punch. He is nowhere powdered up for a hero nor black-bordered as a villain. Neither are the antics of Mrs. Stephen Cortlandt, a pretty woman at what Karen Michaelis termed "the dangerous age," palliated in

the usual mush-manner of "moral" pictures. Cortlandt is a nice old worn-out war-horse, and while we feel sorry for him, we feel sorrier still that he should take his wife's twilight Julieting as a suicide matter. Anthony's marriage to the Spanish girl is merely the sop of a pretty and proper finale. After you have seen Mrs. Cortlandt (Kathlyn) discreetly wheedle the young man for five reels and at length melt upon his mouth in one and only one arc-hot kiss which is as unexpected even as it was inevitable, this senorita will not speed your pulses any. After Mrs. Cortlandt she is as pure and as exciting as Dutch Cleanser.

In years of dramatic observation I have not seen a more adroit, more finished or cleverer characterization than Kathlyn Williams' Mrs. Cortlandt. As a masterful, reposeful study, so faultless in deportment that no censor can reasonably delete a foot of her—as a study completely within every bound of decorum, yet ablaze with the dammed-up passion of an over-healthy woman prisoned in hum-drum, this picture is more than photography; it is something that should be depended for perpetuity in the Louvre of creative accomplishment.

Wheeler Oakman does the work of his life as Kirk Anthony.

Space forbids more than a word for the good general cast, or for the very real excellence of the very real scene.

APHOTOPLAY without a single male tailor's model would have been impossible two seasons ago.

"Such is the Fine Arts 'Missing Link,' a story of country love, country connivance, country villainy, country shrewdness and country justice, put over with the aid of Thomas Jefferson and Robert Harron and pretty Norma Talmadge.

The greed and avarice of the mortgage-holder may, perhaps, have been exaggerated, but one may remember that it is the

Charles J. Ross (in light suit) and a scene from "The Senator."



country, not the city, which exaggerates; that the city is the leveller, and that where men's minds are restricted to narrow channels selfishness and suspicion grow rankest.

In its fidelity to fact, in its detailed comment upon the very unsimple phases of the so-called simple life, this photoplay was much less a motion-picture than contemporary literature. It exemplified to the top notch the Fine Arts reputation for painstaking perfection of detail; a reputation which, as we shall see, is not always deserved.

BUT deserved, assuredly, in "Let Katy Do It."

Eugene Field would have enjoyed this. He might have written it. It is a big heroic of childhood, a nursery story about the Trojan war, in which Ned becomes a little hero for some Homeric lyre, and little Nellie a new Helen.

The plot has possibility. The story is laid—all stories in that respect resemble an egg—in Mexico, present day. A mine owned by Americans is in the center of revolutionary chaos, as are all things south of the Rio Grande and north of the Canal. The Winchester artillery is arranged, against mass attacks, in battery form; i. e., a lever fires a whole row of guns. The attack comes with Indian stealth and unexpectedness. Most of the men are trapped outside. In the house at the mine are the children. In previous days, with much comic antick, you have seen them snoop to the gun-deck, get a fill of awed look, and snoop back to their own play upstairs. Now the makebelieve becomes play on a huge and serious scale. The comedy takes on the proportions of an American Peter Pan. The Cholos get the volley-salute, again and again, as the kids hold the blockhouse until help comes. After a little close-finish, all is well simply because all are accounted for.

THE Famous Players' production of "Lydia Gilmore" put the breath of life into a perfectly conventional old plot. The



Clara Kimball
Young as
Camille

production, and the acting, made of this Henry

Arthur Jones melodrama—a conventional masque in which you can guess around every corner with block-signal safety—a vital, thrilling thing.

The place is country England. Gilmore, gentleman, covets his neighbor's wife and neglects his own. The neighbor, Mr. Stracey, finally suspects, and, announcing broadly that he is going to London on the night express, puts his wife in the carriage, locks her in as the train starts, and returns to his house to face Gilmore at his clandestine rendezvous. Death is the reward for the protection of his hearth. Gilmore, tried, bases his whole hope on his wife's sworn statement—she knowing all the circumstances—that he did not leave his house on the night of the murder. Enter the child: their little son, who has been taught never to lie, but who faces perjury when summoned into court with a brave little: "I'll tell them whatever you say, mother!" The child's innocence breaks the mother's reserve, and in a torrent of mingled emotions she tells the truth which weaves the hemp for her husband's neck. He dies of heart failure before the law can execute its measured justice, and Mrs. Gilmore, we are to suppose, weds the man of her heart, who has been faithful through his celibacy, and who is a

vital factor in the very intense trial.

Here we have a tale of grim passion in no way extraordinary, yet so fine has been the surrounding, and so human, vivid and varied the collected interpretations of Pauline Frederick as Lydia Gilmore, Vincent Serrano as her husband, Robert Cain as Stacey, Thomas Holding as Lydia's ultimate mate, and Master Jack Curtis as Ned, the boy, that the play deserves absolute permanence.

Seldom has Miss Frederick taken her gifts of representation so far afield. From the young girl of distracting ankles and bewildering smile to the racked wife and mother is a many-days' emotional journey, yet in all phases hers is the touch of naturalness and sincerity.

OF the month's Ince plays I liked best "The Conqueror," and that on account of its faultless equipment, its genuine characterizations, its superb telling. The story is too

trite, too old, to be really worth while.

Mark Horn (of course he must be known as "The Wolf of Wall Street"!) covets Viva Madison, daughter of Wayne Madison, also some rich, and invited to all the big parties given by the real ones on Fifth avenue. It seems that Mr. Horn, despite his fine face, and a gentleman's ability in wearing what his tailor makes him, is not one of us. He may have all the gifts that the Trojans thought the Greeks were bringing, but his pa didn't know old Mr. Vanderbilt, so there you are. As a social glow-worm he simply can't glow. But "down in Wall street" even the adjacent Equitable building rattles at the sound of his voice, so Pa Madison, being a bit on the golden toboggan, invites him up to the house. There is considerable to-do and what-not, and Viva is pretty glacial. But this Horn seems best played by a cold breeze, and he near ruins pa to get her. To

save the folks she promises to marry him—then throws him down. He goes right on and saves her pa anyway, writing her a little note saying that she has won his respect, and he

Marie Doro
in "The
Wood
Nymph."
The man is
her director,
Paul Powell



intended nothing as low as she thought. Then she passes him a tea invitation on the telephone. Doubtless he takes kisses—two, please—to sweeten his Orange Pekoe.

But I'm not kidding the acting, or the production, or the direction, or the photography. These four components of any good picture are perfect examples in kind. Willard Mack is Horn, Miss All-Eyes (otherwise Enid Markey) is Viva, and Barney Sherry, the best business man who was ever ruined, does another slide to bankruptcy as Madison.

FOR a burlesque little farcelet, concocted of youthful enthusiasm, a timely location and whiskered situations, "Jed's Trip to the Fair" may be commended unreservedly. Universal comedies have not often torn my flood-gates of mirth from their hinges, but here is one in which the actors forgot to try to be funny, and were funny.

Al Christie is responsible as author and director. Jed, played by Eddie Lyons, wins a country paper's exposition contest, and with his rural bride in tow, sets out to the Court of the Universe, the Tower of Jewels, and other magic productions alongside America's Golden Horn. No sooner do they reach the city than a brace of slickers beset them for Jed's roll. While one grabs the "satchel," the other makes a desperate endeavor to entice the money from Mrs. Jed's knee-bank. A temptress appears, a cowboy with lariat butts in, a grafting policeman rolls along, there are amazement and fireworks, the fair by night and a wicked fair by the elevator, and all the



Pauline Frederick
and Master Jack
Curtis, in "Lydia
Gilmore."

© Famous Players

time the "roll" bobs hither and thither, always safe, perpetually hunted frantically.

All the props of the old time melo are boisterously brought out and shot off, and a good time is had by all. Other participants are Bettie Compson as the hick bride, Lee Moran as the "mysterious stranger," Ethel Lloyd as the temptress and Joe Janecke as the thief.

FOR Valeska Suratt, "The Immigrant" is a very different sort of play. It has, too, a sense of novelty, and touches upon the great untried fields of literary fertility which lie in immigration. This can be only one of many real dramas at the Port of New York. The scenario is by Marion

Fairfax, the production by Lasky.

Masha, a young Russian, attracts the attention of an officer on the ship bringing her to New York. His attentions are direct rather than delicate, and are resented by a young passenger, David Harding (Thomas Meighan). Among those called to the scene by the row is Walton, a wealthy contractor. Walton's evil desires are even greater, but he is a much subtler worker. He waits until Masha lands, learns her address, and engages her as maid in his bachelor apartment, which is already in the care of a housekeeper. Between two days Walton forces the ultimate attention upon her. She escapes at dawn, only to be lured back by a promise of marriage. Harding has not lost interest in the helpless alien, Walton's jealousy is aroused, and presently, when Harding wins over Walton a contract for building a dam, Walton plots to blow it up, and thus ruin the young man's prospects. He does blow it up, but in the rush of water the house he is in is undermined, and he is killed in its fall. Masha and Harding start life again together.

Miss Suratt shows a fine sense of dramatic as well as pictorial values, Meighan gives her good support, and the indefatigable Theodore Roberts makes Walton all that he should be.

Those who have believed Miss Suratt a bizarre creature for flashlighting only should see this picture-play.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we cook a compliment in our critical oven, garnish it with a little verbal parsley, slip it on a silver platter of nice new linotype metal, and pass it to Essanay for "The Misleading Lady." We have long looked for a chance to sing to instead of croak at Essanay, and here it is.

"The Misleading Lady" is a pretty literal shadow of the play which ran for some months at the Fulton theatre, New York, a season or two ago. It declaims upon the fate of a young woman who loved to fool and frivol, and who at last met a cave-man to take her at her word. He not only took her word, but he took her—up into the mountains. What happened? Why ask? What always happens—in plays and picture-books?

Edna Mayo here seems to lose that distinguished "I'm the prima donna" air which has characterized her for a good many months. She is worth any man's carrying-off. She is not only pretty and pouty, but sincere and appealing.

Henry Walthall, too, seems to feel less of the responsibility of greatness, and more the enthusiasm of a likable part. This is his first really con-

Theda Bara in a scene from "Destruction," one of her recent Fox stellar vehicles founded on Zola's "Labor."



vincing essay since leaving Griffith. As a kidnaper he is all that the lodge rules say a kidnaper should be, and more.

Harry Dunkinson plays "Boney," the mild lunatic who came near stealing all honors in the spoken play. Though Dunkinson does well, the possibilities of the role in the screen version are greatly subordinated.

"The Misleading Lady" as a whole, in cast and production, is one of the best dramas the Essanay company has ever turned out.

"**C**AMILLE," as produced by the World Film Corporation, is a substantial screening of literature's deepest well of tears.

Clara Kimball Young's study of Marguerite Gautier, who dies from age to age in an eternal chorus of her own hectic barks, has been thorough. There is nothing new to do in "Camille," but contrariwise, a new Camille might not be so very satisfying. Clara Kimball Young is very, very beautiful, and those who have leaked erstwhile over Camille's fruitless repentance and death will pick up all their old thrills, shed some new tears in the old way, and depart more fully convinced than ever that though a past may not be a good thing for those who intend to live it certainly induces a blue light and slow music demise.

One adventure of Mlle. Clara's is real novelty: the *chaise-longue* of her final departure. No clumsy bed, with its deep suggestions of a good night's rest instead of being a footstool for the destroying angel. The exquisite Young is draped so beautifully over this bed-room decoration and implement of lazy chatter that Camille's very ghost must have come back admiring.

Paul Capellani as Armand puts a new note into leadingmanship. Here is a young Frenchman who makes his tailor a secondary matter. He and his personality are first. His clothes do not clutter him. He has all the French eloquence of movement, the dynamic passion, the swiftness of climax, the rapid light and shade of the French stage. In the first reel you may not like young Capellani. That's because not only he but his style is genuinely new. In the last act you'll be a Capellani enthusiast.

This whole production, from its splendid settings to its servitors, has the style and the manner of substantial drama. Small use is made of the satiric and very good comedy of Mme. Prudence—an oversight, it seems. The surroundings are modern, the attire in the mode.

IF Robert Mantell thinks that his gibbering, grimacing and jumping are the essentials of celluloid pantomimicry some philanthropist should send him a movie first reader. His pretty wife, Genevieve Hamper, is not half bad, but Mantell—it is said that he proposes to devote the proceeds of his present descent to building a Shakespearian theatre on Broadway—is a disgrace to his own fair histrionic reputation and a slur upon active photography. Perhaps he is entirely innocent of responsibility so far as his scenarios are concerned, but at that they are the worst plays Fox has ever turned out. Such a lizardish thing as "The Green Eyed Monster," a carnival of lust, murder, insanity and the branding of a child's mind with ineffable horror, should not be barred; it should be destroyed, negative and prints. This pleasant slime points a "moral," so our censors give it their endorsement. Any healthy, natural passion which points no "moral," is of course non-permissible. Dieu!

ANYONE who could speak severely of Geraldine Farrar's "Temptation" would chide a fat man for sitting down on a nobody-home banana.

The billboard on the first few feet of film makes Hector Turnbull the authorial goat. But is he? Was not this—perhaps—Miss Farrar's own idea of an operahouse romance?

A young woman with a million-dollar voice and a snowy soul is loved by a composing violinist, and desired by a "great" operatic manager. How this manager messes up his whole singing works to get her, how she arrives, how she is discarded, how a rival mezzo murders the impresario, and how the pasteurized and sanctimonious lovers finally arrive at the marriage-license stage make five reels which leave Mack Sennett in the undertaker's class. The violinist's attack of combined St. Vitus, rigor mortis, epilepsy, whooping cough, brain fever, chilblains, mumps, hysterics, locomotor, melancholia, rheumatism, mania,

anemia, malaria, mal-d'amour, general decline and miraculous recovery adds a new chapter to the queer volume of moving picture diseases.

If you wish to get the completely ludicrous effect of this absurdity, consider the arch-conspirators: Miss Farrar as the little singing dove, Theodore Roberts as the impresario, De Cordoba as the dear boy lover.

"DON QUIXOTE" was the greatest disappointment which has issued from the Fine Arts studio. Here was a chance for active photography to demonstrate all its arch-magic of mechanics. Years ago the wonderfully imaginative drawings of Gustave Dore paved the way. "Don Quixote" should have been a permanent film, but this thing can never be. It was directed without imagination, and the ec-static vision of the Don—that vision which should have transformed the episode of Dulcinea's stocking into a passage as glorious as King Cophetua's transfiguration of the beggar-maid—never appears. Here Dulcinea is made into a female Charley Chaplin, when she should have resembled Lady Godiva. The comedy as a whole is not so much reminiscent of Cervantes as of Mutt & Jeff. For Dulcinea herself, I have nothing but praise; Fay Tincher's performance is little short of wonderful. All things considered, she surpasses Hopper. A young woman who can do this sort of thing deserves stardom. Never, for the Don, will there be a man more perfectly endowed by nature and acquisitions than DeWolf Hopper. His own performance is all that his direction permits—even more. Consider the pathos of the death scene.

"THE WOOD NYMPH," a rambling, tiresome, unbelievable film story, did little justice to the Fine Arts equipment or the gifts and personality of Marie Doro.

PAUSE a moment, not to consider any play, but the physical force, the spiritual intensity, the all-pervading repose of Tyrone Power. This magnificent actor, in a long series of indifferent plays, has thoroughly mastered screen technique. His big play is coming, as it must to all of them. Then—!

"A SOLDIER'S OATH" seems to be nothing else than a modernization of "A Celebrated Case," an old-fashioned melodrama which was given an all-star revival by Charles Frohman just before his death last spring. At any rate, "A Soldier's Oath" is a Fox play, starring William Farnum. Despite certain discrepancies it is timely, moving, and contains to a strong degree that prime human note which is the hall-mark of all the Fox sensation-plays except those monstrosities in which Mr. Mantell has been appearing.

METRO'S "Rosemary" held me breathless until the diabolical misdirections of its last 200 feet. Who spoiled this fine picture on the home stretch?

BACK to the sort of thing she has done best went Mary Pickford in "The Foundling." Anyone who loves the quaint tenderness and quaint funniness of a child will like this picture. Anyone to whom a child doesn't appeal ought to be dead.

EQUITABLE'S "The Senator" showed us how old-fashioned our once-favored plays are today. But it was well done, capitally acted by Charlie Ross and a good group of players, and most of the scenes were taken in the original location: Washington, D. C.

OF the new news-pictorials I have had an opportunity to see but one, The Selig-Tribune. This is (so far, at least) the best edited and most interesting film newspaper I have ever seen.

THANK you, Mr. Morosco, for introducing the anthropoid comedienne, Charlotte Greenwood, in "Jane," antiquated as that historic farce has become. No woman on earth can hang a foot over a transom and then go about her business so easily, artlessly and nonchalantly as Miss Greenwood.

"THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR," with Harold Lockwood, fell fifty years in a second with the introduction of army-capped and badged policemen to an ante-bellum catastrophe. Why this carelessness?

Capturing The Kaiser

DONE BY AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER MAN. HIS MAJESTY WAS NOT ONLY CAPTURED, BUT CANNED.

By Harry C. Carr



Durborough set up his machine about thirty feet away from the Kaiser's car and began grinding away for dear life.

THE next fellow who tries this will probably be boiled in oil. But this is the story of an American motion picture man who snapped the Kaiser on one of his own battle fields. Literally grabbed his picture without his consent as though he were a divorcee coming off the boat at Hoboken. It was almost superfluous to say he was an American. A German would have died first: also he probably would have died afterward.

The nifty young person who pulled this high handed affair was W. H. Durborough, a newspaper photographer for one of the

on-the-spot-American press associations.

There were about fifteen correspondents in our party. We were in charge of two German staff officers who fussed over us like a couple of old hens with a brood of ducklings.

Warsaw had just fallen into the hands of the Germans and we got out there in time to see the final assault and the capitulation of the fortress of Nowo Georgievsk. For several days we saw the big Austrian howitzers pounding the thing to pieces. Then one morning an agitated orderly woke us to say that the fort had fallen

and we were to start at once for the scene. It was a long way from Warsaw and we got out there about four o'clock in the afternoon.

I never believed they intended us to see it; but we accidentally bumped into the most majestic of military ceremonies—a Kaiser review. The troops which had taken part in the battle were assembling on the battle field when we got there. It was a splendid picture. The fortress was on fire against the sky. Down one road filed a long procession of Russian prisoners marching to the rear. Down another road trundled the big guns that had driven the Czar out of Poland. They had finished one job and were on the way to the next battle. In the middle of a great hollow square of troops stood the War Lord leaning on a little cane addressing his soldiers. Behind him were his field marshals, Von Hindenburg, Von Baseler, Von Falkenhyn and his sons, Prince Eitel Fritz and Prince Joachim.

Of course this was perfectly miserable stuff for moving pictures!

Durborough begged our officer to let him slip in between the files and shoot a picture. The worthy captain looked as though he was going to faint at the suggestion. "Aw just for a minute," pleaded Durborough pathetically, but the captain had turned from him to a correspondent who had lit a cigar. "One does not smoke at a Kaiser review," he said in a thunderous stage whisper. Which shows what kind of a thing a Kaiser review is.

Finally the ceremony came to a close. "Adieu, Comrades!" cried the Kaiser. "Adieu, Majesty!" they shouted back. The ranks fell back: the square opened. The Kaiser strode back to his auto and climbed in. Spying Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish explorer, in the crowd, the Emperor beckoned him to the car. This was more than Durborough could stand. He suddenly broke away and we saw him running full tilt across the cleared place that the awe of the soldiers had left around His Majesty. Our captain was too much overcome to follow. The captain just stood waiting for an offended heaven to strike dead the impious wretch.

To the frozen horror of the whole German army, Durborough set up his machine about thirty feet away from the Kaiser's car and began grinding away for dear life.

The Kaiser looked up and took in the whole situation with his quick, comprehending eyes. He laughed and lit a cigarette, talking a little while longer, we believe, to give the plucky Yankee boy a chance.

Finally the Emperor and Dr. Hedin shook hands; the chauffeur of the car threw in the hop and the Imperial auto started with a leap.

As it went by him, Durborough took off his hat and said with honest sociability, "Much obliged!" The Kaiser straightened up and one gauntleted hand rose to the visor of his helmet in salute to the American boy who had had the nerve to snap an Emperor without asking permission.

Another Doubles Contest

IF you look like some queen of the film, enough like her to be mistaken for her, send your photograph to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. If you have a friend who does likewise, send *her* photograph. If you only think you bear a close resemblance to some screen beauty, or if you only think your friend does, send the picture anyhow.

So much interest was evoked by the Doubles Contest of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE several months ago that it has been decided to have another. So send on the photographs.

But be sure in labeling it that the name of the film double appears on it, as it is not intended to have it a guessing contest for the editors.

Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago

My Lady: Out o' Sight

A REALISTIC ACCOUNT OF
WELL, SOME WORDS WHICH
PROVE THAT IT ISN'T THE
GOWN THAT MAKES THE GIRL

By Lillian Howard

Photography by McClure

ENTER the midseason fashion carnival, the lingerie fête! That sacred precinct of the modes emporiums reveals ever new delights to snare the purse-strings of the picture girl, whose

*At right, Bonwit
Teller Lingerie.
Ivory satin bod-
ice with tulle
shoulder strap.
Petticoat of
ivory satin.*

correct costuming
begins at her
skin.



*At left, black Chantilly lace
lingerie. Two-piece set shown
over glove silver garment.*

When the so-called Ladies Underwear Department became listed as that of Women's Lingerie, a revolution was effected in inner fashions. Steel-ribbed stays, be-starched muslins, to say nothing of modes in Ypsilanti, surrendered

*At left, negligee of pink taffeta
with skirt flounces and sleeve
draperies of cream lace.*



*The new-model, lace-net, silver
embroidered slip shown at the
right is unusually charming.
It is cut with the popular
"V" neck line.*



At right, negligee or robe de nuit of pale pink chiffon with ribbon streamers.



At left, petticoat of silver net with lace flounce, an adjunct of the short evening frock which permits several inches of petticoat to display.

for all time to supple elastic weaves, soft silken vestments and attire esthetic and lovely. The term "creation," can no longer be limited to conceits in outward apparel. My Lady out o' sight hath her witcheries as well.

Formerly that estimable lady, Dame Fashion, accorded her followers breathing space in the late winter period when White Sales filled the void between the outward modes now crystallized and those yet in embryo for the coming season.

Shopping for the inner portion of the wardrobe is no longer the simplified process of ordering a dozen or so of this, that and the other unmentionables, variety and distinction being afforded by choosing from piles lace-trimmed, hemstitched or embroidered.

Dame Mode has discovered that the strongest appeal of the perfectly accoutred wardrobe of femininity lies in her lingerie creations and she reels off her ever new conceits at speed limit. She fairly rivals the crank of the moving picture operator.

Take a stroll through this newest stronghold of the designer's art and note the bewildering lengths to which fashion, spurred on by feminine enthusiasm, rides her

newest hobby of exquisite inner-wear.

Pause in the midst of cobwebby, silver lace creations, soft satins gleaming with crystal embroideries, filmy chiffons with jeweled accents, foams of lace caught with nestling bits of colored satin fashioned flower-wise. Are we beholding the anticlimax of the Parisian couturiers efforts in evening gowns?

No, just the very newest, most exclusive and distinctive work of the lingerie designer's ensnaring art.

One petite and charming film star whose wonderful eyes gaze forth from the screen to the tune of a salary reputed to equal that of a president, be he that of Country or corporation, recently undertook a lingerie shopping tour. This time every gaze cost her, every look was followed by a capitulation and inroad on income, not fortunately to her complete financial undoing. The final outcome of this gazing was a lingerie bill of lading amounting to some \$1,500.00! No mistake. It was not \$150.00.

The explanation is simpler than the addition. Behold in the modes emporium seductively mounted and staged petticoats of all silver embroidered net, filmed with yet sheerer silver gauze and weighted with flounces of wonderful silver lace. The price may be anywhere from \$45 to \$75.

A bit of soft ivory



Black net slip with taffeta flutings, worn with or without satin sheath slip under the evening gown.

satin with its opalescent crystals and tulle shoulder straps, bids for attention as an underbodice. At first glance it seemed rather the strayed upper portion of an evening gown. At least the price helped on this conception.

Fancy a negligee, a mere negligee, wrought of blue and gold embroidered satin with a tracery of rhinestones and pearls and heavier ornaments of the same catching in place the gold tissue overdraperies!

What does seem indeed a negligee, a confection in palest pink chiffon with short surplice bodice and full accordion plaited skirts, fluttering a maypole effect of ribbon streamers, is not after all a negligee, not necessarily, though it may be for some. Its other status is proclaimed under the caption of robe de nuit.

And so it goes on. At first sight things are indeed not what they seem. Assuredly that French model of peachblow net, shirred and tucked every two inches from the low, round neck of the baby waist to the edge of the full, spreading skirts, clearing the ground some ten or twelve inches might be the overdress of one of the new abbreviated dance frocks, but it happens instead to be the underdress. A mere will-o'-the-wisp of a one-piece slip.

This phase of lingerie with its silver lace petticoats, satin passamenterie encrusted camisoles, fairy-like net slips, are all the logical adjuncts to the present modes in gowns. For the very short-skirted evening frock fashion concedes a showing of several inches of petticoat, designed to be shown.

The much-worn bodice of diaphanous draperies must have its foundation and the designing of a separate foundation serving a number of gowns is a natural inspiration—so enter the camisole. The lavish use of glistening trimmings of metal laces and beads has brought about the richly designed camisole whose trimming lights gleam softly through the sheer chiffons of gown or separate waist.

The growing breadth of skirts has done away with the pantalettes of chiffon and satin featured with the narrower skirts. The height of the season saw the very full petticoat come into its own. At first these models made their appearance in plaited, lace-trimmed chiffons and soft, full gathered satins. Now the ever ingenious

French designers bid for models in nets. Some are finished with a deep flounce comprised of several layers of net, others are be-shirred and be-tucked full-length. All are very full without giving any suspicion of bulk about the waist. The cloudy net bottom follows most effectively the sway and swirl of the dance frock in action.

Summer lingerie promises to include a great deal of net in modes of slips, petticoats and camisoles. One star of the screen in selecting her lingerie for a Southern trip included no less than eight of these fairy-like slips in varied pastel shades, some half-dozen white, frilly net petticoats with no other adornment but their own puffings and tuckings, and a second half dozen in color with net lace flounces threaded in silver and gold.

To wear with these diaphanous creations the designers have included the new, straight-hung satin slip, a breadth of the material for back and front with side seams. These models are cut with low v-shaped neck and also v-shaped armholes. One such model was also displayed in a light-weight cloth of silver. Such garments serve to produce a slender silhouette through the flaring net petticoats.

If the outer layer, the garnishing features of lingerie seems to outdo any of its former substitutes, the remaining accessories have reduced themselves to the minimum for comfort, health and simplicity. To shop for such calls for a trip to Italian or glove-silk department of raiment. There the assortment is reduced to two supplementing first aids to dressing, or a harmonious combination of the two in one-piece effect.

Silk underwear, souple and porous, was a most welcome departure from the former lace-betrimmed muslins with every pore nicely starched to exclude air. A year's supply of silken wear takes a quarter the space and both of a three months' white goods supply.

Assuredly when the moving picture actress packs her trunks for work in Los Angeles, Jacksonville, Florida, or somewhere in the West Indies, she must offer her prayer of thanks for the ease in which she tucks in her silk lingerie. One moving picture star proudly pointed out that one drawer of her Innovation served to hold two dozen each of the supplementary parts of her wardrobe.

The Players from Ocean to Ocean

THE question as to what Mary Pickford is going to do has been answered. She will continue with Famous Players for another year, the deciding factor in the negotiations being the offer of fifty per cent of the stock of a new company, the Famous Players-Pickford Company. Adolph Zukor, President of Famous, will hold one-half the stock and Miss Pickford the other, and their films will be offered through the Famous Players Film Company. Under last year's contract, which included a percentage of receipts as well as her much advertised salary, Miss Pickford cleared in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

MURDOCK MACQUARRIE, for a long time identified with the Universal as director and actor, has transferred his affections and activities to the Signal in Los Angeles. He is slated to produce multiple reels.

IN last month's editorial pages PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, not possessing any advance information, ventured the speculation: "We believe that Mr. Griffith, some time and some money, could make a stupendous visual masterpiece out of 'Macbeth.'" And now it is announced that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, who has just gone from London to Griffith's Fine Arts studios, is about to do "Macbeth" with Griffith supervision, though not with that director's complete personal participation.

DO you remember Leslie Reed of the Biograph company? He is dead—killed last month in making a picture-jump from a flying stage-coach in California. His end may jolt the average picture patron into remembering that the sensational comedy and drama, which have assuredly hardened him into believing that accidents never do happen, often gamble with life more carelessly than trench, machine gun and battlefield.



This is Stella, daughter of Oscar Hammerstein, the operatic earthquake. She has created a number of notable dramatic roles and is now with the Gaumont company.

HOLBROOK BLINN and his company spent two man-killing weeks in Death Valley during the filming of his "Life's Whirlpool." Like the old time prospectors they struck into the desert with their stuff packed on burros while the players trudged along beside. Many of the filmers suffered severely, but thanks to plenty of cold cream and constant application of the powder puffs, all survived.

JACK PICKFORD, brother of "Little Mary," has made his debut as a Selig player in "The Making of Crooks" and appears to be well upholding the artistic standard of the versatile Pickford family. Jack's second appearance as a Selig star will be made in "Why Love Is Blind," a drama of circus life.

AL CHRISTIE, the veteran comedy director of the Pacific Coast, who took his Nestor company to Los Angeles in 1910 where it afterward became the nucleus of the Universal, is back in the fold. His contract with Universal expired on January 1 and it was announced that Al and his entire company would go elsewhere, but when President Carl Laemmle reached Universal City he lost no time in getting Al's name on a new contract. He also signed up Cleo Madison for another year at the same time.



Among the month's notable camera nuptials was the Hollywood wedding of Fannie Ward and her leading man, "Jack" Dean. Mr. and Mrs. Dean expect to be in California, and the vibrant daguerreotypes, most of the coming year.

GRABBING the other fellow's star continues to be a popular diversion among the big producers. Willard Mack, author and actor, who has been starring with the Kay-Bee Triangle, has been annexed by Jesse Lasky, who will double-shoot the turn by using Mack as a writer as well as an actor.

THE General Film Company, one of the oldest releasing organizations in the film industry, no longer numbers the Edison company among its

And What They Are Doing Today

manufacturing units, for Edison has arranged to release all its future output through the Kleine-Edison Feature Service. Five reel features only will therefore be made at the Edison studios in the future.

SHOOTING stars is the latest Maine woods hunting season sport. Maine is full of stars, filming winter scenes, and they plunge through the woods with the reckless abandon of a country Don Jose wending his way along Fifth Avenue. Formerly hunters had only to fear bullets from other over-zealous devotees of the chase, but now they are liable to run right into a dramatic ambush almost any time, with its withering rapid camera fire that knows not the guide from the hunter nor vice versa. And then, if a Nimrod, no matter how luxuriously upholstered, shoot a star, be it he or she, it costs many, many hard-won war-profits.

"UNCLE SAM AT WORK," the big picture showing the multitude of activities of the American government, at home and abroad, has been divided into one-reel films and will be released on the Universal programme. This will enable it to be shown in the very smallest towns and theaters even in communities which know the Federal Government only as the benign source of post-offices and Post Masters' pay checks.

VITAGRAPH moved its western studios from Santa Monica to Hollywood in December, and the company will work there in the future. Although active filming is under way, there is still a great deal to be done on the buildings and one or two more are being started. Vitagraph felt that Hollywood, being practically a part of Los Angeles, offered them better picture taking facilities.

AT the Shubert Benefit, Raymond Hitchcock

rescued Mary Pickford from a very embarrassing predicament. She appeared on the stage before her audience and completely forgot her part. She dashed frantically to Hitchcock, who was the Master of Ceremonies, and asked him what to say. He beamed all over and replied "Tell them about me." The audience roared and Mary regained her self-composure enough to continue her part.



© Hartsook

Mabel Normand, most lustrous of Keystone figures, now industriously canning a midwinter laugh-crop at Fort Lee, N. J.

FLORA FINCH, Vitagraph's famous comedienne, who recently left that organization to take a much needed rest, is spending her vacation planning to open a number of two-cent theaters in the slum districts of several large cities. Many charity workers have already promised their support and co-operation in the plan, and Miss Finch really believes that if no license is charged the houses, the two-cent admission price will enable her to make them successful places of amusement for the poorer people. An attempt will be made to so locate the theaters that they will not in any sense become competitors of present picture palaces and so antagonize other exhibitors.

IRVING CUMMINGS, who played the role of Arthur Stanley in "The Diamond from the Sky," after which he was with the Horsley Company for a time, is doing a Jimmy Cruze through the south, appearing in various motion picture theaters.



Marie Doro, actress whose renown is in inverse ratio to her size, is now the wife of Elliott Dexter. Their meeting took place at The Famous Players, many months ago; the wedding, in November. Miss Doro is soon to return to California, this time to the Lasky studio.

THOUGH the European war played hob with the plan Lewis J. Selznick of the World Film Corporation had for presenting motion pictures on the trans-Atlantic liners of a German owned transportation corporation. New Yorkers will benefit, for Mr. Selznick has now arranged to equip the Fall River liners and Hudson River boats with a floating "movie" show, and an ingenious device has been perfected by

which a sloping floor—in sections with seats attached—can be instantly rolled into place when it comes time for the entertainment and a theater seating some two hundred people miraculously provided.

WHEN Edith Storey of Vitagraph was cast for the role which she plays in "The Price for Folly," her director forgot to inquire if she could perform a toe dance, for Miss Storey has never failed to fill the qualifications of the parts to which she has been assigned, though those parts have called for everything from riding bucking bronchos to leaping off cliffs. Determined to maintain an unbroken record she put in several hard weeks of work with a celebrated dancing master and the film proves that her dancing effects are among the most satisfying of any in the production.



McClure Photo

Mary Pickford will continue with the Famous Players another year, with fifty per cent of the new company's stock tucked away in her little bank.

PLAYERS compelled to work in the Peerless studios in Fort Lee, even on the hottest day of the coming summer, will have nothing to fear, for a perforated pipe has just been stretched along the apex of the great glass roof and a thin sheet of cold water can thus be sent trickling gently down both sides of the structure. Actinic experts have inspected the device and declare the "water sheet" will not interfere with the passage of light, but will positively improve the quality of it, at the same time cooling the studio.

DOROTHY DAVENPORT, the beautiful dark eyed wife of "Wally" Reid, has joined the Universal and will be seen in plays produced by Francis Ford. Miss Davenport recently completed a contract with Lasky during which time she played in several pictures, among them being "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo" with Theodore Roberts and Carlyle Blackwell.

GOVERNOR WALSH of Massachusetts replied to a toast in his honor at the third annual ball of the Massachusetts Exhibitors League in these significant terms:—"I want to propose a toast to the largest and greatest business in the world—a toast to the business that does

more for the pleasure and happiness of all the people than does any other—the motion picture business; a toast to the motion picture exhibitors of Boston and Massachusetts, who, tonight, have given us the best and largest ball we ever had in Massachusetts."

CONGRESSMAN RANDALL of California has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives for the protection of scenario authors, by providing for the issuance of a copyright on the scenario upon receipt of two typewritten copies to the proper department in Washington. Heretofore it has been necessary to submit a printed copy of the photoplay. Congressman Randall introduced the bill at the suggestion of Mrs. Estelle Lawton Lindsey, woman "councilman" of Los Angeles; and it has been referred to the committee on patents, in whose hands it is likely to die unless photoplay authors get busy.

THE Burbank Theatre, which was to the Pacific Coast what Daly's was to New York, the foundation of Oliver Morosco's success and in which nearly one-half of all the big dramatic successes of the past six years received their official birth, has become a photoplay house. It has been taken over by the Photoplay Corporation of New York, headed by D. W. Griffith, and will show Tri-angle pictures in the future.

JAMES K. HACKETT has leased the Criterion Theatre in New York for the remainder of the season. Under the name of "The Vitagraph Theatre," this house has seen the premiers of practically all of the bigger Vitagraph features during the past two years, but it has proved a big financial loss and the lease has been transferred.

ETHEL BARRYMORE has scheduled for herself a busy season of filming at a big round figure per film. She will star in several features for the Metro company.

PAUL DICKEY is the latest acquisition to the Lasky directorial staff. Mr. Dickey, who won renown as the co-author of "The



At least, a checkered shoulder is not so dubious as a checkered career. Miss Kellerman, the wet celebrity, is finishing a picture in Jamaica under Herbert Brenon's direction. It is a Fox film and will be an entire evening's divertissement.

Misleading Lady" and as the writer of other successful stage plays, will have as his first screen star Victor Moore, of Chimmie Fadden fame.

CHARLEY CHAPLIN, according to late reports, is to go into the producing business "on his own." His contract with Essanay expired in December. His brother, Syd Chaplin, formerly with the Keystone, who handles all of Charley's business affairs, will be associated with him, but just how they will operate has not been disclosed.

REAL criminals can no longer pose as reel criminals on the streets of Los Angeles and "get away with it." The police chief of the Angel City has decreed that all motion picture companies "shooting" scenes on the streets of that city must display in a conspicuous place a big red card which will contain an official permit issued by the police department. So if you happen to be in Los Angeles and a holdup man invites you to give up your valuables, see that there is no permit stuck up on the "location" before you deliver.

MAY ALLISON threatens to go back to the legitimate stage. If she makes good on the threat, Harold Lockwood will have to get a new leading lady. The report, however, may be grounded on the fact that the Lockwood-Allison contract with the American at Santa Barbara is about to expire.

ATENTION! Billy Sunday and Billy Bryan! The gross receipts of "The Birth of a Nation" are said to have recently passed the \$2,000,000 mark. This sum in itself would be considered a very fair return on the half million which the Griffith picture is advertised to have cost, but which it didn't.

TYRONE POWER, who has been starring under the Selig flag, has been acquired by the Universal. He will be starred in a number of big features which have already been selected for him.

THERE will be a New York flavor to the next Keystone comedies in which Mabel Normand and Roscoe Arbuckle will appear. "Fatty and Mabel" headed a company of Keystoneers which arrived in New York just before New Year's Day, and Actor-Director Arbuckle will produce several comedies at Fort Lee before returning to the coast. Al St. John, Minta Durfee and Ferris Hartman are included in the Eastern company.



This is the confectionery filling in the Ham-and-Bud sandwiches. Its name is Ethel Teare, but only the spelling is to weep.

CELIE ELLIS sustained a broken ankle during the taking of a film, whereupon she sued the Crystal Film company and was awarded \$4,000 damages. The sad part of the story, so far as the company is concerned, was that the chief evidence was provided by sections of the film showing just how the accident happened, after viewing which the jury "found for the plaintiff."

THREE weddings are reported from the Los Angeles camera colony during the holidays. First came the nuptials of Miss Mae Bush, of Keystone, and Francis McDonald. Then Crane Wilbur and Miss Arlene Archibald were united in marriage and the last of the trio had as principals Franklin Ritchie and Mrs. Esther Baumberg of New York. Mr. Ritchie recently quit the Biograph for Inceville.



A photographer's recent grab at Florence Lawrence, who had scarcely time to pause for her picture while coming back. She is returning by the door at which she made her exit, many months ago: Universal.

BILLIE BURKE'S next film appearance will be in a new serial said to be of a very interesting nature and which will be produced by the Kleine company. She is to receive \$120,000 for her work in the complete serial the exact nature of which has not been divulged. It was written by Mrs. Rupert Hughes, wife of the well known novelist, who put it into scenario form. Henry Kolker has been engaged to play opposite Miss Burke.

MR. AND MRS. SYDNEY DREW, fun-makers under the Vitagraph banner for some time, have enlisted under the Metro flag. It is announced that they will receive a joint salary of \$90,000 a year from the Metro.

INCEVILLE, the old home of the New York Motion Picture company, had its second disastrous fire on January 11. According to the press dispatches Director General Thos. H. Ince was painfully but not seriously burned in making his escape from the burning administration building and eight employees of the cutting room also sustained burns.

THE appellate division of the New York courts has decided that the General Film company had no right to use the title "A Fool There Was" for a play produced by the Lubin company and Klaw & Erlanger, the plaintiffs were awarded an accounting for 4,000 performances of the photoplay. It was regarded as a victory for dramatists as the court held that the use of a title, even if the production has no resemblance to the original play, is grounds for damages for the owners of the original play.

HERE is encouraging news for the entrants in the "Beauty and Brains" contest. Miss Lois Wilson is the new leading lady in J. Warren Kerrigan's company at Universal City. Miss Wilson, whose home is in Alabama, was one of the winners of the Universal Beauty contest last spring and is the first of the several winning contestants engaged by the company to reach stardom.

WILLIAM CLIFFORD has signed with Horsley. It isn't the first time that this producer signed his pay checks as Clifford was the first leading man with the old Nestor company of which Mr. Horsley was one of the original owners. This was way, way back—as film history goes—in 1910.

IT'S a far cry from musical comedy to the days when beauteous damsels were traded for bales of tobacco. All of which is preliminary to recording the fact that Mae Murray is to star in "To Have and To Hold" with Wally Reid doing the holding. The well known Pacific Ocean, or rather a part of it, is being utilized as the mouth of the James river.

LOIS WEBER is to take Anna Pavlowa in Lhand for another Universal feature. The little Russian dancer is said to be devoted to screen work and is looking forward to a resumption of camera activities. She was the star in "The Dumb Girl of Portici" in which she made her film debut, the scenes of which were staged in Chicago and Los Angeles.

A NEW song has appeared on the Coast. Its name is "Peggy" and it is dedicated to Miss Billie Burke, who starred in the film play of that name produced at Inceville. The words of the song are ascribed to Mr. Ince, himself. Without casting any imputations on the "colonel's" song writing ability, it may be stated without fear of refutation that young Mr. O'Hara, chief of the Inceville publicity staff, is a very versatile fellow.

THAT much discussed Oriental tour of Henry McRae and a company of Uni-

versalites has been called off, according to Western advices just as they were about to sail. Uncle Carl Laemmle has probably decided that there was as much Oriental atmosphere around Los Angeles as was required.

HON. TOM MIX, the alcalde of Las Vegas, N. M., was a recent visitor in Chicago, chaps, spurs and all for a conference with Colonel Selig. And now Don Tomas, as they say in New Mexico, will trek back to California with his company of wild westerners, leaving Las Vegas unrepresented on the motion picture producing map.

OWEN MOORE, husband of Miracle Mary, is still working in the movies. At the present writing he is making film love to Dorothy Gish in "Katie Brauer" a Fine Arts-Triangle picture under the direction of Allan Dwan.

VITAGRAPH, without Maurice Costello, won't seem like the same old place. Mr. Costello who can justly lay claim to having been one of the earliest idols of the film fanette has severed his long association with Vitagraph without making public his plans for the future.

JOE JACKSON, the tramp comedian, has joined the Keystoneers. He is being supported in his first picture by Mack Swain, which ought to be an assurance that there will be plenty of "rough stuff" in the finished film.

CHARLES CLARY, who has been featured in a number of Fine Arts films, has gone over to the Lasky studio, and is supporting Blanche Sweet in her second photoplay under the direction of William C. DeMille, who made his directorial debut with "The Ragamuffin."

HOBART HENLEY, the Universal star, who sustained a broken ankle several months ago in an automobile accident, has discarded his crutches and is back on the job.

THE mayor of Los Angeles was at the depot to welcome Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree when he reached that city to begin his duties at the Griffith studio. So were the officials of the British Red Cross society and now Milwaukee will probably bar the first Tree release just to get even with Canada for shutting out the Geraldine Farrar pictures because of her alleged pro-German sympathies.

A "NIGHT AND DAY" cafe has been installed at the Keystone studio. Probably has to run all night in order to maintain the supply of custard pies.

THE name of Helen Ware's Universal picture has been changed to "Secret Love." Originally it was called "That Lass o' Lowries" after the Frances Hodgson Burnett novel from which it was adapted. Which recalls the fact that the Lou-Tellegen photoplay "The Unknown" was known in the Lasky studio as "The Red Mirage."

HINTS ON PHOTOPLAY WRITING

By Leslie T. Peacocke



Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario editors and writers in the world. In addition to a large number of smaller film stories, many of the most interesting features are his creations.



XI

THEY claim all around that the film companies are finding it more difficult every day to procure good original photoplays, both of the short one and two reel variety and the long four and five reel stories.

I don't suppose that the free-lance writers who are having their scenarios steadily rejected will agree with them in this. And the free-lance writers are right. They compose the big mass of the people who patronize the moving picture theatres and who study the pictures on the screen, and if more serious attention were paid to them by the real heads of the film producing companies more original stories would be the result, and they would save themselves a great deal of money.

At the present, as in the past, there are too many producing organizations in which the directors have it all their own way, and are either writing the majority of the stories themselves—glorifying in seeing their own names on the screen both as authors and directors—or else are having the stories written by their office or neighborhood intimates, wofully ignoring the fact that neither they nor their friends possess any novel idea or original plot, or are in the slightest way qualified to deal with the amazing subjects they frequently choose. I make this statement deliberately, at the same time bearing in mind the very few producers who are encouraging a new school of authors, and the few others who

are endeavoring to screen reputable stage dramas. These worthy manufacturers are, I regret to say, sadly in the minority, and in company after company the authority-drunk director is grinding out his vapid, worthless plays like so much link-sausage!

The scenario editors and staff-writers cannot raise their voices in protest as they have to kow-tow to the directors. If they did not hold the good will of the directors they would not hold their positions for any length of time. This state of affairs has continued since the inception of film productions, and with all that has been written on the subject the real state of

affairs has not been voiced by writers on the scenario staffs, for the simple reason that they have been afraid to voice their honest opinions. If they did they would find it difficult to get employment with any film company.

I have often been asked why I have always evaded the subject myself. That has always seemed to me to be a proper question; but one that I have refrained from an-

swering because I have been adverse to stirring up waters that are muddy below the surface. Besides, no one likes a trouble maker. He rarely receives any thanks; not even from those whom he is anxious to befriend.

But now the men who have their good capital invested in the productions are beginning to look into things a little closer, and are taking a more practical interest in

There are too many producing organizations in which the directors have it all their own way, and are either writing the majority of the stories themselves, or are having them written by their intimates. . . . In company after company the authority-drunk director is grinding out his vapid, worthless plays like so much link sausage!

their studios and in all things pertaining to the production of the film stories. They are finding out that "THE STORY" is the main factor which makes or mars the production.

In some cases the owners and general managers of the companies are selecting and buying the stories themselves; either in play or published book form, or as submitted scenarios; and are consulting with the scenario editors and their staff-writers, not leaving everything connected with the productions to the directors, as they formerly did. And it will not be long before all the heads of the film companies will be following that method. Competition is becoming too keen, and the cost of everything connected with the productions is being carefully enquired into.

Stories are not, as formerly, being purchased wholesale, to be buried away in scenario departments, on the chance of their being some day selected by one of the directors for production; and no material is now being negotiated for unless it has been absolutely decided that it is going to be of practical use.

That is one of the main reasons why fewer stories are purchased from free-lance writers than was formerly the case. But this state of affairs will soon be changed. Fresh, original ideas and plots are sadly needed in the film business, and the directors have fully demonstrated that they are not capable of producing them. The staff-writers cannot be expected to supply all the original stories required; that is demanding too much of them. They are, for the most part, practical scenario writers, and must be employed to whip the ideas of the free-lance writers into such shape as to make them easy for the directors to handle. Each department has its particular use.

The average director has more than his hands full in looking after the production of a story, without having the task of thinking out and evolving the story himself. There is no use in arguing that fact. We see their efforts every day on the screen, and if they want to keep the theatre-going public interested in moving pictures, if they desire to preserve the goose that lays their golden

egg, they will leave the writing of the stories to the men and women who have new and virile ideas. These stories the public are anxious to see, but free lance authors have been and are being kept in the background, through the petty jealousy that exists between the producing directors and the photoplay writers.

It is up to the heads of the film producing companies to regulate this, and as their bank-rolls are heavily at stake, they are, at last, becoming "wise"!

All this is a preamble to the fact that there is an ever-increasing demand for the efforts of the free-lance writers. Their stories have long been wilfully kept back, through the selfish motives of others in salaried positions,

until hundreds of these writers—many of them with big plots and ideas which would put big money into the coffers of the film producing companies—have grown discouraged and have discontinued their worthy efforts in disgust.

There is an urgent demand for their big ideas, but the writers are groping in the dark. They feel themselves helpless. They do not know to whom to turn for advice as to the best means of having their good stories even seriously considered by the men in real authority who are hungry for what they have to offer. In their distress many of the sterling writers in the country have placed their stories in the hands of the petty grafters who advertise in various publications that they are in touch with the film companies and in a position to sell their stories for them. Advertisers who claim to be able to teach successful scenario writing, and who assure their innocent victims of a market for their stories, should be made the subject of inquiry by the United States Postal authorities. Anyone who aids palpable frauds on the gullible innocents of the public is equally guilty, and should be swiftly brought to book.

Believe me when I say that if a writer cannot sell a story direct to a film company, there is no one who can help that writer to do so. Some of these advertising gentry claim to have been scenario editors and staff-writers and to be experts in their line. But if they were capable of writing as good a story as you are yourself, they would be

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busy selling their own stories, not yours.

That is evident on the face of it. Writers who are worth their salt are too busy turning their own ideas into practical use to bother with the efforts of others. You will find that it is usually the incompetents who advertise that they are competent to teach subjects which *cannot be taught*. No one can teach scenario writing. Only a close study of the pictures on the screen can do that, along with an education which enables you to string your ideas into a concrete form that can be readily understood by an intelligent reader. If a good housewife is expert at making home jam or preserves, she will not advertise to teach the other housewives around her neighborhood how to mingle the succulent condiments which her family and friends so thoroughly enjoy. Not on your life! She is too busy making jam and preserves, and too much of an expert to be a petty grafter.

I have given the hint before that every writer who has an original plot worthy to be evolved into a photoplay should also write his or her plot and ideas into a fiction story and submit it to the magazines to which the story would be most likely to appeal for publication. If you are going to take up the business of writing at all, go in for all it is worth. Don't be a piker. Don't be a lazy writer. One form of literature will help the other, and there is a bigger field for the writer of short fiction than there ever was or ever will be for the scenario writer. Don't have all your eggs in one basket. No writer can gain a literary reputation worth while by solely writing photoplays, and if you are seriously going to take up a literary career at all you should study the business from all angles.

A caterer who is running a restaurant would never dream of only submitting soup to his patrons, no matter how good his soup might be;—no, he offers them good, sterling roasts and stews; and other delectables as well;—he goes the limit. The writer should also go the literary limit. Put all your talents to work. Some of them may be latent, or dormant. Wake them up and set them to work. Make them pay you real money.

Many claim that they have neither the

time nor opportunity to devote seriously to writing, owing to the exigencies of their daily routine of work. Nonsense. If you are called to write, and if you have something good to tell in the writing, nothing will hold you back. A lazy person never has time for anything; he is always behind in every endeavor. A busy worker always finds time for anything worth while. The lazy persons who won't work are usually the most unclean. They have no time to wash! Some of the best and most successful writers in the world have set their pens to work when their daily tasks were done, and only the moments snatched for relaxation were the ones available to follow the calling that appealed to them most. But they got there; and you can do the same if it is in you, and if you possess ordinary will power. Of course you will claim you have that. We all do. But we must prove it.

There! I fear I am boring you with a lecture; so I will come to the state of the photoplay market, so far as I know it to be. We all want to sell scenarios, and to get the best price possible for them. Most of the best companies are paying better prices than they did formerly. Twenty-five dollars per reel was, up to a year ago, the usual price paid for the average scenario. Few of the higher class companies now pay less than \$35 for scripts from unknown writers, and most of the well known scenario authors are demanding and getting from \$100 to \$200 per reel for original stories, and from \$75 to \$150 per reel for adaptations from stage plays and books.

The Gaumont Company has lately changed its policy and has abandoned one and two reel subjects. It is now in the market for strong, original five reel stories, fully and carefully worked out

into about 50 scenes to the reel. Scripts should be addressed to Mr. George Dubois Proctor, scenario editor, at the Gaumont Company studio, Congress Avenue, Flushing, New York.

The Universal Company is always in the market for good one and two reel dramas and comedies, and by watching the releases of their stock players on the screen, freelance writers will get an idea of what will

If you are called to write, and if you have something good to tell in the writing, nothing will hold you back. A lazy person never has time for anything; he is always behind in every endeavor. A busy worker always finds time for anything worth while.

best suit them. The long features are practically all written by the members of the Universal scenario staff, or by special arrangement with the general manager of the company.

The Edison Company is always in the market for both short and long reel subjects. As I have mentioned before, the Edison Company takes its time about investigating the scripts submitted, and writers must be patient with them, as this company has always encouraged the free-lance writers and many have risen to prominence by its aid. Mr. Arthur Leeds is the scenario editor and will treat your scripts carefully, if stamped, addressed envelopes are enclosed for their return, in case—always be prepared for the “in case!”

In fact, all the old-established film companies are in the market for original stories, well and practically worked out. The addresses of the various companies will be found in another part of this issue, and in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE there was published a sample two reel scenario, which was produced by the Universal Company and which should be read by all writers who have not already studied it. It is a more practical lesson than can be obtained from any so-called “School,” or from any book written on the art of photoplay writing. I cannot give sounder advice to writers than to obtain a copy of the October issue.

A new film producing company is at present being formed, and its announced policy is that it is only going to produce very strong two reel dramas and comedies, and to release six of such per week. Stories will be selected on their merits and not on

prominence of the writers, which is really the only proper method in procuring good plots. This all the film companies will eventually find to be the case.

I will give full details of the requirements of this new company which is entering the field, with the name and address of its scenario department in my next article. I believe that it will be a fine market for our free-lance writers, who have been neglected too long.

Remember what I have told you before,—not to waste your time on evolving “Costume Plays” or stories of a past period, or those with a foreign atmosphere, or slap-stick comedies. There is no market for any of them. You might as well try to sell ice in Greenland.

Write good American stories with original plots and plenty of “action,” and, above all, a big element of “suspense,” which I tried to describe in one of my past articles. Avoid crimes, except you bring your criminals logically to book in the end. Keep your comedies clean, and remember that young girls and children form a large part of the audiences that will view your efforts on the screen.

Remembering all this, bend energetically to your typewriter, and do not be discouraged if you have written a dozen photoplays and they have not landed. Nobody ever achieved success without great effort, and the rewards are BIG.

You *must* learn to use a typewriter. A hand-written ‘script has less chance of favorable consideration than a bow-legged spinster in a bathing suit. It does not take long to learn, and you can rent a typewriter cheaply nowadays.

Remember not to waste your time on evolving “Costume Plays” or stories of a past period, or those with a foreign atmosphere, or slap-stick comedies. Write good American stories with original plots and plenty of action, and, above all, a big element of suspense. Avoid crimes, except you bring your criminals logically to book, and keep your comedies clean.

A Movie Maid

Her hair is softer than the mists
Which scarf the Apennine,
And, amber-burnished, like the depths
Of old, autumnal wine.

Her mouth is brief, like quickly-checked
Encrimsoned berry stain.
Her eyes—Ah me—her eyes are stars
New kindled after rain!

DOROTHY DEJAGERS.

STAR OF THE NORTH

By Frank Williams

(SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS)

Paul Temple, leading man of a film company making a drama in the Canadian woods, has all his finest instincts aroused by June Magregor, daughter of a factor of the Hudson Bay Company. Temple's estranged wife, Gertrude, has threatened to come up to the camp, but instead becomes star of another photoplay concern through "personal interest" of its executive. Jack Baillie, handsome scamp with Temple's troupe, wins June's superficial regard. June substitutes for the company's leading woman in a dangerous bit of rapid shooting and the canoe capsizing, Baillie saves himself while Paul rescues the girl. Later, Temple soundly thrashes Baillie for forcing his caresses upon June. Temple now has June's admiration, but thoughts of his wayward wife prevent him from declaring his love. Baillie steals one of Gertrude's letters to Temple, but his plans for some destructive revelations are delayed. Paul is about to explain everything when June is called into the wild on a trip to aid her injured father. At his isolated lodge in the woods June also nurses back to life Gertrude Mackay, who had strayed from her film company, which had begun work in the north. Gertrude very ungraciously accepts June's hospitality, and is angered when the northern girl unconsciously reveals her love for Temple. June is crushed when the actress bluntly states that she is Temple's wife. By her venomous narrative of their life together, Gertrude unwittingly vindicates Paul's character, restoring June's faith in him. Two days later Gertrude returns to Bergman and the camp of his Stellar Film Company.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

CHAPTER XX

STELLAR CAMP had been built beside one of the innumerable small streams that empty into Loon Lake.

A confused group of raw log huts now buried to their windows in snow, it was partially sheltered from the wind by a steep cut bank and the spruce forest which crowned it.

An hour after leaving the Magregor cabin where Adams, the trapper, and his Indian had found her, Gertrude approached the camp. But the sight of it raised no anticipations of joyful home-coming or reunion in her mind. Though she had cried "Saved at last!" at sight of her rescuers, this huddle of buildings evoked no deeper emotions than the thought of needed physical comforts to be obtained, and the opportunity offered to impersonate the surviving heroine of desperate adventures—a role she was carefully prepared to play.

And yet the camp stood there a monument to her whim!

Several months before, conscious of her increasing ascendancy over Bergman, Gertrude had sought her revenge on Paul, both for his material success and for what she supposed was his new love affair. Pub-

licity stories emanating from Camp Graphic were whetting the public appetite for "A Wilderness Idyll," and its release promised to be an event in movie history.

The thought that her husband was about to add this new triumph to his already long list crystallized Gertrude's jealous envy. She convinced Bergman that, by rushing a company north at top speed and working fast, the Stellar could release a northern film coincident with the Graphic feature which would greatly counteract its success.

Bergman, whose only unswerving allegiance was to the shapely dollar sign, could see the business possibilities in this suggestion. The attempt would at least divide the public interest and probably still the furore over the rival release.

In reward for her plan Gertrude received the leading female role in "A Magdalene of the Snows"—achieved stardom overnight. But even this promotion was not purely exuberant gratitude on Bergman's part. As he himself had predicted that hot September afternoon in the New York tango palace, the earlier films in which she had appeared had proved successful. For the first time Gertrude was becoming known.

Stellar's expedition into the wilds had set

a record for speed and financial outlay, and these isolated, half-smothered huts were its sole visible result. Built without careful forethought for arrangement, they faced in all directions like blocks dropped by a careless hand. Even at a distance they gave an impression of faulty organization and ill-advised haste.

Drawing nearer, Gertrude's spirit did not rise. There were no signs of life except a brown thread of wood smoke against the blue sky, and the woman experienced a sharp disillusionment, a wretched discontent with it all. The tragedy of Gertrude's life was that, bringing no love or joy to anything, she found no love or gladness anywhere.

THE return of the lost was signalled by her companions with a shrill whistle and waving of arms, and Gertrude, taking her cue, moved through the ensuing scenes of welcome with an off-hand depreciation of perils survived that showed careful rehearsal on the walk home. And yet she knew that her noisy reception was not genuinely joyous. These people were relieved that she was alive. That was all.

Bergman was not at camp, she learned, but had gone off with the southern searching party and would not be back until dark. Gertrude silently thanked heaven for the respite, and departed to her maid and her bath.

About four o'clock there was a jingle of bells and a dog-team dashed up to the accompaniment of men's shouts. A moment later there came an impatient knock at Gertrude's door, and in response to her word, Bergman floundered in. He was in furs and his hair, eyebrows and mustache were covered with frost.

"Thank God they found you, Gertie!" he cried, with hoarse emotion. "I was afraid it was too late." He went towards her eagerly.

Her maid had gone, and she sat dressed in a rose-colored tea gown before a tray of tea and assorted pastry that had been placed on the rough table. She rose and held out her hands with a tired smile.

"I really believe you mean it, Al. It's rather nice to be missed, you great big bear, you. Oh, no! You mustn't touch me, you'll get me all wet."

He remembered the melting snow on his furs and mustache, and restrained himself.

"Nice to be missed, Gert!" he groaned. "Gawd, I thought you was dead!"

"I *have* been through a good deal," she admitted, plaintively, "but I'm like the bad penny. Some tea?"

Baffled by his reception, he turned hesitatingly away.

"No, I guess not. Now that you're safe, I suppose I'd better look after things. We got to have a conference. Durham's kickin' again, and so is Adams. It seems like it's nothin' but kicks here all the time." He stood a moment longer devouring her with his eyes.

"Well, I guess you want to be alone, so I'll come in after dinner."

"All right, Al, whatever you say."

He left her, still baffled and a little hurt.

The heads of the Stellar enterprise gathered in what Bergman termed his office, a small, square room at the end of the cabin where the props were stored. Durham, the director, a small wiry man, baldheaded and wearing glasses, was there, as was Peters, the male lead, a hero well known for his romantic mop of hair and soulful eyes. Adams, who was in charge of the material needs of the camp, completed the group.

The director spoke first. He was falling farther and farther behind in his "takes" because of lack of facilities, he complained. It looked now as if they would have to omit the big dog-team race as there weren't enough dogs in camp, and none of the nearby trappers or Indians would loan or sell theirs at this time of year. Moreover, he had discovered that in the hurry of departure, a case of film had been left behind, and he was afraid of running short before he finished.

"Well, don't waste so much," Bergman said, testily. "You use fifty thousand feet to release six. I don't mind that in New York, but you can't do it here."

Durham threw his hands hopelessly into the air.

"How can I get effects without film? I must eliminate, add, retake. It's the art of the thing. I can't be held down like some tyro. I must have a free hand to develop my inspirations. Besides, my people are discontented. How can I do anything under the circumstances?" He ceased with a look of despair.

Bergman growled and turned to Peters.

The latter represented the actors and actresses, he said. They were perishing



"Only a fool would have come up here," Bergman grated. It was like a slap in the face. "Here I am not four hours back from my grave," she cried, . . . "and you're insulting me!"

with cold. The cabins were badly built, and there were not enough stoves. There had been a miscalculation, evidently, in the number required, and what had come weren't properly distributed. Something

must be done here, and done immediately.

Recalling that each room of Gertrude's detached cabin had a stove, Bergman recognized the currents beneath the surface of this complaint. But he also realized with

some compunction that too much had been asked of his company in plunging them into an almost arctic winter without opportunity for acclimatization. He promised Peters that he would try to remedy matters.

Adams succinctly stated that if the company expected to remain in the north as long as they had planned, there would have to be a drastic reform in the use of supplies.

"It ain't that you haven't got enough truck," he said, "but it ain't the right kind. That parleyvoo chef of yours uses up good flour makin' fancy do-dads that don't stay a man ten minutes. You're 'way short on bacon an' beans, an' the grub that you ought to have. Whoever outfitted you must have been a arm-chair explorer. If you expect to pull through, you'll have to begin to cut rations."

PETERS, who had been listening, sharply interrupted with a toss of his mane to inquire if he would have to put up with starvation as well as freezing.

"You will if you don't cut down," Adams reiterated convincingly.

Bergman left the conference disgusted and discouraged. His chief resentment was with himself for having let his infatuation place him in this position—a fact which he had to admit. Under the pretence that this biggest of Stellar enterprises needed his personal attention, he had supervised every detail of preparation, and brought the company north, all as a cloak for his desire to be with Gertrude Temple.

As speed had been imperative if the Graphic triumph were to be minimized, the blunders of ignorance and haste had begun to show themselves, and the unpromising, implacable, northern winter was taking full advantage of every one of them.

Now the unimagined possibility of failure stared him in the face. Disorganization and discontent reigned, *esprit de corps* was gone, and even his leaders seemed against him.

Dinner that night in the mess cabin was not a cheerful affair. Word had gone round of the results of the conference, and the gloom was impenetrable. It was plain to the majority that instead of conditions bettering they must grow worse, and an illuminating side-light on the state of feeling was that Gertrude Mackay's safe return was scarcely mentioned during the meal. That lady herself, fatigued, it was

assumed, by her experiences, did not appear, but had a tray of characteristic food sent in.

After dinner, smoking moodily, Bergman walked to her cabin. It had grown cold with the clearing of the storm, and the thermometer was nearing thirty degrees below zero. The stars sparkled with frosty brilliancy in a dull blue sky, and to the north there was a ceaseless ghostly interplay of colors as the Aurora flicked its streamers up the heavens. On the river bank the husky dogs howled dismally at the display, and now and then some freezing tree expanded with the report of a rifle shot.

In his mood, the interior of Gertrude's cabin grated on Bergman. Here everything to compel luxury amid desolation had been done. There were cushions, curtains, knick-knacks—even an easy chair; all demanded by the lady along with the chef, and brought at the expense of practical and necessary things. In the bedroom back of the thin partition, the toilet table with its colored jars and bottles, and silver-backed accessories was a strange anomaly in its primitive setting.

Bergman sat down heavily on a plain pine chair, forgetful, to Gertrude's delight, of the proprietary kiss. He felt for the first time with a vague resentment that she was, in a way, back of all his troubles.

"Guess you'll have to kiss one of your stoves good-bye," he began gloomily. "Peters put up an awful roar about the bunk houses being cold this afternoon."

"H'm! I suppose he mentioned me!" She bristled.

"No, he didn't have to."

She looked at him astonished. She had expected a different reply. Warm, satisfied, well-fed, like a cat she expected a stroking. Her ire increased.

"Well, Al, you certainly can't expect me, the leading woman of this company, to be robbed to make that false-alarm comfortable."

In his hour of depression the man ardently longed for appreciation, encouragement and sympathy, and Gertrude's crass self-assertion rasped him.

"Maybe he's a false alarm and maybe he ain't," he replied, testily. "Nobody ever tells me his eight hundred a week is a false alarm."

He, too, had blundered. Gertrude's chief hatred of the leading man rested on the

fact that he received more money than she did for her self-valued "art services."

"Why should they? You signed him on at that. Only a fool would have done it."

He nodded his head slowly while his swarthy face darkened under a slow tide of color, and his little black eyes grew hard. The dead cigar dropped from the corner of his mouth.

"And only a fool would have come up here," he grated. "I know that now."

It was like a slap in the face, this blurted opinion of the Stellar wild-geese chase for which she was primarily responsible. She sat looking at him in astonishment and anger that for a moment were inarticulate. He seemed to have forgotten that only four hours ago she had been restored to him from the arms of death.

"So you're passing the buck to me, are you?" she finally managed in a voice as taut as a steel wire. "Because that pretty-boy's got cold feet, I'm to blame, eh?"

"Maybe you are and maybe you ain't," he said doggedly. "Who thought of comin' up here in the first place? It wasn't me, was it? Who thought of goug'in' the Graphics?"

"Well, you didn't have to do it," she flashed. "Nobody made you. You offered, didn't you? What are you raisin' the devil with me for?" Her blue eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire, and her voice was strident.

"Yes, I offered," he retorted. "It was part of our bargain. You was to be a star at the head of your own company, and I made you a star. I kept my bargain as I said I would." The veins on his low forehead stood out. "But you haven't kept your bargain. You and me were to hit it off when you were made, but every time I try to talk to you I get the icy mitt. Do you call that fair? What do you think I come up here for anyway? To see the snow? To hear Durham belly-ache about art?"

He leaned towards her, his pudgy hands clenched on his knees. Swiftly, unpremeditatedly, his moment of depression striking the flint of her selfishness had flashed new fire into the tinder of long-smouldering resentments and injustices. Put off with flimsy excuses, evaded with open daring, he had for weeks been unconsciously preparing for this time. Now that it was upon him, he had gone too far

to draw back. He rushed on without giving her a chance to speak, watching her passion-contorted face unwinkingly.

"I never handed you any bum poetry, or bunk about platonic love. You and I understood each other from the first. And I don't blame no woman for getting what she can out of the game—I never knew one yet that didn't, married or single. But I'll tell you this much, Gert, a bargain's a bargain, and a woman that don't live up to one is the lowest woman there is, bar none."

She started to speak but he checked her with a wave of his hand.

"I love you, Gert, and I have since the first day I saw you. I'm willin' to give you everything I can and do everything for you, but I expect you to do your end. I don't ask much, only a little love and sympathy and understanding. What good is a woman to a man if she don't give him them things?"

He stopped abruptly, leaving her breathless and unprepared. For an instant the remembrance flashed upon her that those were just the things Paul Temple had so often asked in vain, and the realization came that even in such a relationship as this gross alien had offered, men sought something of a woman a little higher, a little nobler than merely gratified desire.

Then ethical considerations were swept away on a torrent of fury.

"Love me!" she laughed, with shrill, mirthless scorn. "You love me a lot, you do! This looks like it, don't it, coming in here and trying to blame me because things have gone wrong. Here I am not four hours back from my grave; for all you knew, and you're just layin' on the love thick, you are! Insulting me, and treating me as if I was some fresh extra girl!"

THE thought of her recent hardships, and the bitter injustice of it all struck a resounding chord of self-pity. She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Little you know what I've been through, and little you care! For two days I've almost starved. I haven't had my clothes off, or had a night's rest; and now you blame me because I was willing to come up to this God-forsaken snowdrift to take a picture that ought to make Stellar the biggest thing in the world. And you talk about my not keepin' my bargain. Gawd! haven't I done everything I could?"

Bergman, squatting like a frog on his hard chair, waited stolidly until she had finished. His features had not changed their expression, but now as he spoke there was ugly determination in his voice.

"All right, Gert. You've had your say, and I've had mine. You're dodgin' again, like you've always done, but you can't get away with it this time. I've put up with all I'm goin' to. I've done my share, and I'm goin' to collect. That's all for tonight, but tomorrow I'm goin' to find out where you stand."

He rose abruptly, shifting his chewed cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other, and stood looking down upon her with a detached consideration Gertrude had learned to associate with his business operations.

"I ain't goin' to argue with you," he concluded, "because there's nothin' to argue about. You made a bargain, an' the question is, are you goin' to keep it, or ain't you? You can think things over tonight and I'll come around again in the morning to find out where we stand."

He spoke with a disconcerting finality that robbed the woman for a moment of speech. Then turning away, he calmly lifted his outer garments from the nail where they hung, opened the door, and went out.

CHAPTER XXI

FOR a moment after he had gone Gertrude Temple sat, a graven image of amazement, her handkerchief halfway to her eyes, her lips parted as if about to speak. Her sobs had automatically ceased when the door closed, and now gradually a look that was part defiance and part fear overspread her face.

With that resounding departure the whole aspect of her life had changed. She confronted an unprecedented situation. Bergman's ultimatum had precipitated a



A careless step and Gertrude fell prone, but the next instant went, at that steady,

crisis, had swept aside her carefully laid plans. Successful until now in holding him off, she had counted on doing so until she really became famous, when she meant to attach him, awed and harmless, to her



was up. Already the others were yards ahead. On they killing pace.

train. And now he had ruined everything.

"Oh, the black beast! I hate him!" she panted, crushing her ball of moist handkerchief in one palm. And yet, angry as

she was, she thought clearly and coolly.

A woman of mediocre talent who had lived by her wits since leaving her husband, she had studied men, and while learning their management, had acquired the art of extracting the most from them while giving the least. But never before had her victim revolted—an unflattering reflection on her skill in the present case.

Knowing Bergman as she did, she admitted the seriousness of this crisis. Placid, stolid easy-going, he was good-tempered until aroused; then inflexible. Having spoken as he did tonight, she knew he would not go back. Similar but less intense scenes between them in the past had ended in his humility and capitulation, but this one would not, she knew. She had witnessed the wreaking of his purpose upon others. He was adamant.

This in itself was disconcerting enough, but it was made more so by the peculiar character of her natural surroundings. Hemmed in on every side by snow-smothered leagues of wilderness, she realized that she was completely in his power. The wiles and subterfuges of crowded Manhattan would avail her nothing here, and suddenly she felt helpless, desperate, like a trapped animal.

Particularly appalling was the thought that, after all, Bergman was right, that his accusations were true. She *had* suggested the Stellar expedition, and she had *not* kept her bargain. She could not evade those two facts. Yet she did not intend to surrender; she revolted at the thought of compulsion. In her determination she sought wildly for any loophole of escape, but she could find none. Bergman was too clearly in the right and she in the wrong . . .

That night her life seemed very bitter and unjust to Gertrude. And to make matters worse, she commenced recalling the doubly hateful details of Paul's successful work, and comparative happiness as June

had revealed them. She contrasted this desolate, badly managed camp with the smart, efficient organization farther south, and the spirit of accomplishment and mutual helpfulness reigning there with its reverse here. And the old savage envy gnawed again at her soul.

But the keenest spur was the thought that Paul loved someone else. All the years of their separation until this summer Gertrude had cozened her vanity with the thought that Paul pined for her in secret. Now she knew the fallacy of that thought and that he loved someone else, probably June Magregor. A second romance had come into his life at the very time when her own soiled and tawdry episode with Bergman had reached its end. He had everything and she had nothing!

She burst into tears of anger and self-pity, and let them have their way with her awhile. Then drying her eyes, she returned to the old wearisome game of contrivance by which she lived. What course of action would yield the most now?

THE morning after the clearing of the storm, June and Jim Albert were up before dawn. Though intensely cold the bright stars augured fair weather, and preparations for the start went on swiftly.

June cooked a meagre breakfast while Jim loaded the sledge. The dogs whose daily ration of dried fish had also suffered decrease, were gaunt and wolfish. Scenting food, they crowded determinedly about the sledge until Jim had to drive them off with his long whip. One successful snatch of those white fangs, and the party's predicament would indeed be serious.

Fleming Magregor, of course, was a helpless burden upon the party and must ride the entire distance. His broken leg, set between splints skilfully shaped by the Indian's hunting knife, was knitting satisfactorily, but to touch the foot to the ground was out of the question. The long, jarring, straining journey would in itself be tax enough.

Dawn was a faint white glow in the southeastern sky when all was ready. The ghostly, snow-laden trees stood motionless in the still air. The wide expanse of the lake looked like steel. There was no sound except an occasional mysterious snapping in the forest depths. The breaths of dogs and men were clouds of white vapor which

froze in frosty rime on furs and shaggy coats.

June had turned back to the cabin for a last inspection when she observed a human figure coming along the shore of the lake towards her. Surprised and curious, she waited. A moment later, with a shock of astonishment, she recognized Gertrude Temple, wearing snowshoes and bent beneath a burden she was carrying.

In silence the other approached, and when she reached the girl, swung a canvas bag down to the snow beside her.

"Good morning, scholars," she said, cheerfully. "I guess you weren't expecting me, but thank Heaven I got here in time."

June's amazement increased. "I don't quite understand," she said, blankly, "did you come to see me—us—for any reason?"

"I sure did. I want to go south with you, so I came over. Do you get up as early as this every morning? Lord!" She yawned with fervor and abandon, her arms outstretched, her small mouth frankly wide. June noticed that she was dressed in the rich and costly furs of their former meeting.

Had she gaily tossed a dynamite bomb in their midst she could have created no more havoc than did this announcement. June stood speechless, aghast, trying to realize that she had heard aright.

"Well, we hardly—I—you—"

"What is it, June?" asked her father, a little sharply, from the sledge where he sat propped up against the duffle.

The girl motioned her companion, and together they walked towards him.

"It's Miss Mackay," June explained. "She has come over from her camp and wants us to take her south with us."

The factor's jaw dropped as he stared his incredulity.

"Take her south with us!"

"Yes," Gertrude interposed, eagerly, in her own behalf. "You see, Mr. Magregor, I heard you say yesterday you were starting for Fort McLeod this morning, so when—certain things—happened as they did—I decided I would like to go along. There really isn't any other way for me to go, is there?"

"But why should ye go at all, ma'am?" Magregor inquired, bluntly. "This is no time for you to be leavin' here and travellin' in the dead of winter."

"Oh, but you don't understand. I *must* go. I wouldn't think of it if there was anything else to do, but—"

"Why? I don't understand this." He was frankly ill-pleased.

"Oh, because," she burst out, "I'm going south to my husband where I belong."

"Your husband!" He almost shouted the words. "I didn't know ye had a husband. Ye call yourself Miss Mackay!"

"Yes, I do. That was my name before I was married and I use it on the stage." In her anxiety to explain, to win his consent, her usual impudent lightness was gone.

"But how can we take you to your husband? He certainly can't be where we're going."

"Oh yes, he is. He's at the Graphic Camp. Paul Temple is my husband."

"Paul Temple!" For a moment he was helpless beneath the shock of the revelation. Then he tried to adjust his ideas to it. Its deeper significance in their lives found expression in an involuntary glance towards June. The factor had not been blind during the months of Paul's association with his daughter, but he had trustfully bided his time, knowing that when the moment came June would tell him what there was to tell. Now her face, white and pinched in the frame of its parka, verified his fears. The instinctive, murderous rage against Paul shook him by the throat but he fought it down, remembering the main issue. This woman wanted to go south with them.

"Mrs. Temple," he said, evenly, "you mustn't think of going with us. We haven't room for you. Besides, your work is here, isn't it? How can ye leave that?"

"If you're playing the lead in this picture, how will they be able to finish it if you go?" asked June unexpectedly, her voice hard and challenging.

Gertrude flashed her a glance of fury. The knowledge of opposition from this quarter only served to harden her determination. Yet the question was not an easy one to answer. Possessed of a contract with Bergman so favorable to herself that she was willing to chance his suit, yet she knew better than to offer such ethics to her interlocutors. She was spared a reply by the factor, who having thought deeply, spoke again.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Temple," he said, "but ye can't come with us, ye couldn't stand it.

Ye've travelled little in the north, I'm thinkin', and we're goin' to travel hard. It'll be cruel on us who have done it all our lives, but it would kill you. You're not fit. You'd only hold us back, and I'm drag enough as it is."

JIM ALBERT, who stood impatiently nearby, spoke sharply to the dogs which, restless and eager to be off, were tugging tentatively at the traces and sitting down again perplexed. The day was growing; the dead white light in the east had given place to a crimson that was gradually staining snow and sky.

"Oh, but I promise to keep up, not to complain," Gertrude begged, earnestly. The possibility of refusal had not seriously occurred to her, and now it was unthinkable. Not only would she be forced back to face Bergman, but the treachery of her attempted flight would become known.

"Na doot ye mean well," said the factor, "and would try, but that isn't all. There's the grub to think of. We've none to spare; we're verra short for the three of us, let alone anyone else. I tried to buy some from Adams yesterday, but he couldn't spare any. Ye're not used to that sort of thing. Ye couldn't stand it."

Gertrude's anxious face brightened with swift relief.

"Oh, I thought of that," she cried. "I knew you were short and brought my own grub." She pointed to the sack she had set down on the snow when she had first approached June.

Things seemed at a deadlock. The woman was unconquerable. Accepting every condition gladly, there seemed no really valid excuse for refusing her further. But the factor was determined.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Temple," he repeated with finality, "but you can't go with us. Ye'll forgive my bluntness, but it's impossible. However, if there's any message we can take to Mr. Temple tell me—or perhaps there's a letter. I promise to deliver it to him myself. Now go back to your camp and think no more about this. At any other time or in other circumstances we would have been glad to have you, but not now."

He had asked the thing she could not, would not do. Gertrude saw defeat staring her in the face, and the thought of all it involved whipped her to a last effort.

She burst into well nigh hysterical tears, all the time desperately seeking some way to turn her failure into triumph. Then the evil inspiration came, and she deliberately lied.

"You've *got* to take me," she sobbed, you can't do anything else. Y-you asked me about the picture and I wouldn't tell you at first, b-but now I will. Last night I had an awful row with Bergman, our owner, b-because I got lost in the storm and he told me to get out—d-didn't want me there any longer. He said he was g-going to give my part to someone else, and that he was done with me, the b-black beast!"

Her tears strangled her for a moment but presently she rushed on.

"I knew he m-meant it, but where was I to go? Then I thought of my husband, of P-Paul. Who else could I go to? Who else ought to take care of me? I—I knew you were starting south and would see him, and what other way was there for me to get to him than go with you? I can't go back to the camp, Mr. Magregor, and if you leave without me, what'll I do? I've no one else to turn to. You can't leave me here to die!" The last words were a wail of despair.

Obviously Magregor could not leave her here to die. None knew that better than he. Her ultimate appeal did not fall on deaf ears. And yet he did not want her. Desperately he thought of driving to the Stellar camp and trying to patch up matters between this woman and her persecutors. But that meant delay, perhaps another day of it, and they had wasted enough time already.

As if for advice he looked to June who throughout the whole colloquy had stood silent and motionless. She met his glance with one of utter defeat.

"I think we had better take Mrs. Temple with us," she said in a dead, colorless voice.

"Oh, thank you, dearie, you *are* my friend," cried the other plaintively as she dried her tears.

Magregor glanced at his watch. Already the sun hung a pale red ball above the woods on the far shore of the lake.

"Under the circumstances I can't refuse ye," he said, ungraciously. "Jim, throw that bag on here and get started. We've lost half an hour already."

In a moment the long string of huskies were tugging at their collars.

CHAPTER XXII

THE crossing of Loon Lake soon revealed the nature of the work before them. The new snow lay two feet deep and was as loose and shifting as sand, the intense cold having prevented the gritty flakes from melting to form a frozen crust. Magregor had deliberately waited until this morning to start in the hope that the sun of the afternoon before would effect a change so well worth the delay, but the sudden drop in temperature had defeated him.

Now the going was heavy. Under the factor's weight the sledge sunk deep and the dogs floundered and slipped through the elusive footing. Jim Albert tramping ahead, tried to pack some sort of trail with his broad snowshoes but accomplished little.

However, the lake offered luxury compared with the travelling they found in the forest beyond the southern shore. Here among the spruces and jack-pines there was no level, open surface, but a rough and ready country of gullies, muskeg swamps and hills. It was deep woods work and bristled with obstacles,—abrupt declivities, protruding tree limbs, submerged stumps and boulders. And for all their careful driving, the sledge heaved and careened until the factor groaned in agony. Here they moved through a wilderness as complete as chaos must have been before the Word. But Creation had come, white and undulating, and across its blind face the slim tree trunks cast straight blue shadows.

And yet life throbbed on tenuously in this wilderness of death. Whiskey-jacks scolded from tree tops, and snow buntings and grosbeaks hopped about in search of food. Squirrels, too, ventured curiously from their snug holes, and once the sledge crossed a wind-protected spot where caribou had yarded up.

June and Gertrude trudged abreast on opposite sides of the gee-pole, silent at first in the constraint of re-association. But as the minutes passed, the girl made crisp suggestions; showed the other how to use her snowshoes with less effort and more comfort; warned her to loosen her furs when she grew warm, to prevent overheating; told her to breathe through the nose and talk little in fear of the action of great cold upon the tissues of the lungs which results in a swift and fatal pneumonia.

(Continued on page 160)



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Copyright, 1916

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Address: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Because of the rapid increase in contributions to this department, the editors find it no longer possible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore it will oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

In Mr. Night's House This One Wins the Five Dollars.

IN one of the picture houses in the suburbs of Chicago, the performance was started one afternoon with a film showing some scenes in Switzerland.

A woman and her little girl, Nora, were enjoying the views and the latter became very demonstratively interested when the train in the picture plunged into the large black mouth of a tunnel.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "now I know where the dark hides in the daytime!"

J. O. Douglas,
Chicago, Ill.

An Amphibious Flivver.

LITTLE Herbert and his father and mother drove in from the country in the family Ford, and after finishing their errands in town dropped in at a moving picture show.

One of the very first scenes showed the back of a ship's cabin where two life preservers were hanging upon the wall. Herbert had ridden in the Ford most of his six years and thought he knew all about machines. He leaned over to his father and said:

"Say, Pa, what do they carry extra tires on that boat for?"

Zeno Klinker,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Meating his Fate.

"IN the next act the villain dies of quick consumption," remarked the wag whose tongue likes to run with the film.

"Hardly! He weighs at least two hundred pounds."

"No matter. He meets a man-eating lion."

R. S. Smith,
Snyder, Texas.

School Days in 1920.

"WELL, Robert, what did you study in school this afternoon?"

"We had two films of history and three reels of geography, ma."

Mrs. L. P. Lamoreaux,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Leo Et Georgius.

A CERTAIN pair of eight-year-old twins, being rather precocious children, have already begun to write scenarios. A vital and thrilling portion of their latest effort reads:

"Enter George into the woods.

"Enter lion into the woods.

"Exit George into lion."

Jesslyn Hull,
Seattle, Wash.

Osculatory Shell.

LITTLE Dorothy added a new idiom to the "language of love" when she and her mother were enjoying a romantic picture recently. As the film drew near its end the hero drew near his sweetheart and enfolded her in the usual fond embrace. As he pressed his lips to hers some boy in the audience made a very audible "smack."

Dorothy was very much shocked. Turning to her mother she exclaimed:

"Oh mamma, some naughty boy busted a Love."

Jessie Good,
Ashland, Ore.

Name Didn't Take.

THE film showed all the activities and ceremonies attendant upon the christening of a big battleship. Two boys were taking in every detail of the scene. One was the possessor of flaming hair—hair almost scarlet.

"What they breakin' that bottle on the boat for?" he asked.

"They're christening the battleship so's it'll have a name."

"A lot of good that'll do! I wuz crissened 'Robert Henry' when I wuz a baby but nobody ever calls me nothin' but 'Red.'"

*John Anglin,
Savannah, Ga.*

Dying a la Movie.

THE picture house manager was dying. Doctor and nurse had done their part, and now stood by his bed-side, waiting for the end.

"He is going fast," said the doctor in a low tone. "Note the change in his features."

"Features changed daily," murmured the dying man, as a film covered his eyes and his spirit was released.

*George Oakes,
Eloise, Mich.*

Perliter 'n Us.

THE House was comfortably filled; the lights and shadows had begun their magic work upon the screen. A woman sidled along in front of a row of knees to a vacant place. Reaching the seat she turned to the bashful young maid she had just passed.

"Pardon me. Did I step on your foot?"

The young maid blushed a burning red.

"Er—N-No, thank you."

*Ephram Thompson,
Belle View, Ohio.*

Dancing a la Camera.

"GEE, look at dat bum camera man dancin' wid dat little extry goil. D'ye get the way they're huggin'?"

"Well, he's got a reppertation fer close-ups, you know."

*Sig. Utley,
Los Angeles, Cal.*

Last Word in Prudes.

"VERY refined little leading lady, Max."

"Huh! Too darned refined. Bet she'd kick at readin' coarse print."

*M. L. Prugh,
Belding, Mo.*

Somebody's Veal.

A YOUNGSTER came in from the country to visit his city aunt. One evening while they were at the movies a rural film was run, including a certain scene which showed a cow licking a boy's hand.

The tiny farmer grew excited over this and shouted so that all those in the front of the house could hear:

"Oo look! Look! The cow thinks that little boy's her calf."

*L. H. Shea,
Hartford, Conn.*

A Crying Demand.

A CERTAIN family in a small Kentucky town is notorious for its lack of domestic harmony. Late one summer afternoon the small son of the house was leaning against the door-yard gate, crying with great energy.

Old Mrs. Beals passed.

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"Th-they won't take me to the m-movie show!" he howled.

"Do they ever take you when you cry like that?"

"S-sometimes they do an' sometimes they don't, but it aint no trouble to yell."

*Ava Mayfield,
Peoria, Ill.*

Saving the Family.

ONE evening just before Christmas a certain theatre in Texas placed red-cross stamps on every ticket sold. A small negro boy noticed the red seal on his pasteboard and went back to the ticket window to ask what it was for.

"That's to help kill out consumption," explained the girl behind the window.

The boy rolled his eyes thoughtfully and moved away. He was back in a moment and handed the cashier two more dimes.

"Gimme two more tickets," he said. "We all got it at home."

*John Y. Bell,
Cuero, Texas.*

Ventilating Her Grammar.

THE management of a new theatre in Oklahoma takes exceptional pains to see to the comfort of patrons. One cool evening in September one of the ushers noticed that an elderly lady took a seat directly in front of one of the electric fans on the wall. He quietly went down to the quaintly dressed woman, who was evidently from the country, and politely asked:

"Is that air too strong for you, lady?"

The old lady leaned over with a puzzled look on her features and replied:

"Thet air what, young man?"

*L. R.,
Canon City, Colo.*

Lets His Arm Go to Waist.

THEY were sitting on the red plush sofa in the parlor. The up-to-date young man was a rabid movie fan, and, as the evening was rapidly passing, the sweet young thing blushing asked why he was content to stay at home with her, when there was a big feature running at a theater near by.

"Because," replied the up-to-date young man, "because a peach in the arm is worth two on the screen."

Anonymous.

That Splash of Saffron

SESSUE HAYAKAWA, A COSMOPOLITAN ACTOR WHO, FOR REASONS OF NATIVITY, HAPPENS TO PEER FROM OUR WHITE SCREENS WITH TILTED EYES

By Grace Kingsley

Photography by Raymond Staegg.

NO, Sessue Hayakawa, the world's most noted Japanese photoplay actor, does not dwell in a papier-mache house amid tea-cup scenery.

He is working in pictures in Los Angeles, and he lives in a "regular" bungalow, furnished in mission oak, and dresses very modestly according to American standards. Even his gods are forsaken, for he owns an English bull-pup, named Shoki, which means "destruction," and is the name of a Japanese god.

Mr. Hayakawa's first picture success was in "The Typhoon," following which he appeared in "The Wrath of the Gods," and his latest success is in his role of the Japanese in the Lasky production of "The Cheat," with Fannie Ward.

But great as has been his success in these roles, he does not like them.

"Such roles are not true to our Japanese nature," he said. "They are false and give people a wrong idea of us. I wish to make a characterization which shall reveal us as we really are, and I am glad to say I am soon to have that opportunity, for Miss Jeanie MacPher-

son, scenario writer for the Lasky Company, is writing a play for me in which I shall play a Japanese who shall do justice to the real Japanese character, and show its best traits."

Not only has Hayakawa introduced Japanese roles in America, but he has played American and English roles in Japan, having the distinction, indeed, of having introduced American and English drama in his native land. He played "The Typhoon" there; also Ibsen and Shakespeare, making an especial hit as "Othello."

"Do the Japanese like foreign drama? Oh, very much indeed; that is, serious drama. They do not care for your comedy, not even Shakespeare's. Probably comedy is too local in its significances. They are beginning to like the Russian drama also. Tolstoi's 'Resurrection' made a big hit. They like also the serious French drama."

"Do Japanese actors like appearing in English drama?" was asked.

"Oh, very much indeed. It gives them a new medium



This son of the Samurai can wield the traditional weapon of his clan in the traditional manner.

of expression, as it were. There is more freedom. The Japanese plays, following Japanese tradition, are so full of repression. We of the Japanese have no way of expressing ourselves in some emotions, because of this traditional repression. Also there is more variety of characterization.

"But do you know,"—here Hayakawa made a most interesting point,— "when playing an American or English character, even in Japan, I find it necessary to use the English language. I find it

Hayakawa says that such plays as this—"The Cheat," in which he and Fannie Ward made a great success—are not true to Japanese character.

which is attended, not by geisha girls, but by girls of the better classes.

"Japan likes the American motion pictures. And these are shown everywhere there. Sub-titles are not used. Instead a man stands beside the screen and reads lines, changing his voice for the different



"Still" photographs from the Lasky photoplay.

characters, speaking in high falsetto when interpreting a feminine role."

"Do you mean to go back to Japan?" I asked.

"Yes,—next year if war conditions permit. I mean to give them the best drama which I can get from the English-speaking stage. And I

shall do them in English, except in case of 'The Typhoon,' 'The Bondman' and such dramas, in which case those playing the roles of the orientals will speak Japanese, the others speaking English."

Sessue Hayakawa is twenty-seven years old. He was sent to a naval school in his early youth to prepare for the navy. But his uncle was the celebrated Japanese actor, Otto Kawakimi, and as the young man was

impossible to get the proper facial expression or the right action when I translate the words of an American or English character into Japanese. Most of the Japanese understand English nowadays, and they did not really like your drama until I gave it to them in English.

"The Japanese do not like musical comedy, but strangely enough a school of the ballet is established now in Tokio,





Even his gods are forsaken, for he has called the bull-pup "Shoki," the name of the Japanese deity of Destruction.

fascinated by the stage, he entered his uncle's company, in which was also the great Japanese actress, Madame Yacco, the first Japanese woman to win recognition in the drama.

Madame Yacco is the aunt of Sessue's wife, who is Tsuru Aoki, a Japanese actress now appearing in pictures with Thomas H. Ince, in California. Little Aoki San was in Madame Yacco's company when Hayakawa joined it, and they soon became attached to each other. Mme. Yacco's company played in the Shintomi Za and the Teikoku Za, two leading Japanese theaters.

The great actress and her company planned an international tour, a few years ago, and young Hayakawa and his wife accompanied them to this country. It was then Hayakawa planned to introduce the American and English drama into Japan, and he studied English drama and literature at the Chicago University for a year, and translated a number of the English classics into Japanese. Having returned to Japan and made a success in Ibsen and Shakespeare as related above, he came back to this country, and played all along the Pacific Coast at the head of the Japanese organization.



Little Aoki San (Tsuru Aoki) was in Madame Yacco's company when Hayakawa joined it.



Seena Owen, Fine Arts' wonderful child, who wants to play a vampire of her own invention: Quietly dressed, not bold but insidious—the real vampire.

"Owen" or "Auen"

"SIGNE" OR "SEENA"? THIS IS NO WORD PUZZLE, BUT A PRETTY GIRL WITH A SORT OF INTERNATIONALLY POLYGAMOUS NAME

"SIGNE AUEN." "Seena Owen."
Yes, they are one and the same person. And you pronounce them just the same, too.

"When I first went to work," smiled Miss Seena, showing her dimples, commencing to spoil her lovely complexion with the yellow screen make-up, "I thought it lent distinction to have an unusual name. That was when I went on the stage in San Francisco at the Alcazar. But when at the end of the first week I signed for my salary, and the manager frowned at my signature, and said: 'Why, child, that's not a name; it's a high sign in a secret order of black-handers, or something,' I thought I was lost forever so far as the stage was concerned, but I didn't know what to do about it. And when I went into pictures I found it worse than ever. Press-agents stumbled over it, publicity people and newspapers would have none of it. It was too hard. So I just spelled it the way it's pronounced, and everybody's happy. It's a Danish name. I was born in Copenhagen.

"I was on the stage only a week. Then I got my chance in pictures with Mr. Griffith, and have been with him ever since. And I received five dollars for that week's work on the stage! The first money I ever earned, and how big it looked. I remember thinking I could not possibly spend it all. I bought mother some gloves, sister a necktie, and myself a box of preserved ginger. I had never in my life before had all the preserved ginger I wanted."

Miss Owen is one of the youngest stars of the screen, being still in her 'teens. She has been in pictures only a year, but is already one of the most popular of the film ladies. She is a lovely blonde.

"What kind of parts do I like best? I'll tell you. I like to play roles involving different nationalities. This gives me a chance to peep into all sorts of characteristics, and is vastly educational, too, because when you play a Turkish girl, for instance, you must know exactly what a

Turkish girl looks like, what her conventions are, how she dresses, what and when she eats, and something of her prejudices and traditions. I have already played a Japanese girl in 'The Fox Woman,' and had a delightful time studying the Japanese in their native haunts in their quarter of the city. I met one particular little geisha girl, alluring and intelligent, and while she did not belong to the class of my 'fox woman,' still I gained much from her. Repression being the keynote of the Japanese character, their gestures are angular, repressed, but always gentle. Their faces are trained to express pleasure and kindred emotions, but rarely sorrow or pain.

"In 'The Yankee from the West,' I played a Swedish immigrant. As I am a Danish girl, of course I have seen many such, and was glad when I had to play the role that I had many of their small mannerisms tucked away in my memory. They have shy little ways, and often stooped, thick bodies. In 'The Penitents' I played a Spanish girl, but not the traditional Spanish girl,—a free, wild little creature; and in 'The Lamb,' of course I played a straight American girl.

"Now please don't laugh, and I'll tell you something. I love vampire parts. Managers always laugh at me when I say that, but I'll tell you what I mean. There are fashions in vampires, and the old sort, with the accented toilettes, the obvious allurements, the made-to-order working of the eyes, is all out of date. The real vampire dresses quietly, keeps away from all obviousness, and appears quite natural in everything she does. She uses her body of course, but so subtly that the man never knows he's being 'vamped' until he's fairly caught. Also there's the intellectual vampire, who holds men now-a-days through the power and force of intellect, apparently, but of course she uses this only as an added power. To portray such a character calls for real genius, and that's why I want to play them."

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

Number II—Complete in this issue. For explanation see opposite page.

FIND TITLES IN THIS LIST

THE Adventure Hunter
Applied Romance
At the Stroke of the Angelus
A Film Johnny
The Beckoning Flame
In the Valley
Caprice
The Adventure of Florence
A Foolish Agreement
The Dollar Mark
Pennington's Choice
The Way Out
The Final Test
The Fixer
The Edge of Night
In the Foothills
Red Wins
The Fatal Hour
Between Savage and Tiger
The Broken Coin
Woman Behind the Man
Wrong All Around
When a Woman Waits
When East Meets West
When Hearts Are Trumps
When Souls Are Tried
Where Love Dwells
Which Would You Rather Be?
The Widow's Children
The Victim
What a Blind Man Saw
Unlike Other Girls
Through the Dark
Tracked Across the Desert
The Raven
Three of a Kind
This Is the Life
The Way of a Mother
The Third Partner
The Secret Sin
The Miser's Reversion
The Modern Child
The Mountain Girl
The Old Clothes Shop
The Other Man
The Pride of the Force
Emmy of Stork's Nest
The Headliners
Their One Love
The Last Act
The Lure of the Sawdust
A Test of Courage
The Test of Flame
The Test
A Submarine Pilot
The Alarm
The City of Darkness
The Danger Line
Across the Desert
The Ring Master
Safety First
Old Man
On the Brink of the Abyss
The Quest
One Night
The Open Door
A Girl of Yesterday
The Man With the Iron Heart
The Master of the House
Like Father, Like Son
Little Mischief
Jealousy
Peggy Kids
The Lily and the Rose
His Twin
A Night in the Show
The Silent Voice
A Dream of the Circus
The Daughters of Men
The Misleading Lady
Comrades Three
The Fighting Hope
The First Piano in Camp

The Figure in Black
Fine Feathers
A Buried City
Builder of Bridges
By Fair Means or Foul
The Country Chairman
The Cub
Copper
The Family Bible
The Greater Courage
From Italy's Shores
Frauds
Jane Was Worth It
Lights and Shadows
Let Us Have Peace
The Ladder of Fortune
Lives of the Jungle
The Morals of Marcus
The Rug Maker's Daughter
Stolen Goods
The Reward
The Unafraid
The Avalanche
Broken Ways
The Clue
A Doomed Hero
The Double Standard
Father's Money
The Bridal Bouquet
The Circular Staircase
The Corsican Brothers
The Battle
Broadway Favorites
The Black Fox
The Belated Honeymoon
A Child of the North
Cinderella
Who Pays?
The Night
A Night of Thrills
One Man's Evil
In the Dark
A Business Buccaneer
Tribby
Alias Jimmy Valentine
The Alien
Always in the Way
Ambition
The Arrival of Perpetua
The Crucible of Fate
Hearts of Women
As Ye Sow
Counsel for Defense
Cinderella's Slippers
Miss Tomboy
Between Men
Neptune's Daughter
The Breath of Araby
The Boss
The Blood Yoke
The Black Ring
Birth of a Nation
The Captive
Captain Fracas
Captain Courtesy
The Candidate's Past
The Canceled Mortgage
Call of the Waves
Called Back
The Blessed Miracle
A Difference of Opinion
The Disillusionment of Jane
The Dictator
Death's Marathon
The Death Dice
In the Days of Famine
The Dawn of a Tomorrow
A Daughter of Earth
The Dancing Girl
For Her Friend
For Her Happiness
The Forest Thieves

For Cash
The Floating Call
Dear Old Girl
The Fireman and the Girl
The Heiress and the Crook
Hearts and Flowers
The Heart That Knew
The Heart of a Painted Woman
The Heart of Jennifer
The Inner Brute
An Innocent Sinner
Innocence at Monte Carlo
The King's Service
The Jury Room
In Humble Guise
In Double Harness
In the Clutch of the Emperor
In the Candlelight
In the Bishop's Carriage
Love's Melody
Love in an Apartment Hotel
The Longer Voyage
Lola
The Price
The Little White Violet
The Little Gray Home
The Little Dutch Girl
Little Chrysanthemum
The Phantom Cracksmen
The People of the Pit
Payment in Full
The Path Forbidden
An Odyssey of the North
Niobe
The Day of Days
A Lady of Quality
A Daughter of the Hills
The Arab
The Pitfall
Won in the Night
The Man from the Desert
Out of the Air
A Girl's Grit
The Conqueror
The Evil Eye
The Face Most Fair
A Fool There Was
A Breath of Summer
A Woman of Nerve
When a Man's Fickle
Ghosts
The Blindness of Virtue
The Haunting Fear
His Neighbor's Wife
Faces in the Night
The Old Tutor
Hearts in Exile
Such a Little Queen
Those Country Kids
Voices in the Dark
The Stay-at-Homes
Through the Flames
The Fool's Paradise
Beauty Unadorned
Out of the Night
Nipped
Caught in the Rain
The Avenging Conscience
Raindrops and Girls
The Rivals
The Last Act
The Little Runaways
The Show Girl
The Old Grouch
Sparrow of the Circus
The Skinfint
Just Like Kids
Her Vocation
Home, Sweet Home
Rivalry
The Fifth Commandment

List continued on second page following

FOURTEEN CASH PRIZES

FOR the correct or nearest correct answers to these pictures. The awards are cash, without any string whatever to them. This is the second of a series of novel feature contests to interest and benefit our readers at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.



1



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THE PRIZES

1st Prize, \$10.00.

2nd Prize, \$5.00.

3rd Prize, \$3.00.

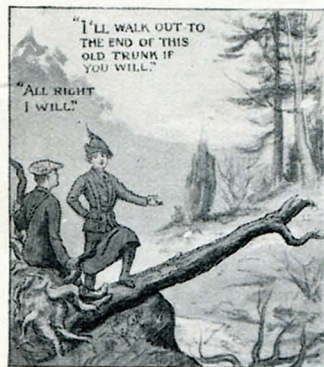
4th Prize, \$2.00.

Ten Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Each scene represents the name of a popular photoplay which will be found in the list on the opposite page and the page following. These illustrations are not of scenes from the plays, but are of the titles. In the case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded to the senders of the answers involved.



5



6



7



8

Directions

Write plainly below each picture the *title* which you think it best represents. Place your own name and complete address on the margin at the bottom of this page. Cut the leaf out and mail it to "Title Contest," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. All answers must be mailed before March first. Awards for this list will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

(See preceding page for explanation.)

LIST OF TITLES CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING

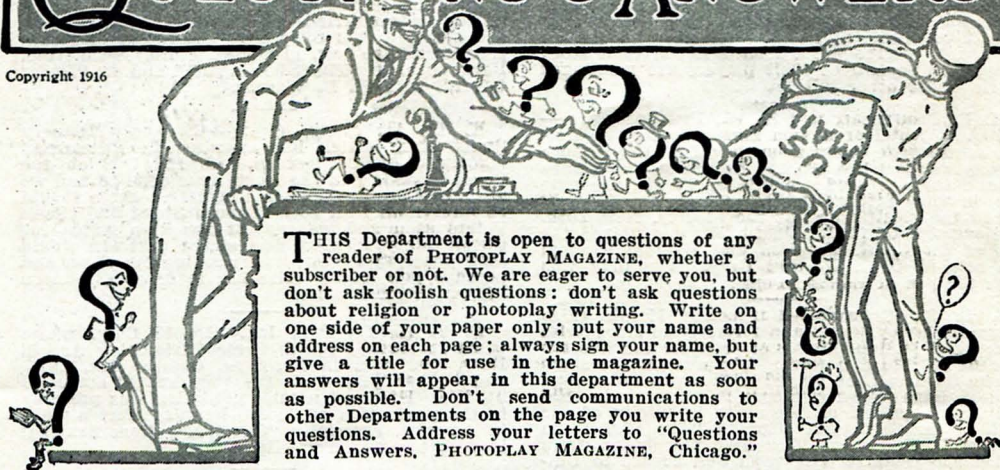
LOST in the Darkness
 The Lottery Man
 Love Finds a Way
 The Maid o' the Mountains
 The Man Afraid
 The Missing Man
 The Money Master
 Nerves of Steel
 Never Again
 Mountain Mary
 The Newer Woman
 The Next Generation
 Oh, Daddy!
 On the Ledge
 Pals in Blue
 Playing with Fire
 Riddle of the Silk Stockings
 The Pride of the Force
 One Who Serves
 Only Five Years Old
 Out of the Darkness
 Out of the Flames
 Poor Polly
 Recreation—Yosemite
 Scourge of the Desert
 She Took a Chance
 Sherman Was Right
 The Sisters
 A Spoiled Life
 The Spook Raisers
 The Storm
 A Sultana of the Desert
 The Test of a Man
 The Acrobat's Dream
 The Beast
 The Certainty of Man
 The Darkening Trail
 The Father
 The Force of Example
 The Honeymooners
 Their Ups and Downs
 The Lonesome Heart
 The Marble Heart
 The Modern Child
 The Old Batch
 The Only Child
 The Runaways
 The Unnecessary Sex
 Through Fire to Fame
 Those Happy Days
 The Tightwad
 Tiny Hands
 Two Little Vagabonds
 An Unlucky Suitor
 The Usual Way
 The Valley of the Moon
 The Way Back
 The Way of a Woman's Heart
 What Might Have Been
 When Her Idol Fell
 When My Lady Smiles
 When Rubin Came to Town
 When We Were Twenty-one
 Where Happiness Dwells
 Which Shall It Be?
 The Wolf-Man
 The Woman Who Dared
 A Chase by Moonlight
 The Accomplish
 Across the Great Divide
 The Wood Nymph
 Dizzy Heights and Daring Hearts
 The Death Lot
 Lydia Gilmore
 Madame Butterfly
 The Rack
 Judge Not
 The Other Side of the Door
 The Unknown
 The Labyrinth
 How Molly Made Good
 The Great Pearl Tangle
 A Dignified Family
 An Eavesdropper
 Affinities
 After the Storm
 A Game of Love
 A Girl and Two Boys
 The Agony of Fear
 A Healthy Neighborhood
 A Maid and a Man
 Man and His Money
 A Man's Way
 A Message through Flames

A Midas of the Desert
 A Misplaced Foot
 A Mixup in Males
 And He Never Knew
 An Honest Young Man
 An Idyll of the Hills
 An Image of the Past
 An Independent Woman
 A Girl Who Dared
 A Happy Pair
 A Night's Adventure
 An Unlucky Suitor
 A Peach and a Pair
 A One Night Stand
 A Question of Courage
 Little Women
 A Rural Romance
 A Shriek in the Night
 As It Happened
 At the Edge of Things
 At the Hour of Eleven
 At the End of a Perfect Day
 Autumn Love
 A Will and a Way
 Before and After
 Big Brother Bill
 Brass Buttons
 The Brave Deserve the Fair
 Caught in the Act
 A Chasm
 The Child of the Desert
 The Clause of Greed
 Coincidence
 Dad and the Girls
 The Children of the Forest
 Comrades
 Courage
 A Day on the Force
 A Deed of Daring
 The Desert Sting
 Destiny's Night
 The Elder Brother
 An Equal Chance
 The Escort
 The Eternal Feminine
 The Family Divided
 From the Shadows
 From the Flames
 Gentleman of Nerves
 The Good Old Summertime
 The Great Game
 Her Choice
 Courage and the Man
 The Cross in the Desert
 Her Easter Hat
 Her Return
 Brother Officers
 The Hired Girl
 His First Performance
 His Last Deal
 The Idlers
 In a Difficult Position
 In Fear of His Past
 His Last Trick
 His Sister's Kiddies
 The House Maid
 The Influence of a Child
 In the Heart of the Hills
 In the Midst of the Wilds
 In the Open
 In the Valley
 It Was Like This
 Into the Dark
 Just Kids
 The Leading Lady
 Lest We Forget
 The Proof
 Producing a Nation's Pride
 The Pipe Dream
 A Pious Undertaking
 Other Man's Wife
 Other People's Business
 Peanuts and Bullets
 A Pair of Prodigals
 \$1,000 Reward
 Officer Henderson
 O'Flanagan's Luck
 Nearly a Bride
 Mrs. Randolph's New Secretary
 A Modern Othello
 Modern Enoch Arden
 The Merchant of Venice
 Matty's Decision
 The Magic Note

Lost in Mid-Ocean
 The Lost Diamond
 The Lilliputian's Courtship
 Just Jim
 The Jilt
 In Tune
 In the Vale of Sorrow
 In the Hour of Temptation
 In Old Mexico
 In a Difficult Position
 A Hot Finish
 Her Three Mothers
 High Spots on Broadway
 The Greyhound
 God Is Love
 The Happier Man
 The Double Shadow
 Cousin Billy
 The Circular Path
 Broncho Billy and the Land
 Cartoons in the Seminary
 The Call of Motherhood
 Business Rivals
 Awakening of Donna Isolla
 A Skin Game
 An Eleventh Hour Performance
 A Duel at Dawn
 A Circus Romance
 The Red Virgin
 The Rajah's Sacrifice
 Queering Cupid
 The Pride of Jemico
 The Pitfall
 Peggy Lynn Burglar
 A Paradise Lost
 The Other Train
 On the Job
 Old Mother Grey
 Naughty Henrietta
 The Murdoch Trial
 Me an' Bill
 The Man Who Did Not Die
 A Message from Mars
 The Man Trail
 Love's Railroad
 In the Nick of Time
 Hunting a Husband
 Probation
 Queen of Hearts
 The Real Impostor
 Pearls of the Baltic
 The Parasite
 The Outlaw's Revenge
 One Summer's Sequel
 Oh, Baby!
 The Octopus
 The Mystic Ball
 Mismatched
 Mary Magdalene
 Love on an Empty Stomach
 The Little Engineer
 Kronstadt
 Justice or Love
 Izzy's Night Out
 In the Ranks
 Her Answer
 Gypsy Love
 Going to the Dogs
 Frontier Mother
 Eyes That See Not
 Du Barry
 Dirty Face Dan
 A Cute Little Bear
 Cohen's Luck
 Caught in a Flue
 Bobby's Medal
 Ben Bolt
 Applied Romance
 A Matter of Seconds
 A Fortune in Pants
 A Crook's Sweetheart
 Prisoner of Zenda
 The Politicians
 A Perilous Chance
 Outwitting Dad
 The Net of Deceit
 No Release
 Miss Gladys' Vacation
 Loyalty
 Love Knows No Law
 A Knight of Trouble
 The Joining of the Oceans
 It's Very Trying
 His Hour of Manhood

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

J. C., BUFFALO.—The constant aim of this department is absolute accuracy in all information supplied the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and we had every reason to suppose we were correct in our statement that Francis X. Bushman was unmarried. Such was the information given by his representatives when asked the question. It appears, however, that Mr. Bushman is married to a non-professional and has several children. Thomas Meighan is not married to Blanche Ring, but to her sister Frances Ring, also a well known actress of the "legitimate" stage, Blanche Ring being the wife of Charles Winninger, a "legitimate" actor.

M. P., NOGALES, ARIZ., and E. L., BIDDLEFORD, ME.—William Courtleigh, Jr., has returned to New York City from his California filming but may be addressed at the Pathe Exchange. Marguerite Courtot is an American of French descent, and may be addressed at the Gaumont Jacksonville studio, where she is playing this winter.

M. G., BALTIMORE.—Beverly Bayne was born in Minneapolis twenty-two years ago but came to Chicago when very young. Carlyle Blackwell may be addressed in care of the World Film Corporation's New York office; he is married to a non-professional. In order to secure work as a moving picture player you must make personal application at one of the studios and convince the employment manager that his company would secure a person who can act if he hired you. Application by letter is time wasted.

L. F. G., METHUNE, MASS.—Anna Little is playing in the same company with Jack Richardson in American films, and since her departure from Universal City, Herbert Rawlinson has had Agnes Vernon as his "opposite." Mr. Rawlinson was born at Brighton, England, November 15, 1885, and has brown hair and blue eyes.

A. J. W., WALLACE, IDAHO.—Pauline Bush began her theatrical career in the New York production of "Kitty Gray," starring Julia Sanderson, and from New York she went to Oakland, California, where she played in the Liberty Theatre stock company. Later, while visiting in Los Angeles, she met a director of the American studio and was engaged to play leads in their films. Robert Mantell (Robert Hudson) was born in Irvine, Scotland, in 1854, and began playing Shakespearean roles when sixteen years of age, as *Polonius* in *Hamlet*. He is noted for his Shakespearean portrayals, and is now being seen in "The Unfaithful Wife," adapted from "Vendetta," by the Fox Company, and "The Green Eyed Monster," opposite his wife, Genevieve Hamper.

E. B. M., BOULDER, COLO.—The Answer Man replies to questions only through the columns of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE as it has been found impracticable to answer by letter. Do not enclose remittances of any sort as this service is entirely gratuitous and willingly afforded any reader of PHOTOPLAY, whether a subscriber or not. Mae Marsh was born at Madrid, N. Mex., but lived there only a short time, when her family removed to San Francisco.

A. F. S., MIDDLETON, N. Y.—There are several well known and long established schools of dramatic art in New York City and Chicago, and, while their courses are expensive, the training they give their students is well worth while. They do not call themselves "moving picture" schools and the instruction covers all phases of dramatic work, although of course a person may specialize in whatever branch he desires.

A. H., PETALUMA, CALIF., and G. F. M., SEATTLE.—Your friend "B" is correct, as Beverly Bayne is unmarried and unrelated to Francis Bushman. Never submit a manuscript to more than one film company at a time, as you offer it exclusively to a company, even though you do not expressly say so, and a carbon copy sent to another company opens the way for serious complications.

F. P., RAWLINS, WYO.—Your letter to Marguerite Snow probably went astray as Miss Snow left for New York just about the time you wrote her. She is in New York City and should be addressed at the Metro office, where we are sure a letter sent her will meet a better fate. She has dark hair.

P. B. L., LOS ANGELES, and L. R., NEW YORK CITY.—Mae Marsh and Robert Harron receive their mail at the Fine Arts Studio in Hollywood, but Henry Walthall is with Essanay in Chicago. Mr. Walthall was born in Alabama in 1880. S. Rankin Drew is the son of Sidney Drew and his first wife, who was well known as a writer under the name "George Cameron." Rankin Drew began his theatrical career at a very early age and it is interesting to note that, among the numerous plays he has appeared in, there have been several written by his mother. Regarding release time, there is no fixed interval between the completion of the film and its appearance on the screen. Many are released as soon as possible, but on the other hand the last Farrar film, which was photographed while she was in California, will not be released for nearly six months after the cameras ceased their recording.

W. E. T., COLUMBUS, O., and A. B. C., ROME, N. Y.—Doris Pawn is at Universal City. William Shay is with Fox and may be reached through the New York office. Irving Cummings is still traveling and we do not know where he may be addressed—we will be able to give you an address later on. There have been several upheavals at the Lubin studio in the last few months and we are unable to give you a definite list of their stock company. Several of their players are mentioned herein under other initials.

M. B., MONTREAL, and R. W., PHILADELPHIA.—William Bechtel of Edison films was born in Berlin, but his wife comes from New York City. Both may be reached through the Edison studio. Mary Miles Minter created the role of *Vergie*, the title role, in "The Little Rebel," when it was brought out in the "legitimate" at the Liberty, New York, in November of 1911. Dustin Farnum played the role of *Lieut. Col. Morrison* and William Farnum the role of *Capt. Herbert Cary*. The play was from the pen of Edward Peple.

S. S. S., CHICAGO.—Marguerite Marsh (also known as Lovey Marsh and formerly as Marguerite Loveridge) is Mae Marsh's older sister and was the first to go into film work. She was on the stage at one time and has played with several film companies. Jane Novak was born in St. Louis in 1896 and first appeared on the stage in "Polly of the Follies," in 1910, and later in "The Girl From Rectors." Kalem was her first film home, from which she went to Vitagraph and thence to Universal. She is a blonde.

H. K. W., JOLIET, ILL.—We have no record of such a play as you mention and feel sure that you are mistaken regarding the same. When did you see it, and can you give us some further information as to the story or the players?

M. S. O., ST. LOUIS.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has never published an article dealing with animated cartoons, such as Col. Heeza Liar, Dreamy Dud or Old Doc Yak, but there should be such a story before long. These films are made from thousands of drawings, outlined by the supervising artist and finished in detail by his corps of assistants. The most difficult phase of the work is maintaining the right perspective, so that the character will not move in a jerky, unnatural manner, nor advance nor recede too rapidly. Several years of constant experimenting preceded the cartoon films of today and there are only a few artists who understand their production.

J. C. WAYNE, PA., and J. M., ST. PAUL.—You may address Elsie Janis in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and Tom Forman at the Lasky studio. Violet Wilkey is the little girl, Flora Cameron, in "The Birth of a Nation," though this role is later played by Mae Marsh, in fact Miss Marsh is the whole role. Marguerite Clark will be interviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, so we refer you to that story. However, her birthday is February 22, and she was born near Cincinnati.

H. D. F., YOUNGSTOWN, O., and M. J., MT. HOREB, WIS.—Your questions regarding Sessie Hayakawa who played the part of *Tori* in "The Cheat," a Lasky play with Fannie Ward, are answered in the interview contained in this issue. A list of actors and actresses of the "legitimate" who are playing in the films only a part of the time even, would be entirely too long to publish. Practically all of the prominent players of the stage have been on the screen in the past or are at the present time. William Russell should be addressed at the American studio; Maude George at Universal City. Mae Marsh is unmarried though rumors are rampant.

ELDORA, IA., and A. M. M., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Owen Moore should be addressed at the Triangle studio at Fort Lee, N. J., as both he and Mary Pickford have been in the east for some time. They have no children. We have noted your requests for Art Section portraits and there will undoubtedly be one of Eddie Polo and William Tedmarsh in the next issue or two. We are always very glad to receive suggestions for portraits, as we like to know the players who interest our readers.

L. B., PHILADELPHIA.—William Courtleigh, Jr., is the son of William Courtleigh, who is well known in theatrical circles and who was born in Guelph, Ontario, in 1867. Courtleigh, Junior, who has been playing in "Neal of the Navy," was born in Buffalo, March 8th, 1892, and while filming "Neal," was married to Miss Ethel Fleming, also a member of this company. His recent stage appearances have been in "Her Picture," with Ethel Barrymore, in "The Nightingale," and in "Under Cover," with H. B. Warner.

K. D., BERKELEY, CALIF.—The only Blanche Sweet story which has appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in the last year is the *Girl on the Cover* interview in the April issue of 1915 and we are still able to supply this number. There should be interviews with both Blanche Sweet and House Peters soon and we suggest you keep watch for them. Mary Pickford has stated that she would send photographs to persons asking for them, and perhaps you might write her in care of Famous Players' eastern office.

E. F. L., DE PUE, ILL.—Arnold Daly, whose name in private life is Peter Christopher Arnold Daly, was born in Brooklyn, October 4th, 1875, and he has played on the "legitimate" stage all his life. His most notable affiliation was probably in the production of George Bernard Shaw's plays in America, especially "Candida." Tom Santschi is with the western Selig studios.

H. M. R., SPOKANE, and E. B., WELLSVILLE, N. Y.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has none of the *Bathing Pictures* for sale and we are unable to get them for you. There will be more of these bright sunbeams next summer. The detective in "The Girl Who Might Have Been," was Harry Morey, playing opposite Betty Grey.

D. J., SAN FRANCISCO, and R. B. R., CHICAGO.—Alice in "Kindling" (Lasky), was Florence Dagmar. Charlotte Walker and Thomas Meighan played the leads and the kindly Mrs. Bates was Mrs. Lewis McCord. Florence Dagmar's picture will be in the Art Section shortly. The photograph of Dorothy Gish in the January Art Section is from a recent picture and the bow in her hair is undoubtedly the cause of your wonderment. There is only one piece of music from "The Birth of a Nation" which you probably will be able to purchase, "The Perfect Song" accompanying the scene where the *Little Colonel* proposes to *Elsie Stoneman*. Lyon & Healy, Chicago, will supply you at 30 cents per copy.

A. G. C., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—You probably refer to Christine Mayo in "The Broken Law," featuring William Farnum and Dorothy Bernard. Mary Martin was the other girl who tried to win Farnum's love. Mabel Normand will be at Fort Lee for some time according to the present Keystone plans. Lillian Walker and Wallie Van are both with Vitagraph in the east.

B. D., MANKATO, MINN.—We shall be glad to give you a Richard Turner picture in the Art Section at a very early date. Betty Nansen is not playing in films as she returned to Europe several months ago, and no announcement of her future plans has been forthcoming.

B. K., WINNIPEG.—All of your Mary Pickford questions were answered in the last installment of the story of her career, published in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

I. L. F., LAKEWOOD, N. J.—Your several interesting letters have been received and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants to thank you for them. We appreciate letters from our friends very much and hope you will keep them up.

K. W., GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.—Winifred Kingston and Dustin Farnum have been playing in the Morosco company and took leading roles in "The Gentleman From Indiana." They will probably be seen in other coming Moroscos. Dustin Farnum is married but not to a player.



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M. L. R., MINNEAPOLIS.—Your letter was exceedingly interesting, especially the paragraphs telling of your visit to "The Birth of a Nation." The "Nation" opened the eyes of the whole world to photoplay possibilities. We do not know anything about the three Twin City companies you mention and if you learn more regarding them we shall be pleased to hear from you. We did not see the Savage advertising film, "A Romance of Business," but many of these films are interesting if there is any sort of story to carry the incidental thread of publicity which they wish to give the factory or goods they represent. Write us again when you are in an equally happy mood.

F. H., POTTSVILLE, PA.—Lou Tellegen of "The Explorer," and "The Unknown," both Lasky films, became known to American "legitimate" audiences through his playing in various Bernhardt productions. With Mme. Bernhardt he appeared in "L'Aiglon," "Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc," "La Dame Aux Camélias," "La Sorcière," "La Femme X," "La Tosca," (the play, not the opera); "Sapho," "Judas," and "La Samaritaine," all at the Globe Theatre in New York City in December of 1910, after which followed a very extended tour on the road. On June 19, 1911, he played with Bernhardt in "Jean Marie," and "Sister Beatrice," again at the Globe. Tellegen was born in Amsterdam and in taking out his first papers to establish American citizenship, he gives his age as twenty-eight. He will probably be seen in further film productions.

J. E. F., GENEVA, N. Y.—The Theda Bara interview was published in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, which issue is entirely exhausted. However, her portrait appeared in the February Art Section and will be among the one hundred in "the picture book," which we shall be pleased to send you on receipt of 50 cents if you prefer to order it from us direct instead of your newsdealer.

A. D., NEW YORK CITY, and C. McW., HAMILTON, ONT.—Robert Warwick was born in Sacramento, Oct. 9, 1878, and began his professional career as a concert singer in 1896. His first "legitimate" appearance was in "Glad of It," in New York in December of 1903, and among his later stage plays is "The Pit." In private life his name is Robert Taylor Blen.

W. W. W., LEAD, S. DAK.—Louise Glaum is playing at the Ince studios at Santa Monica, one of her best Triangles being "The Iron Strain," with Dustin Farnum and Enid Markey. Mabel Normand has forgotten all about her injury and is now in New York playing with the rest of the Keystone company at Fort Lee, N. J. We shall give you another Normand interview before long.

L. B., HARTFORD, CONN.—Crane Wilbur of the Horsley studios is five feet nine inches in height. He is appearing on the Mutual programme, one of his latest films being "Vengeance Is Mine." You ask us about "Marguerite," but neglect to tell us which Marguerite you refer to, so you will have to write again. The Creighton Hale-Pearl White information is given above.

H. M., RENO, NEV.—It is so long since we saw "A Fool There Was" that we can not answer your question, as we do not remember the minor characters. Creighton Hale is not given on the published cast, however, though May Allison played an important role. H. M. says "Earle Williams has a double in Reno, and he is not here for the 'cure' either."

D. W., YORK, PA., and B. N., BELLINGHAM, WASH.—Your Pearl White questions are answered above. Florence Lawrence has just returned to the screen with Universal, but Arthur V. Johnson's health will not permit him to play, probably not for some time to come.

K. F., ASTORIA, ORE.—Lottie Pickford is married to a non-professional who is in the automobile business, and unknown to the general public. "A Woman's Resurrection" is a studio production taken by Fox in America; in the cast are most of their well-known stock company.

A. S., SAGINAW, MICH.—The Vernon Castles' production, "The Whirl of Life," was taken at one of the studios in or near New York and released several months ago. Mr. Castle has not been dancing with his wife for some time, as he has been studying aviation with the intention, it is said, of returning to England to join that branch of the service. In the meantime Mrs. Castle continues to dance with another partner. "Mice and Men" and "The Foundling" are probably the next Clark and Pickford plays that you will see. 1887 is generally credited as being the year of Miss Clark's birth. In "The Rosary" (Selig), Bruce Wilton was Wheeler Oakman; Father Ryan, Frank Clark; Vera Wallace, Kathlyn Williams; Alice Wallace, Gertrude Ryan; and Brian Kelly, Charles Clary. Eleanor, in "The Mating," was Margaret Thompson, who in private life is Mrs. Eugene H. Allen, the wife of a director at Inceville. Miss Thompson was also seen in "The Man from Nowhere," "The Cup of Life," "The Reward," and on the Triangle programme in "Aloha Oe," as the American sweetheart of the attorney. Willard Mack.

R. S., FORT WASHINGTON, PA., and E. J., WEBSTER GROVE, MO.—The Wallie Reid interview is over toward the front of the magazine waiting for you this month and there are several interesting pictures illustrating it. Pauline Frederick is not married at the present time; she was married to Frank M. Andrews, an architect, about 1910. We can supply you back issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for the months of April, June, August, October, November and December of 1915, and January and February, 1916. All other months are entirely exhausted.

J. L. W., QUINCY, ILL.—Darwin Karr of the Chicago Essanay studio neither admits nor denies that he is married, so what can the poor public do? There is quite a resemblance between him and Francis Bushman on the screen and at times it is very noticeable.

O. D., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Moving pictures were first exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, by Thomas A. Edison, to whom the original patents were issued. You must remember that the best things cost money and that one can not expect the really big productions for a dime, nor a quarter, nor for half a dollar even. It all depends upon the cost of the production and its dramatic worth. Of course the lower prices will always prevail for the less expensive films, but such plays as "The Birth of a Nation" will command high prices.

V. L. C., COLUMBIA, MO.—Theda Bara played the title role in "Lady Audley's Secret" (Fox). Talboys was Clifford Bruce, Sir Michael Audley was Warner Richmond, Martin was William Riley Hatch (Bull Presby of "The Plunderer"), the Australian was E. R. Knight, and Alicia Audley was Catherine Adams. Anita Stewart and Earle Williams played the leads in "The Awakening" (Vitagraph), Jo's crippled brother being William Dangan, who will lead in some comedy films for that company very soon. Hobart Henley is unmarried, and he has been hobbling around on crutches for a couple of months as the result of a broken ankle sustained in an automobile accident.

L. E., ROCHESTER, N. Y., and L. L., DES MOINES.—"Grace Cunard" is her name in private life as well as on the screen. We know of no place where you may procure the "Broken Coin" in book form. A letter would probably reach Lois Meredith at the Metro office, but Gwendolyn Pates, formerly of Pathe, is playing in Boston this year with the Grew-Pates Stock Company. Write Winifred Greenwood at the American western studio.

J. K., ST. JOSEPH, MO., E. L., WESTPORT, CONN., and E. V., MAITLAND, MO.—Jack and Margot in "A Daughter of the Sea" (Equitable) are Clifford Grey and Muriel Ostriche. The Equitable address is given in the Directory and the Shubert company may be reached through the World Film Corporation. You might write the Famous Players regarding a photograph of Hazel Dawn or write Miss Dawn personally at the Famous Players' office—we have no pictures of her for sale.

(Continued on page 152)



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A., REGINA, SASK. Lottie Pickford was interviewed under the title "Pickford the Second," in the June number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and William Russell and Charlotte Burton were Art Section subjects in September and October of 1915.

D. L., TORONTO. It is said that the "Diamond from the Sky," cost \$800,000 to produce, but that is probably high as an estimate. It has been very successful as a serial, and is being released on the regular Mutual program so that a theater may run it on consecutive days if it is desired. In the past year PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's circulation has taken an astounding jump from 110,000 to over 275,000, one of the most sensational growths the magazine business has ever witnessed. There is no diminution in the rate of increase, which means that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be able to do even more for its readers in the future.

J. E. D., BROWNSVILLE, TEX., writes us that "Billie Rhodes and Lottie Pickford answered my letters and sent me very beautiful photographs." The players are good sort, you can count on that. Now supposing that 500,000 people read this (a very conservative estimate) and from 1,000 to 5,000 write for photographs without sending a quarter, you can readily understand why even the best tempered actors and actresses feel sometimes it is a burden. Be sure to do your part!

T. W. P. R., COMFORT, TEX. "The Birth of a Nation," was produced by D. W. Griffith at the Majestic-Reliance studios in Hollywood and at various points in and around that city. The principal players in "Judith of Bethulia," were Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Kate Bruce, Henry B. Walthall, Robert Harron, Harry Carey and W. Chrystie Miller.

J. W. M., THOMASTON, GA. Ford Sterling is a Keystone player, and now that he and Fred Mace have returned to that company the original "Keystone Four," Mabel Normand, Ford Sterling, Fred Mace and Mack Sennett are together again. No one can give you more authoritative information regarding salaries than is to be found in Karl K. Kitchen's article "What They Really Get," in the October number and we refer you to it.

G., MARIETTA, GA., and E. J. C. NEW LONDON, CONN. Billie Rhodes and Eddie Lyons are with the Nestor brand of Universal films, and may be addressed at Universal City, Martha Hedman appeared in "The Cub," a Brady-World film and there is another play being filmed at the present time, by the Rolfe studios for the Metro program. The roles of *the doctor* and *Jed* in "Still Waters," were taken by Robert Vaughn and Phillip Tonge, Marguerite Clark playing the stellar role. Miss Clark is with the eastern Famous Players' studios and the garden scenes you refer to were taken at the homes of persons who granted the privilege of using them for these special pictures.

I. S. L., MEDFORD, MASS. James Morrison of the Vitagraph company was born in Mattoon, Illinois, Nov. 15, 1888, being the son of Andrew Morrison and Ida Wood Morrison. He went to University for awhile and later attended dramatic school, Helen Gardner and Tom Powers being in his class. He played vaudeville and in various dramatic productions for several years prior to joining Vitagraph, with whom he will be remembered in "The Christian," "In the Days of Famine," "Mortmain," and "For the Honor of the Crew." We do not know whether Joseph Kaufman and Ethel Clayton would send you pictures or not—write them in care of Lubin.

E. O., QUINCY, ILL., and A. G., ALLENTOWN, PA. A picture of Tom Moore? Surely. Yes, indeed; Tom Moore did play in "The White Goddess," with Alice Joyce; he took the role of an East Indian. Was the "Birth of a Nation," taken on a stage five miles long? If you wish to consider the outdoors around Hollywood as a stage, the answer is "Yes," but no actual stage was used, except for interior scenes. Hollywood did the rest, except for the Texas cotton fields. A page of "Doubles" each month? You must have a friend you would like to enter!

(Continued on page 154)

Valeska Suratt of Terre Haute

(Continued from page 91)

only great vaudevillian who has gone into the movies. She told me, as a soft-footed Chinaman in green brought us delectable Bronxes, that her motion picture work has helped her greatly in vaudeville, and has packed her galleries. She said further,

"I told Mr. Lasky that before he and the other photoplay producers got through, they would find that they would be depending on vaudeville for their best talent. Vaudeville is crammed with individual genius. Every person on the Big Time is a highly trained specialist. Unfortunately, it is of course apparent that the same cannot be said of the dramatic stage from which the producers are now drawing the people whose names they are using to attract the public. Vaudeville is sure to dominate the studios eventually."

Which was a little new thought for me, and—one for you and the movie producers too.

Valeska Suratt is a tall, extremely well-dressed woman. In fact, her ability with clothes is stupefying. I use the word advisedly. She can "get away" with costumes that many a woman on Fifth Avenue would give three-quarters of her inheritance to be able to wear. Valeska looks stunning in them: the average woman would be simply inadequate.

Incidentally, she has no motor car. She could have one, if she wanted it; but there are two things that stand in the way. One is the fact that she is supporting one of her sisters' five children and one child of another sister, and loves to do it so well, that the motor car idea never appealed to her. Then, too, she likes to have everyone she can think of to dinner every night, and dinners, my dear, particularly in Manhattan, are very, very expensive gifts.

She is a dear, hospitable, lovable woman, and she deserves every bit of success, and every dollar of money she has made.

And the most fascinating and charmingly unexpected thing about her is that Valeska Suratt is her real name.

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A. K., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—You will find a splendid picture of Olga Petrova in the Art Section of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for April. She was born in Warsaw, Poland, May 10, 1885, her father being English and her mother Polish. She is five feet six inches in height and has red hair and green eyes. Ten years of stage experience in Europe and America preceded her debut in films, her screen productions including "Tigress," "The Heart of a Painted Woman," "The Vampire," and "My Madonna."

D. L. M., GRAND RAPIDS.—"Will you kindly tell me if any of the film companies ever employ girls who are slightly lame to take a lame girl's part in pictures?" To your question we wish we could say "Yes," but it would not be a truthful answer. A player must keep at work pretty much all of the time to be of value to a company or to maintain proficiency in dramatic work, and the opportunities for a person with your handicap would be very limited. Such roles are not difficult for any actor to take and the regular staff would be far better qualified to handle them. We are sorry but we do not feel that there would be any chance for you to become a player.

E. L. K., TARPON SPRINGS, FLA.—*Pierre* in "Serge Panine" (Biograph) was Joseph McDermott. Maurice Costello was born in Pittsburgh in 1877, and we have no idea whether he has ever been in your city or not. Write us at any time.

W. J. S., SINGAC, N. J., and F. R., NEWARK, N. J.—We are glad the William S. Hart interview and pictures pleased you, for he is creating a newer, bigger and better Western type in moving pictures and will undoubtedly continue to advance in public favor. There will be more about him later. There may be a contest for men like the "Beauty and Brains Contest," and in case there is you will see full announcements of it several months later.

M. B. Y., PACIFIC, MO., sends more names of players who have sent photographs upon request. "I wrote to Mr. Rawlinson, Theda Bara and Mary Fuller and each sent me a splendid photograph. About a year ago Florence LaBadie answered my letter in her own handwriting." Florence LaBadie will probably be interviewed again in the near future, as the last PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE appearance of this Thanhouster star was in August of 1914, when she was "The Girl on the Cover."

G. P., PASSAIC, N. J.—In "The Two Orphans" (Fox), *Henrietta* and *Louise* were Theda Bara and Jean Sothern, *Pierre* was Herbert Brennon and *Vaudrey* was William Shay. *Jacques*, whom you thought resembled Crane Wilbur, is E. L. Fernandez. This was the first chance Bara has had to play a "nice" role and Miss Sothern rather took the honors away from her. Herbert Brennon was the director.

F. M., HOLLYWOOD.—You evidently missed the December issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as it contains a very interesting interview with "Lockwood, the Youth," by K. Owen. If you wish a copy we will gladly forward one upon receipt of 15 cents. Edna Mayo is, as we have stated before, unmarried. "The Misleading Lady," a Waltham-Mayo play from the Essanay studios, is now on the bills and is very interesting. It is to be regretted that the film company did not insert a caption indicating that "Boney's" guards captured him by singing the "Marseillaise," for it was this patriotic ruse that brought "Napoleon" from his hiding place, as it had many times before. It was one of the most amusing points of the stage production, and its force is lost in the film version.

C. L., DETROIT.—You refer to *Joyce Ferdon* in "The Idol," an American, which role was played by Helene Rosson. She may be addressed at the American western studio. Ask as many questions as you wish, but of course bear in mind that others want to see their own answered as soon as possible.

A. M. X., ELKHART, IND., WAPELLO, IA.—There is no name signed to your letters and we can not take them up for that reason. We always wish to know the person who asks the questions.

L. S., WASHINGTON.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard (Universal City); Anna Little, Harold Lockwood and May Allison (western American); Bessie Barriscale and Charles Ray (Inceville); Carlyle Blackwell and Vivian Rich (Equitable); Helen Holmes (Signal), and William Duncan (western Vitagraph) will all send you photographs upon request. Remember, though, not to be a sponge—a quarter will usually cover the expense. Anita Stewart, Vitagraph office, Brooklyn; Pauline Frederick, Famous Players, New York; Francis X. Bushman, Metro, New York; Marie Doro, Lasky, Hollywood; Warren Kerrigan, and Cleo Madison, Universal City, are the other addresses you ask for. There are more Doro pictures coming soon.

N. C. I., NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—Write to the Moffett Studio, 59 E. Congress St., Chicago, regarding a photograph of Francis X. Bushman. They will supply you with a first-class profile photograph for \$1.00.

E. C., NEW YORK CITY.—House Peters, who is being seen in Lubin's "Great Divide," is married to a former player of the "legitimate." Sidney Drew should be addressed at Metro's New York office, as he has left Vitagraph.

L. D., BROOKLYN.—Hunt up a theatre that is handling Universal pictures and ask the manager regarding Clara Horton films that he has booked, or attend and watch for them. Joseph Kaufman of the Lubin company has been directing rather than playing for quite awhile. House Peters playing opposite Ethel Clayton in her most recent film.

H. E. H., ELKHORN, WIS.—The list of companies is too long to publish and we refer you to any current issue of the trade papers for programme affiliations of the various producing companies. There will be a few more Griffith and Ince films seen on the Mutual programme, in all probability, as films are never released the moment they are completed and Mutual undoubtedly has a number of these in stock which they have held over since these two directors transferred their activities to Triangle.

M. I. L. F., MUNCIE, IND., and E. J., MINNEAPOLIS.—Address Mary Pickford at the Famous Players' New York office, as your letter will receive more prompt attention in that way. She has one sister, Lottie, and one brother, Jack. Violet Mersereau is with the Universal company in New York City and you should see her in theatres running the Universal programme. We do not always mention "the quarter" in answers to "where can I get a photograph?" because a very few of the players say they will make no charge, but to be sure you are not imposing on good nature, one should send at least twenty-five cents to cover the actual cost. Write us again.

L. E. T., ST. FRANCIS, KAN.—It is impossible to tell you the actor you mean, as the description of the plays alone do not serve to identify them. We remember the stockade picture but can not recall enough about it to trace it down. See if you can't tell us more about the player and his plays.

V. J. C., WINDSOR, ONT., and J. E. D., BROWNSVILLE, TEX.—Violet Mersereau should be addressed at the New York office of Universal. And here is some more picture news: "Billie Rhodes answered my letter and both she and Lottie Pickford sent me very beautiful portraits." Billie Rhodes at Universal City and Lottie Pickford at the American studio.

L. C. P., OTTUMWA, IA., and N. A. B., MADISON, IND.—"The Marriage of Kitty," featuring Fannie Ward and Cleo Ridgely, was the picturization of the play by Francis de Croisset and Fred de Gresac, but so far as we know it has never been published in story form. Address Hazel Dawn care Famous Players' New York office.

H. S., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Your Bushman question is answered above. Lillian Lorraine should be addressed at the Equitable office and Tom Moore at Lubin's in Philadelphia, in whose films he is now appearing.

(Continued on page 156)



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V. J. GRAND JCT., COLO.—Kathlyn Williams was born in Butte, Montana, and she played the title role in "The Adventures of Kathlyn." John Bruce was Tom Santschi; Winnie, Gordon Sackville; Col. Hare, Lafayette McKee; Umballa, Charles Clary. The adventures all happened before California cameras, the greater part being taken in and around Los Angeles, the village being a studio set built especially for this serial. Watch for Kathlyn in "The Ne'er Do Well."

L. L., MINNEAPOLIS.—You heard a report that John Bunny is dead? We understood that it was much more serious than a report and our information leads us to believe that it is a historical fact. It was Mark Twain who was responsible for the "greatly exaggerated" remark.

V. F. M., ST. LOUIS, and A. A., BILLINGS, MONT.—Courtney Foote has been seen in a number of Fine Arts films on the Triangle programme. "Crossed Currents," with Helen Ware, being a recent play in which he appears. William Russell was born in New York City in 1886 and is unmarried. Both Mr. Russell and Lottie Pickford appeared in "The Diamond From The Sky," and may be addressed at the American studio at Santa Barbara. Miss Pickford was born in 1895 in Toronto.

I. G., DENVER.—Jack Pickford was with the Mutual films for about a year and is playing in Selig productions at present. Lottie Pickford has not been filmed since "The Diamond From The Sky." Irving Cummings was with Pathe for about two years but he did not appear in "The Perils of Pauline."

T. B. A., NEW YORK CITY, and J. W. L., TORONTO.—Theda Bara might send a photograph if you addressed her at the Fox western studio, although she has never made an announcement regarding pictures. Certainly it would do no harm to write her and find out. The same is true of Lillian Lorraine, who may be addressed at the Equitable office in New York City.

R. D., MONTREAL.—The next Farrar play (Lasky) following "Carmen" is "Temptation," and later you will see "Maria Rosa," with Wally Reid playing opposite Miss Farrar. Mary Pickford's imp engagement at the time she married Owen Moore preceded her Famous Players' contract, and "Caprice" was a Famous Player release. Earle Williams is thirty-five and unmarried; Anita Stewart will be twenty-one this month. Mr. Williams and Miss Stewart are no longer playing opposite; Richard Turner is her leading man and Mr. Williams is working on another serial for Vitagraph, announcements of which will be made later.

R. L. S., RICHMOND, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—You are a long way off to write us just to express your appreciation and we thank you for your kind words. We trust that the future issues may be even more interesting than those which have gone before.

N. E. W., ATLANTA.—"The Black Box" probably will never be re-issued, although Universal may see fit sometime to show it again. We do not have the present address of your friend and we suggest that you write him at Universal City, with the request that your letter be forwarded.

V. C. M., MINNEAPOLIS.—Mary Pickford is five feet three; Marguerite Clark, five feet two; Beverly Bayne five feet four and Enid Markey five feet two and a half. Your Bushman question also is answered above.

H. M. L.—Hazel Dawn is five feet, four and one-half inches tall, has hazel eyes and very blonde hair. Pauline Frederick is about five feet five and has dark brown hair. Miss Dawn is an Ogden, Utah, girl, while Miss Frederick is a Bostonian.

A. R., F. K., H. P., A. G., and E. W., BEACON, N. Y., write: "Won't you please, please publish a good long interview with Tom Forman? That was a splendid picture you gave us in the December issue and one of us has cut it out and framed it. We call it 'The Smiler.'" (What can you do in a case like that!)

M. C., MEMPHIS, says PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is read by every member of his family even to the smallest ones "who read the pictures." Everybody understands the picture language! Mabel Normand is not related to Carlyle Blackwell, nor is Romaine Fielding married. Some Bryant Washburn pictures will appear before long; watch for them.

M. M. M., MONTREAL.—"Say what you please there's no one in the movies to compare with Pauline Frederick." And since M. M. M. also asks her address, we surmise that "Polly" Frederick is about to hear from one of her Montreal admirers. Write her in care Famous Players Film Co. at the New York office.

L. D., NASHVILLE, TENN.—"Should an author protect his scenario by a copyright before submitting it to the film companies?" Numerous persons ask this question every month and the only answer is that no Act of Congress provides the means. In order that a copyright may be obtained the play must have been produced, so that sections of the film may be deposited with the Register of Copyrights, or it must be printed as a book or pamphlet so that printed copies may be deposited for reference. In all probabilities, however, it saves scenario writers a good deal of money, as the dangers besetting a manuscript on its journey are largely imaginary. Such a bill has been introduced at this Congress.

S. P., GREENSBORO, N. C.—Crane Wilbur is playing with the Horsley Company which releases through the Mutual programme, Pearl White with Pathe. Theda Bara is with Fox and has joined their California company for the winter. She is unmarried. In "Lillian's Husbands," the girl is Lillian Walker, Donald Hall is her guardian and Joe Halpin is the man whom she tells her guardian is her husband. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not publish a list of the scenario wants of the various film companies as it is impossible to do so with any degree of accuracy. Announcements appear in this department and in Captain Peacock's "Hints on Photoplay Writing" from time to time.

B. K., BRISTOL, TENN.—Helen Holmes made several films, after leaving Kalem, which have been released on the Universal programme, but she and her husband, J. P. McGowan, and Leo Maloney are with the Signal Film Company which is turning out thrillers for Mutual, the present series being entitled "The Girl and the Game." We do not know of any such company as you name.

G. G. D., PEORIA, ILL.—Farrar is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, the "a's" being broad as in "are."

J. R. A., BALTIMORE.—Charlie Chaplin is an Englishman, though he was born in France while his parents were touring the Continent in vaudeville. Al Ray, who is said to be a director of the National Film company of Baltimore, was in vaudeville for a time and later with several comedy companies. "The Barber's Itch," and "The Bartender's Romance," are two of his high-sounding productions.

W. M. H., NEW BRAUNFELS, TEX.—"The Star of the North" may be produced as a film at some future time, but it is not being filmed now nor have any plans been made to have it pictured. It is merely a fanciful story of the great Northwest. If it is filmed we will give you full details.

C. D. W., BROOKLYN.—While we advise you not to try film work, still if you must, we shall refer you to the list of studios in the Directory given in this Department. Henry B. Walthall (Chicago Essanay) was born in 1880; Charles Ray in 1891. We thank you for your complimentary remarks.

M. S. P., WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Dr. Ramsay in "Still Waters," with Marguerite Clark, was Robert Vaughn; the mule was Sally Ann herself. In "The Ghost Breaker" Warren Jarvis, the American, was H. B. Warner. Most of the players you mention are not under long time contracts but play with whatever company will pay them enough to command their services for certain pictures.

(Continued on page 158)

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| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Commercial Law |
| ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | ☐ GOOD ENGLISH |
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HOUSE PETERS and PAGE PETERS are not related, and we wish to correct this erroneous impression which has prevailed heretofore. Henry B. Walthall's wife was Isabel Fenton, who formerly played in the "legitimate," though at present she is out of dramatic work entirely.

E. B. C. JACKSON, MICH.—In the Directory which appears each month in this department the proper offices to send manuscripts to are indicated by an asterisk (*), though we do not vouch for the fact that any of the companies mentioned are in the market, unless there has been special mention of the fact. Remember the brief snappy synopsis which should accompany your manuscript, the first page in fact, that introduces your story to the editor. This is absolutely necessary in order that your scenario may receive proper attention.

B. A. BROOKLYN.—The Walthall interview was published in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY and this issue, too, is completely sold out. There will undoubtedly be another soon. Have you seen the *Little Colonel* in "The Misleading Lady," with Edna Mayo? It is the best Essanay he has done.

D. A. W. NORWALK, CONN.—William Duncan and Myrtle Gonzalez played the principal roles in Vitagraph's "Chalice of Courage." Robert Vaughn and Marguerite Clark in Famous Players' "Still Waters," and Marshall Neilan and Mary Pickford in "Madame Butterfly."

H. E. H. SOUTH BEND, IND., and E. W. PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Marguerite Clark is unmarried and is playing with the Famous Players in New York, where she may be addressed. Garry McGarry of the Vitagraph company was born in Franklin, Pa., October 17, 1889, and played for several years in operatic and dramatic productions before becoming an actor of the screen. Mary Anderson of Vitagraph is with the western studio. Irene Fenwick is playing in "The Song of Songs" on the road, but a letter sent her in care of George Kleine's New York office will probably reach her. Edna Mayo and Bryant Washburn may be reached at 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, the Essanay studio.

M. E. R. PEORIA, and W. S. MONTREAL.—Harold Lockwood played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower," so your argument is easily settled. Burr McIntosh, Max Figman, Lolita Robertson, Elizabeth White, and Bessie Wharton are all playing at the Wharton studios at Ithaca, N. Y. These, of course, are only a few of their company.

J. G. POPLAR BLUFF, MO.—The volcanic eruption in "Neal of the Navy" was the picture of one that took place some time ago, and which was worked into the play as part of the film-story. It was very real. "Neal of the Navy" was produced by the Balboa company at Long Beach, California, and at nearby points, as the scenario required.

B. K. FREDERICK, OKLA.—All of your questions are answered elsewhere in this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, either in the Questions and Answers or in the other editorial pages.

H. D. E. EVART, MICH.—There probably will be more "Houses They Are Born In" in later issues of PHOTOPLAY and we shall try to include the Chicago studios of Selig, Essanay and American. Harold Lockwood did not appear in "The Scales of Justice," as it was an Ince film, and Walter Edwards, Clara Williams, Barney Sherry and Frank Borzage played the principal roles.

M. B. V. BENTON HARBOR, MICH.—Nell Brent, in "The Bargain," a five-reeler produced by Ince, was Clara Williams, who is now being seen in Ince-Triangle plays. She may be addressed at Inceville. William Hart, Frank Burke, Barney Sherry and James Dowling were the other members of the cast.

E. R. MONTREAL.—Your Creighton Hale questions are answered under another set of initials and we are sure you will not mind referring to them there. Randall in "The Destroyer," is Edmund Cobb.

J. R. M., ALBEMARLE, N. C.—Since the old Crystal days Chester Barnett has been with the World Films and he has traveled from comedy to villainy. His most recent film is "The Rack," which features Alice Brady as the innocent victim of his scheming, Barnett being shot, very properly, in the midst of his work. Pearl White has been with Pathe ever since leaving Crystal.

O. H., NEW YORK CITY.—"The Garden of Lies" appeared in story form in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, but no copies are left. However, you can secure the book from your local newsdealer, as it is published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York. Whenever books of any sort are desired turn to your newsdealer, as he will always get them for you very gladly.

C. R. H. STOUGHTON, MASS.—We should think that you would be interested in the stage if your aunt created the role of *Aunt Mathilda* in the original production of "The Old Homestead," for it gives you traditions to live up to. However, we all have our preferences. Mildred Marsh may be reached at the Majestic-Reliance studio. You have probably seen her in various Mutual films, and your failure to recognize her is probably due to the fact that she does not resemble Mae Marsh to any great extent, her face being much more round and impassive than her younger sister's. Probably milk was not used in the lacteal scene you mention, because milk costs money and lots of it in California, and furthermore, it is white instead of yellow, advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding, and white halates the pictures badly. Mutual pictures are not shown with the other programme mentioned as a rule, due to the fact that the programmes are too expensive to carry simultaneously in one theatre. One can't expect all the good things for a dime!

A. B. RUGBY, N. DAK.—"The Romance of Elaine" has never been published in book form so far as we know, though it ran serially in a great many newspapers at the time the film was first shown. Always refer to your newsdealer regarding books you wish to purchase, as he will get them for you if he does not have them in stock. In "The Romance of Elaine" Arnold Daly was on the road during the early filming and he did not play the part of *The Mysterious Mr. X* until this gentleman's identity was disclosed toward the end of the series. We are inclined to believe the other player was Paul Evarton.

W. S. M., PEORIA.—Fay Tincher played the role of *Cleo* in "The Battle of the Sexes," a Griffith production, and after playing comedy parts for a year or so is now with the Griffith branch of Triangle and you will see her in "Don Quixote" with DeWolf Hopper.

P. F. MCG., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Whisky, wine or beer is not used in drinking scenes in films. Acting is just as serious work as any other profession or business and liquors can not be used by players while working any more than business men can use them during office hours. Most anyone can stand the strain of a cigarette for the few seconds necessary for the taking of that special portion of a picture. There is no home work that you can do to prepare you for acting; the best thing one can do, other than playing with a stock company or attending a dramatic school, is to studiously watch the photoplays offered in the theatres.

B. T. H., EAST ST. LOUIS.—Rosanna Danford in "The Girl of Yesterday" was Frances Marion, Mary Pickford playing the title role. Why don't you write Dorothy Gish herself at the Fine Arts studio, about a photograph? We have heard of no plans for a studio in your city but such a company may be organizing.

J. S., PORTLAND, ORE.—Forrest Winant plays the role of *Paul Martin* in "The Brink," a Mutual masterpiece, but we do not have a list of his other films. He was born in New York City, Feb. 21, 1888, and he has played continuously on the stage since his debut in "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick," at Madison Square, New York, in November of 1907. We do not know David Powell's plans.

(Continued on page 162)

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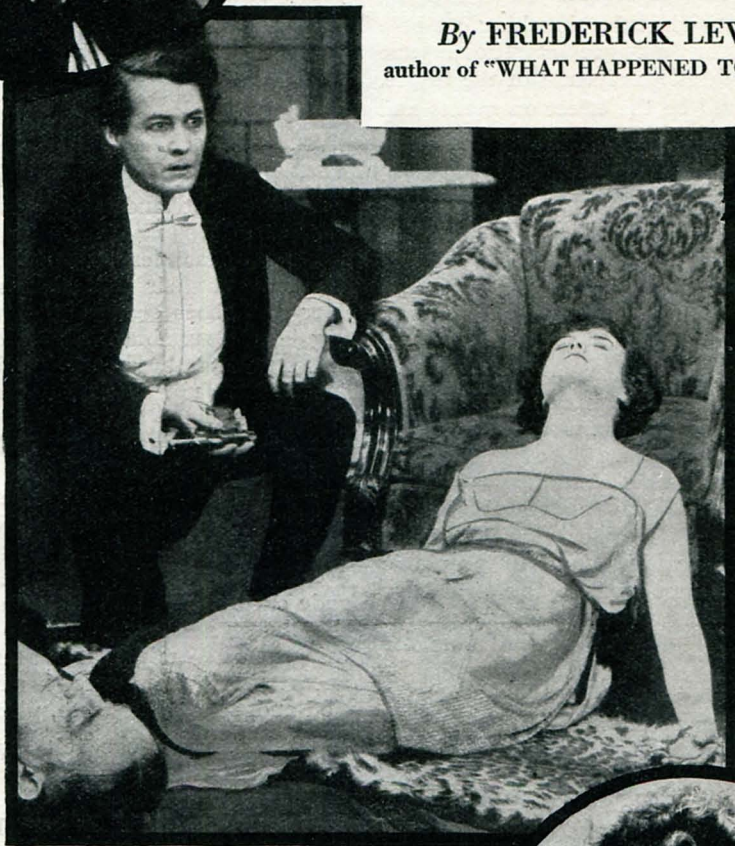
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Star of the North

(Continued from page 136)

Gertrude trudged resolutely. If ever in a pampered and ease-loving life she had determined to accomplish a purpose, it was now. Warned in advance of the hardships to be expected, she faced them doggedly. Aware that her presence in the party was unwelcome, and that she had forced its acceptance with deceit, she realized that she could look for neither help nor sympathy from the Magregors.

In moments when the thrashing gee-pole did not claim all her attention, June thought with dull passiveness of the future.

What would be the effect on events and their lives of this woman's arrival at Graphic Camp? At least it would swiftly and finally end her doubt, suspense and pain, she conceded—a barren comfort.

Strangely, her thoughts were not for herself, but for the man she loved. June's own experiences with Gertrude had revealed the hidden tragedy of Paul's life even while they had restored her faith in his fundamental honor, and she could understand now the moments of dark depression that had gripped him so often during their early acquaintance. And this woman would reopen and continue that volume of his life that he had closed forever!

She imagined Gertrude's descent upon the camp, and with a kind of prophetic vision saw her moving through its busy harmony like an embodied Discontent, the inevitable foam of trouble seething in her wake.

And what would it all bring her,—June? She did not know, but she faced the event with a courage strong with faith and hope, and most of all, love. Life presented a bitter and inexplicable aspect to her that day, strangely different from the innocent, girlish face of six months before, so far had June travelled and so much had she lived since then.

Gertrude, because speech was dangerous, had to be content with pluming herself silently upon her success. During that long night vigil in the Stellar Camp, she had earnestly sought the course of action which would yield her the most, and had finally decided that it lay in return to her husband. Her recent defeat of the Magregors added much to her satisfaction.

These matters occupied her thoughts for the first hour. Then, panting after a long, heavy climb she paused for breath on the

crest of a hill. Instantly the sledge had glided past her and she was in its wake with distance steadily widening between them. Jim, the dogs, and June went on without an instant's pause. Steadily, monotonously, without haste, they pushed on at their unchanging pace, a pace that, though it held something in reserve, ate up the miles like the lope of a wolf. They could and would maintain this pace for days.

Gertrude ran a few yards to catch up again. Then she noticed that the snow behind the sledge was smoother and harder-packed than the unbroken trail beside the gee-pole, and did not push up to her former position. But even here she was breathing hard and glowing with the violent exercise.

Presently muscles long unused commenced to send out their first signals of distress. Her snowshoes occasionally crossed, causing her to stumble. A particularly careless step and she fell prone, but the next instant was up, with a laughing sally at her clumsiness.

The others apparently had not heard. Already they were ten yards ahead. No one had hesitated,—had even looked around. On they went, doggedly, at that steady, killing pace.

As she ran again to overtake them, Gertrude experienced a flash of anger. Didn't they know she wasn't used to this sort of thing? They might at least make allowances! Then she recalled her difficult position and, setting her teeth, plodded on.

At last, when she felt that she must rest or fall down in her tracks, the factor looked at his watch and spoke sharply to the dogs. They halted at once, and Jim Albert turned back for the first time since the start. Evidently it was noon. The Indian at once commenced to chop wood for the fire while June loosened the pack on the sledge. Gertrude, arriving a few seconds after the halt, summoned a smile and sank down in the snow beside the sledge too tired to speak.

"Only half an hour," said the factor. "We don't make much headway in this going." Then, turning to his guest with perfunctory courtesy, "Feeling all right, Mrs. Temple?"

"Oh, fine!" she replied, gallantly. Then,
(Continued on page 161)

Star of the North

(Continued from page 160)

faint with the mortal hunger that accompanied her exhaustion, suggested: "But say, don't you want to use some of the grub I brought? You might find it kind of a change."

Magregor hesitated.

"Why,—yes," he acceded, though we haven't time to eat much. June, ye might open that bag."

The girl untied the string at the neck, and reaching in her hand pulled out an object at which she stared in perplexed wonder: It was a can wrapped in fancy paper, upon which one significant word stood out boldly. It was

TRUFFLES.

June sat rigid for an instant, undecided whether to laugh or cry, the thing was so hopeless and yet so characteristic. Gertrude watched her in pleased expectancy.

Then the girl tried again, and this time brought out a bottle of olives, the liquor of which had frozen and burst the glass.

An awful silence fell as she proceeded to empty the sack. Worthless article after worthless article followed until at the end the only supplies of any value were a loaf of bread and two tins of meat. Obviously at the first chance Gertrude had done her best to enlarge the poverty-stricken diet of her benefactors.

Magregor, only too well aware of what this pitiful display meant to them all, did not speak for a moment. Then he said in an even voice:

"Throw all that stuff away except the bread and meat. I'm afraid of it, and it weighs too much even to carry. And Jim, this cuts us down so much we can't eat this noon. Boil tea."

(To be continued)



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E. Y., IOWA CITY, IA. Quite a good deal of space has been devoted to Billie Burke in the last few issues and probably more will appear very soon. How did you like the story of "Peggy," by Mrs. Ray Long in the January number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE?

G. B., DULUTH. Telling you how "to become a moving picture actor" is not telling you anything about the movies but how to be one yourself! So you can't feel we are unfair if we pass it over, for we know that the field is overcrowded and that the opportunities are very few and hard to find. That is the big reason we instituted the "Beauty and Brains" Contest: we wanted to give some outsiders a genuine chance to make good.

W. H., NASHVILLE, TENN., and C. C. H., WALNUT, ILL. Here they are: Bessie Barriscale, Inceville; Hazel Dawn, Famous Players, New York; Lillian Lorraine, Equitable. We do not care to recommend the company you mention; market your scripts yourself and save money and get in touch with the scenario departments of the various studios. Mabel Trunnelle is playing with Edison, and comes from Chicago. Stella Razeto, Harry Lonsdale, Lamar Johnstone and Miss Sears made up the cast of Selig's "Blood Yoke." Alice Hollister, Anna Nilsson and Harry Millarde took the leading roles in Kalem's "Siren's Reign."

D. K., DES MOINES. Phil Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation," was Elmer Clifton and the younger Stoneman was Robert Harron; Margaret Cameron was Miriam Cooper, and Flora Cameron was Mae Marsh. "The Broken Coin," was filmed at Universal City and on the coast nearby, whenever sea pictures were necessary. Grace Cunard is two years older than her sister Mina.

M. E. G., SAN JOSE, CALIF., and B. F. S., BROCKTON, MASS. Why not write the Lasky studio regarding pictures of Blanche Sweet, or save the ones that appear from time to time in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE? Vivian Martin is not married, nor is Harold Lockwood. Edmund Breese and Helen Martin took the leading parts in "The Song of the Wage Slave."

C. G., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y. We can not understand why it is that scenario writers are so apt to send a manuscript to a new company about which they know nothing and of which they have heard less. We do not know the company you refer to: it may be all right, but why experiment with the unknown when there are so many you know to be perfectly reliable.

J. E. S., YOUNGSTOWN, O. Edwin August is with the Shubert films, which are released through the World Film Corporation, so you should see him frequently. Romaine Fielding is a bachelor, according to the latest information emanating from Cactus studios down in Arizona.

V. M. S., SHARON, PA. It is very hard to say just how long has been required to produce a picture because of the fact that the players may be engaged in producing two or three at the same time. Thus the first picture may call for many outdoor scenes and on account of rainy weather the players may be compelled to do indoor work on a second picture until the skies are clear. Again, certain players may be cast to appear together and work on their joint picture may be delayed because of the inability of the producer to arrange the players' schedules. For this reason a picture that has been six months in the making may have required only two or three months of actual playing time.

N. N. N., IONIA, MICH., and M. W., KNOXVILLE, TENN. Yes, indeed, Blanche Sweet's photograph will be among the one hundred in the book of players. Jewel Hunt is with Vitagraph. Ince is pronounced with a short "i," the accent mostly all over.

C. R., BENTON HARBOR, MICH.—Clara Horton is twelve years old as she was born in Brooklyn in 1903, and has appeared with a great many companies in child roles. She is blonde.

A. O. B., MINNEAPOLIS.—Eddie Polo left Barnum & Bailey in November of 1914 and joined Universal, having been a well-known circus acrobat all his life. He was born in Los Angeles, but is a Hungarian and was educated in Vienna, after his parents returned to Europe at the close of a season here. There are two brothers, Eddie and Sam, and four sisters; all professionals. Eddie plays in "Campbells are Coming," "Broken Coin," "Hidden City," and Universal's new serial entitled "Graft."

N. R. C., NEW YORK CITY.—We regret it very much but unless there is some special announcement to that effect, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is unable to supply photographs or prints of pictures which appear in its various issues. For that reason we can not send you a picture similar to the one on page twenty-five of the November number.

P. K. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.—We know of no film company that is giving lessons in scenario writing and should suggest that you avoid any that does so. It is Vivian Martin and not Vivian Rich in "The Wishing Ring," very unlike types and scarcely to be confused.

H. M. S., WATSONVILLE, CALIF.—Mabel Normand was the Girl on the Cover of the August PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, or incidentally the Girl on the Beach, and of course there was the usual interesting story about her. Chester Barnett was Vivian Martin's hero in "The Wishing Ring," and Capt. Robert Moray in "Seats of the Mighty," was Glen White. After doing several really fine pictures for the Fox films and the Great Northern, Betty Nansen has returned to Denmark but will probably come back to America later. "Should A Mother Tell," "A Woman's Resurrection," and "Anna Karenina" are among her better known plays.

H. S. L., PORTLAND, OREG.—Col. T. Waln-Morgan Draper, who was interviewed in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE under the title "Super the Great," very recently died in his home in New York. Col. Draper was sixty years of age before beginning his career as an actor but entered into the work as a most delightful hobby and he was very successful in his characterizations. Probably the last film in which he appeared was "The Butterfly on the Wheel," in which he will be remembered as the elderly gentleman with the magnificent (that is the only word) whiskers, at the head of the receiving line, at the ball which the Butterfly (Vivian Martin) attended alone. (He's also in "The Cave Man.")

L. H., BEVERLY, MASS.—You will find a mighty interesting Pauline Frederick interview in the October number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and we are still able to supply you copies. An interview with Julia Swayne Gordon will undoubtedly appear in one of the next few issues. Miss Frederick made her first appearance on the stage in 1902 at the Knickerbocker in New York in "The Rogers Brothers at Harvard," and "The Eternal City," with Famous Players was her initial film vehicle.

K. P., NEW ORLEANS.—Florence LaBadie was born April 27, 1895, and her father is not only living, but acts as her manager. The LaBadies live in New York City as New Rochelle several years ago was only "forty-five minutes from Broadway," and distances decrease every day. Miss LaBadie's picture appeared in the December Art Section.

D. B., NEW JERSEY, and J. R., BROCKTON, MASS.—Harris Gordon of the Thanhouser company was born in Glendale, Penna., in 1884, and played on the stage for several years before pictures attracted him. There will be pictures of Mr. Gordon and Nell Craig of Essanay in the next few issues.

L. C. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE publishes no books of any sort dealing with acting or how to be an actor. There are many well known and well established dramatic schools throughout the country to which one may turn if interested in the stage or the screen, and moreover there is always the practical experience route, over which nearly all our leading players have traveled. But you can scarcely learn how to act "out of a book."

(Continued on page 165)

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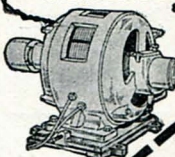
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Swinging the Censor

(Continued from page 70)

his number increases, but public opinion, in the long run, and the sane, sober and solid element of his own industry will take care of him. At worst, he is a negligible quantity, and a slight menace, while censorship, in principle and practice, threatens a potential art and a great business. No one would propose burning down the Waldorf because there was a flea in one of its bedrooms!

There is danger in a certain kind of motion picture—most of it quite disassociated from passion and crime—but the dangerous things usually are not what the censors bar, and what the censors bar usually is not dangerous. We find brute force masquerading as nobility and sensual nonsense as warning. Personally, I distrust the producer who talks about "a great moral lesson" as much as I distrust the woman who says, "I'll be honest with you." When an undraped woman meanders through five reels, all the high-flown adjectives in the world do not disguise the purpose of the management. I don't believe "Hypocrites" was produced to teach "a great moral lesson," any more than I believe the Ziegfeld "Follies" was produced to teach "a great moral lesson," and neither do you. We both know that, if the accepted symbol of Truth had been a male figure, there would have been no "Hypocrites." And no hypocrisy. Scenario-Writer McGinnis teaching "a great moral lesson" is as funny as Senator Callahan preventing Percy Mackaye's teaching an immoral one. . . . "All art is nude," someone said of "The Lure," "but that's a naked play!" The difference is one of man and manner!

"The social civilization of a people," wrote the Earl of Lytton, "is always and infallibly indicated by the intellectual character of its popular amusements." We are a decent-minded majority, and it is as normal for us to demand clean entertainment as to demand clean collars. While this is true, we do not need censors, and, when it ceases to be true, censors will be merely futile fools trying to sweep back the sea.



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N. H., MONTREAL.—Harold Lockwood's birthday is April 12th and the year it all happened was 1887—he says so himself and denies the statistics which have stated 1880 was the year of his birth. This is authoritative and will settle this much mooted question, once and for all. He was born in Brooklyn. Marguerite Clark was very kind to send you a photograph, and we hope you acknowledged it.

M. S. D., MINNEAPOLIS, and J. H. W., BIRMINGHAM, MICH.—In "Her Shattered Idol," a Majestic film, Mae Marsh and Robert Harron took the leads, and Spottiswoode Aitken and Elmo Lincoln were the other two characters, the latter playing the part of the blacksmith. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," was released August 27th of last year. This was a Universal production of the Robert Louis Stevenson novel and King Baggot. Jane Gail, Howard Crampton and William Sorrell took the parts of Dr. Jekyll, Alice, his fiancée, Dr. Lanyon and the lawyer, respectively. William Sorrell has recently been seen in "The Prince and the Pauper," with Marguerite Clark, taking the part of the soldier of fortune whom the Prince knighted at the inn.

R. C., NASHVILLE, TENN., and M. Z., LOS ANGELES.—Your questions about Ethel Clayton are all answered above and we refer you to them there. Norma Talmadge is the pretty little Mrs. Bobby Gaylord in "The Missing Link," recently released on Triangle. This is a mighty interesting play, although it struggles with a misleading name; the title refers, not to Darwin or his theories or simian subjects, but to a cuff-link that furnished the clue to the real murderer. "Blind Justice," is one of Elizabeth Burbridge's recent films for Essanay; Henry Walthall was good.

E. W., ERIE, PA.—Pedro de Cordoba, of recent Lasky films, notably the Farrar "Carmen," was born in New York City, September 28, 1881, and educated at colleges in that city. He made his professional debut in 1902, has played continuously since that time and will next be with us in "Maria Rosa," another Farrar record.

J. R. H., CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.—Betty Nansen led in "The Song of Hate," (Fox) Arthur Hoops was the Baron; Fritz de Lind, Mario de Campo; Claire Whitney, the Countess Fedor; and Dorothy Bernard, Marie. Regarding "The Return of Peter Grimm," David Warfield has said to have recently refused several very attractive offers to appear on the screen, much to the loss of the millions of American playgoers. "Peter Grimm," was a David Belasco play in three acts, which was first produced at the Belasco Theatre in New York City, in October of 1911, David Warfield creating the title role.

B. M. P., PANA, ILL.—Maurice Costello has recently left the Vitagraph forces and his plans have not been announced. Cleo Madison's name in private life is Lulu Bailey and she comes from Bloomington, Ill. Marguerite Courtot was born in Summit, N. J., in 1897, and since leaving Kalem has been playing with Gaumont at their Florida studio.

B. M. S., ARTHUR, ILL.—Ford Sterling was born Nov. 3, 1880 in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, and is said to have started out on his professional career by running away from home with the Robeson circus. He was playing in vaudeville in New York City when Mack Sennett brought him into the old Biograph company of players. He has played on the boards or before the lenses ever since leaving the sawdust. He is married to Teddy Sampson of Equitable.

J. G. B., TORONTO.—Marie Doro has appeared so far in two films—"The Morals of Marcus," and "The White Pearl." However, she is playing with the Triangle producers at present and another play will be offered the playgoing public very shortly. Mabel Van Buren possessed a great deal of theatrical experience at the time she began doing films, as she had played for a number of years in stock companies and in the production of "The Virginian," and "The Squaw Man."

(Continued on page 167)

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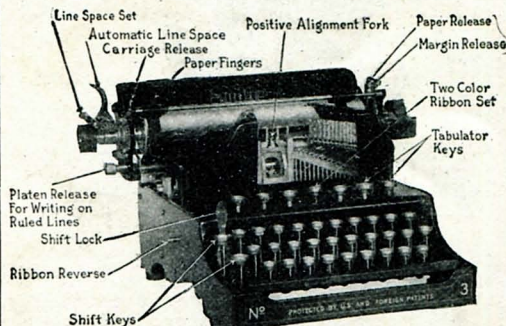
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HELL'S HINGES

(Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan)

Ince-Triangle

Blaze Tracy	William S. Hart
Faith Henley	Clara Williams
Rev. Robert Henley	Jack Standing
Silk Miller	Alfred Hollingsworth
Zeb Taylor	J. Frank Burke
The clergyman	Robert McKim
Dolly	Louise Glaum

MARIA ROSA

(Scenario by Wm. C. DeMille, from the adaptation by Guido Marburg and Wallace Gillpatrick, after the play by Angel Guimera)

Lasky

Maria Rosa	Geraldine Farrar
Andres, a vintner	Wallace Reid
Ramon, his friend	Pedro de Cordoba
Carlos, Maria's brother	Ernest Joy
Ana, Carlos' wife	Anita King
Pedro, a fisherman	H. B. Carpenter
The priest	James Neill

R. E. P., MARLIN, TEX.—There was a very interesting Clayton-Kaufman story in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, which reviewed the series of domestic dramas that Mr. Kaufman and Miss Clayton were filming under his direction at the Lubin studio. Miss Clayton, who by the way is Mrs. Kaufman in private life, was born in Champaign, Illinois, November 8, 1890, and had played on the "legitimate" stage for four years before beginning films. On the stage she played in "Bobby Burnit," "The Country Boy," and with Edwin Stevens in "The Devil." Mr. Kaufman and Miss Clayton were married in Philadelphia.

G. M. N., AURORA, ILL.—The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company was organized in December of 1913 by Mr. Lasky, Cecil B. DeMille and Samuel Goldfish and practically all of the company's stock is held by them, although a small number of shares is held by perhaps a dozen others. None of the three organizers was experienced in film production, Mr. Lasky having devoted his attention entirely to vaudeville productions, Mr. DeMille to dramatic producing and Mr. Goldfish to commercial affairs. They believed, however, that films would prove successful if produced with the same care given stage productions and their faith has been amply justified. "The Squaw Man," featuring Dustin Farnum was the first release.

C. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—"Please don't say 'we told you in a certain number' because I know you did and haven't got that copy." We try never to do that except in the case of interviews or long casts, for there is nothing more irritating than to be referred to an old issue for a brief answer, for one never has the magazine referred to. Crane Wilbur is at the Horsley studio in Los Angeles, and we understand he is not married, Creighton Hale is with Pathe at Jersey City and is in the same doleful predicament. Yes, Pearl White has very red hair and she is quite proud of the distinction. Write the Judges of the Beauty and Brains Contest regarding this latest cause of insomnia among American and Canadian girls.

(Continued on page 170)

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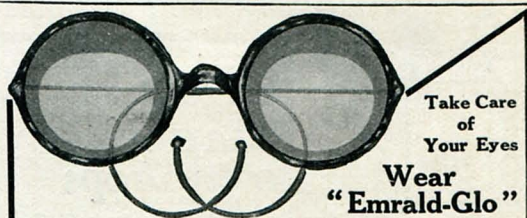
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R. S. SPOKANE.—Charlie Chaplin was born in 1889 in France, but his brother Syd, who is featured as the waiter-admiral in "The Submarine Pirate," was born March 17, 1885 at Cape Town, South Africa. His first engagement in America was in the Charles Frohman production of "Sherlock Holmes," and later he also played in "A Night in a London Music Hall," as did his brother Charlie. He is married but Charlie is not. The blonde is probably Cecile Arnold, who is the pretty three karat in the Keystone setting.

V. G. PATEROS, WASH. and N. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—Kathryn Adams may be addressed through the Metro office. In Bosworth's "The Majesty of the Law," the judge was George Fawcett and his wife Jane Wolfe, Myrtle Stedman playing the part of Virginia Calhoun.

S. W., PONTOTOC, MISS.—Most of the horses that are killed in the films die very painless circus deaths, and are ready for another killing as soon as the camera has ceased to click. In these war times, horses are too valuable to treat as you fear they may be.

E. S., MINNEAPOLIS and F. B., CHILLICOTHE, O.—Anna Little was born in California about twenty-three years ago; Anita Stewart in Brooklyn in 1895. Harry Myers receives his mail through the Universal office in New York City.

A. J., BRIGHTON, MASS., and D. E., BERKELEY, CALIF.—Cleo Maddison would undoubtedly answer your letter: it will do no harm to try at least. She has red-brown hair and gray eyes. Blanche Sweet used to be in the chorus with Gertrude Hoffman, before coming into the range of the camera, and in those days she was known as Sarah Sweet, but we rather fancy the change to Blanche. She is unmarried.

D. B., CIRCLEVILLE, O., and A. E. S., WILKES-BARRE.—Blanche Sweet and not Lillian Gish, played the lead with Henry B. Walthall in "The Avenging Conscience." Spottiswoode Aitken was the old man, and Mae Marsh played a comparatively minor part as one of the maids at the party. Alice in "The Phantom Happiness," was Rosetta Brice.

H. F. W., MILWAUKEE, and G. F. W., ST. PAUL.—Pretty Mrs. Smith in the play of that name, was Fritz Scheff. You will find an announcement of another "Doubles Contest," in this issue and we are going to be swamped with pictures if the other one was any indication of what we may expect. Webster Campbell was born at Kansas City Jan. 25, 1892, and is unmarried.

L. D. C., SOMERVILLE, MASS.—House Peters played opposite Beatriz Michelena in "Salomy Jane." The house used in so many scenes of "The Million Dollar Mystery," was the New Rochelle residence of the late Mr. Hite, who was the president of the Thanahouse Company at the time of his death. James Morrison is with Vitagraph.

C. N. B., WASHINGTON.—You will find a very interesting interview with Mabel Normand in the August issue, one of the few numbers of PHOTOPLAY which we still have in stock. She was featured as The Girl on the Cover.

M. L. N., ST. LOUIS.—Mae Marsh and Miriam Cooper may be addressed at the Fine Arts studio, Hollywood. Maude Adams has never appeared in moving pictures and no announcement of an approaching screen engagement has been made.

F. E. M., SAGINAW, MICH.—Owen Moore and Mary Pickford were married during their engagement with the Imp Company and not while with Biograph. In "The New Governor," Belle was Edna Whistler and Aunt Jinny, Gertrude Clemons; William Farnum and Claire Whitney playing the leads.

E. L., ST. LOUIS.—Mabel Normand is not married. We do not publish home addresses of the players, as practically all of them prefer to use the studio or company's office for their mail. Florence Lawrence has returned to the screen via Universal films but Alice Joyce has not announced any plans so far. Perhaps she will join her husband, Tom Moore, at the Lubin studio.

(Continued on page 177)

Maria Rosa

(Continued from page 100)

room and unbarred it, letting in Andres and the priest.

For a moment the two halted. Then the latter swiftly knelt down beside Ramon who had half risen upon his elbow, and had fixed his glazing eyes upon Maria Rosa.

"It was an accident, *padre*," he whispered, hoarsely. "I was drunk, and slipped and fell upon the knife. An accursed accident!" His strength failed him, and he sank down, the death rattle sounding in his throat.

Maria Rosa's head lifted. He had loved her, truly. And yet, she did not regret her deed; through this man she and Andres had suffered long and needlessly. The pride of victory and of revenge achieved surged through her. Her eyes met the burning gaze of Andres who had stood watching her.

He stepped quietly to her side and took her hands.

"Come," he said. "Let us shake this place and all the past from us. We have waited long, but the end has come at last."

He led her to the door, and then amid the murmurings of Father Alessandro's Office for the Dead, these two, so instinct with youth and passion and life, went out into the perfumed dusk to meet the future.

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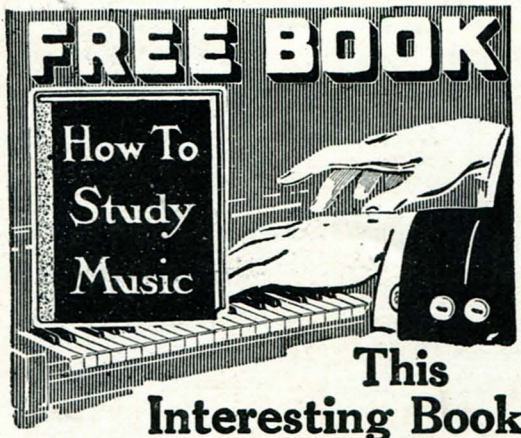
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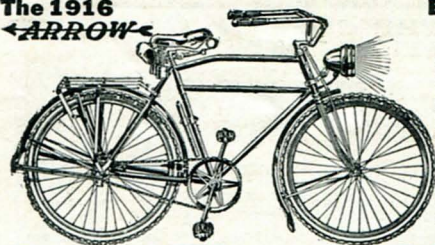
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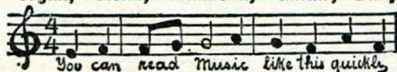
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Hells' Hinges

(Continued from page 58)

Silk turned from the bar. One of the white hands flashed down, then up. He held a revolver on the door that the look-out had slammed shut. The door burst open and a hat appeared. A bullet whirled through the room, caught the hat in the top of the crown, and Miller laughed. But the hat kept right on coming. There was no head under it. Behind it appeared Tracy, bareheaded and with two guns, commanding the room. And before Miller could fire again, his weapon fell, shot from his hand.

Tracy stood slightly hunched as if ready to spring. "I take off my hat to a lady, in church, an' when I meet a skunk I know'll be too hasty to wait for a fair fight," he drawled quietly as the sombrero he had hurled in ahead of him settled near Miller. Miller's little eyes narrowed as if in quick, desperate thinking.

"You amaze me, Blaze, you pain me," he said suavely. "I sure thought you was one of them brigands they say burned the little church an' punctured your minister. The poor little filly, he had with him must be upset like. I was just thinkin' if you'd excuse me I'd step over an' console her—"

He never finished. A bullet sang toward him, and he dropped, a blue hole over his heart.

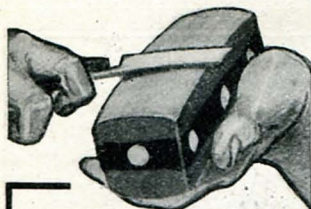
Tracy's quick gaze now took in the room. It was filled with men in all stages of intoxication, from sprawling sottish imbecility to those who could still stand. They had been celebrating Miller's double stroke of ridding the town of the church and Henley in one day.

At the card tables there had been more gambling and less drinking. There men's backs straightened almost with a click. The group around the bar shrank back.

"Hands up!" shouted Tracy. Palms that had been sliding hipward, appeared empty.

"You hellions," he went on. "You helped the rattler there," indicating Miller with a toe of his boot, "name this here place, 'Hell's Hinges.' Now watch me deliver it to THE proper address." And with a quick turn of his wrist he sent a ball into the chandelier hanging over the bar. There was a spurt of oil, a crash of fire as the lamp exploded and in another instant the

(Continued on page 175)



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Photoplay Magazine

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(Continued from page 172)

alcohol soaked bar was a mass of flames. The men near it ducked and pushed. The spurt of fire had singed many of them. They stampeded for the door. Tracy's guns stopped them.

"Take it easy," he cautioned. "Take it easy. They's several brands of fire to taste besides lightin' a little church that ain't done none o' you no harm. Take it easy."

The flames now had a good hold. A heat wave rolled through the room. With it carried little darts of flame. These caught merrily at men's hair and the big handkerchiefs they wore around their necks. They also sent pine chairs snapping and crackling. The room became a furnace.

Tracy backed slowly to the door. Men cringed and pushed and cursed. But still he held them. Only when he saw sparks from the roof sail to the dancehall next door, and start little blazes there, did he step aside.

Now there was an avalanche of men from the door. Behind them crawled others, too overcome by smoke and drink and flame to stand. Their yells mingled with those of the girls, who ran from the back room.

The flames spread as if worked by electricity, like a child's toy. The gambling house caught. The rooming house was the next to blaze up. And so on down the street. No one thought of fighting their spread.

Tracy rode away with a satisfied look at the bedlam he had let loose. A little later he came to Faith, kneeling over the body of her brother by the embers of the church.

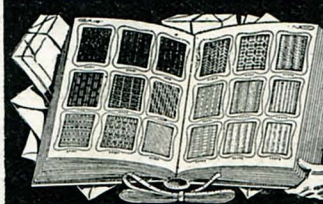
"Come; we'll be goin' now," he said softly. He bent over, lifted her brother's body and placed it in the wagon he had driven up in. Then he helped Faith to the seat and jumped up beside her.

"Miss Henley—Faith," he said simply, as he looked down at her. "I don't know where your home is, but we're goin' there. An' when we get there I'm goin' to ask your mother to let you come back to the west, the big, decent west with a MAN."

The delicate hands clung tighter. "It's such a long trip there and I'm so tired," came in soft tones. "Couldn't we—"

"We could," answered Tracy, emphatically, "an' just twenty miles from here is the right town with the right parson. We can make it in two hours."

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Photoplay Magazine

*announces that in its April issue
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Rennold Wolf, Official Chronicler of The Great White Way, will debut as a commentator upon Active Photography. Mr. Wolf's first scintillating story, "THE MOVIE BROADWAY," will be illustrated by Herb Roth, whose pen has given optical impetus to the truth-flashing comment of Channing Pollock, in this number. "The Movie Broadway" will show readers of this magazine the new mask worn by the most dramatic thoroughfare in the world—a mask of photoplay faces and personalities.

☐ Rennold Wolf is the most renowned of Metropolitan dramatic editors; a keen but kindly observer whose typewriter thrusts are felt wherever theatrical people converse in or read the English language. As a dramatist he has a number of big plays to his credit; as raconteur, after-dinner speaker and magazine writer he has achieved individual triumphs—he is a writer of lyrics, also, and his "Hello, 'Frisco!" from the current Ziegfeld Follies, is probably the best-known song hit of the year.

In the April Photoplay Magazine there will be, too—

A Shadow Rebel

George Vaux Bacon's incisive analysis of a powerful young director's entirely individual achievements.

Cinemic London

an "inside" story of American and English films and film tastes in the British metropolis. Written by Harry C. Carr.

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The Making of a Film Newspaper

All about the huge business of visualizing the world's daily events. By Alfred A. Cohn.

The Eternal Easter Hat

an everlasting spring millinery topic in its particular application to the loveliness of the lens. By Lillian Howard.

Why Aren't We Killed?

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H. E. C., DURANGO, COLO., and H. L. D., CANTON, MASS.—Warren Kerrigan is with Universal at their city in California. As a play is not released for some time after its production has been completed, you will readily understand how an actor may be appearing in films and on the stage at the same time. Further, players have worked before the camera at the same time they were appearing on the stage, though this is not especially common practice. A reel is approximately one thousand feet in length, though, after Censorial Bureaus have finished with them, they often are like American regiments, very much depleted. The life of a film depends almost entirely upon the sort of treatment it receives from the operators through whose hands it passes. A broken film was recently returned pinned together with a good sized nail, and careful treatment of this sort does not prolong film life. However, one will last months before its condition compels it to be withdrawn. The number of rehearsals required prior to the filming of a play depends upon many things. The company is given the whole story, so that they know what they are going to do, and then scenes that are difficult and require much attention are gone over thoroughly in rehearsal. Simple scenes, though not necessarily the short ones, require much less preparation.

J. E. L., HAGERSTOWN, MD.—A Florence LaBadie interview will be published very soon, in one of the next two or three issues in fact. Her address is still, care of the Thanbouser Film Corp., New Rochelle, N. Y., but James Cruze is with an entirely different company, and for that reason you will probably not see them in plays together for a long time. One of her recent films is "The Five Faults of Flo," released January 20th.

N. P. C., NEW YORK CITY.—Violet Mersereau is still with Universal and will be featured in "The Path of Happiness," the first of Universal's Red Feather films.

R. L., BOISE, IDAHO.—Hazel Dawn was born in 1891 and is playing with Famous, but Norma Phillips, "Our Mutual Girl," is not in pictures any more. Everyone except supers and extras are put through a trial reel at the studios to determine their photographic qualities before being given a contract; certain players have the good fortune to photograph well, while others do not. Costumes as a rule are supplied by the players, except character stuff, though this is not as general as a few years ago. The other incidental expenses of production, such as railroad fare to distant points, etc., are borne by the producing company.

C. P., LOS ANGELES.—Helen Eddy plays the roles of both *Rose* and her daughter, *Fay*, the title role, in "The Red Virgin" (Lubin); L. C. Shumway, Robert Gray, Jay Morley, and Melvin Mayo being other members of the cast.

S. E., MURRAY CITY, O.—Scenario editors comment upon manuscripts at times, but the general rule is that plays are merely to be returned if unavailable, and any comment or criticism is entirely unexpected. One should be very thankful when it is made and let it go at that.

S. K., NEW YORK CITY.—It is practically impossible to gain admission to a studio when a play is being produced, as every re-take, even if necessitated by the distracting presence of visitors, costs money and in many cases a great deal of it. It may be possible to watch Daniels building a navy or Bryan raising doves, but serious affairs like producing plays can not be interrupted.

S. Y., SALT LAKE CITY.—How do you like the way we carried out your Marguerite Clark idea? Wish we could give you all the credit of thinking about an interview and cover painting the month that brings her birthday, but anyway we shall let you claim as much honor as you feel due you.

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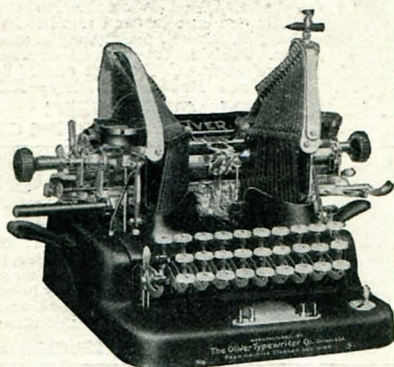
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Much Less than Half Price FREE Trial—10-Year Guarantee

This is the best typewriter offer ever made. The typewriter is the genuine model No. 5 Standard Visible Oliver with complete, brand-new equipment. Perfect machines only. Not shop worn, not damaged, not inferior. Back spacer and tabulator—no features lacking. Warranted to be the equal in quality of any other \$100 typewriter.

This offer is not on some ancient style of blind typewriter, but on an up-to-date, standard, visible machine, the same kind of typewriter that many thousands of the world's best business firms are today using.

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Nearly one-half million Olivers have been sold. Its record has never been equaled. It is easily "The Favorite."

Its simple efficiency, lightness and durability place it in a class ahead of all others; writing always in sight; writes in many different colors without changing the ribbon. Has the universal keyboard, back spacer, tabulator, ruling device, disappearing indicator. The type is beautiful; it is so hard that nothing can mar it. It outwears type found on other machines.

It is the lightest of all the standard typewriters. It is the only practical, portable typewriter. It has the lightest key action. Its speed is unlimited. It has the patented "U" shaped type bar which insures perfect alignment of the letters. One can write on ruled lines with it or it can be used to draw lines. It makes an efficient billing machine as well as correspondence machine.

The downward stroke of the type bar gives greater power. The Oliver is nearly always chosen for manifolded—some firms write as many as 20 copies at one writing. It does any practical thing which any typewriter can do.

It has the fewest parts. It requires the least adjustments. There is nothing to wear out. We guarantee it for 10 years.

While it is the choice of the experts, it is so simple in its design that anyone can learn to write on it in 10 minutes' time.

Sensational Reduction

Many thousands of purchasers paid \$100.00 for typewriters of this model. They were satisfied that at that price they were getting the best value that the market afforded.

Now, without any reduction in quality and with brand new standard equipment, our price to you is but \$39.80—a saving of over half, and we give you over a year in which to pay.

Our Offer Is This

Send the coupon and we will forward one of these typewriters with complete equipment on ten days' trial. We will ship it by express. When it arrives you leave \$3.80 with the express agent to be held while you try the typewriter.

If you do not find it to be the best typewriter that you ever examined, satisfactory in every respect, the best value offered anywhere, then you simply return it to the express agent, who will give you back the \$3.80 and return the typewriter to us at our expense.

If you decide to keep it, the express agent will forward the \$3.80 to us and it will be deducted from the \$39.80 price, leaving a balance of \$36.00, which you can pay at the rate of \$2.00 per month, the first monthly payment not being due until one month after date of delivery.

There are no interest charges, no red tape, no salesmen, no collectors, no bother. The simple coupon is all we require.

Send the coupon today. Make sure of getting this bargain, as we will only supply 100 typewriters at this price.

United States Typewriter Exchange
Dept. 342, All Light Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Trial Order Coupon

United States Typewriter Exchange
Dept. 342, All Light Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

You may send me a No. 5 Oliver Typewriter on approval. When it arrives I will leave with the express agent \$3.80 with the understanding that if I do not wish to keep the typewriter the \$3.80 will be returned to me by the express agent when I return the typewriter to him within ten days from the date I receive it.

Otherwise I will keep the typewriter and the \$3.80 will be forwarded to you to apply on your special purchase price of \$39.80, and I will pay the balance of \$36.00 in 18 consecutive monthly installments of \$2.00 each, commencing one month from date of delivery.

The title of the Oliver Typewriter remaining in you until it is totally paid for.

Name.....

Address.....

References.....

(327)



Equally Good
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Metal or
Wood
Surfaces.

Means
**Wholesome
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Marguerite Snow

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Every lover of the screen drama is familiar with Miss Snow's peculiar charm. Her captivating smile, her rich beauty, her wonderfully clear complexion — these have won her thousands of ardent admirers.

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Dept. 1463, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Name

Address



The Pink Complexion Cake